

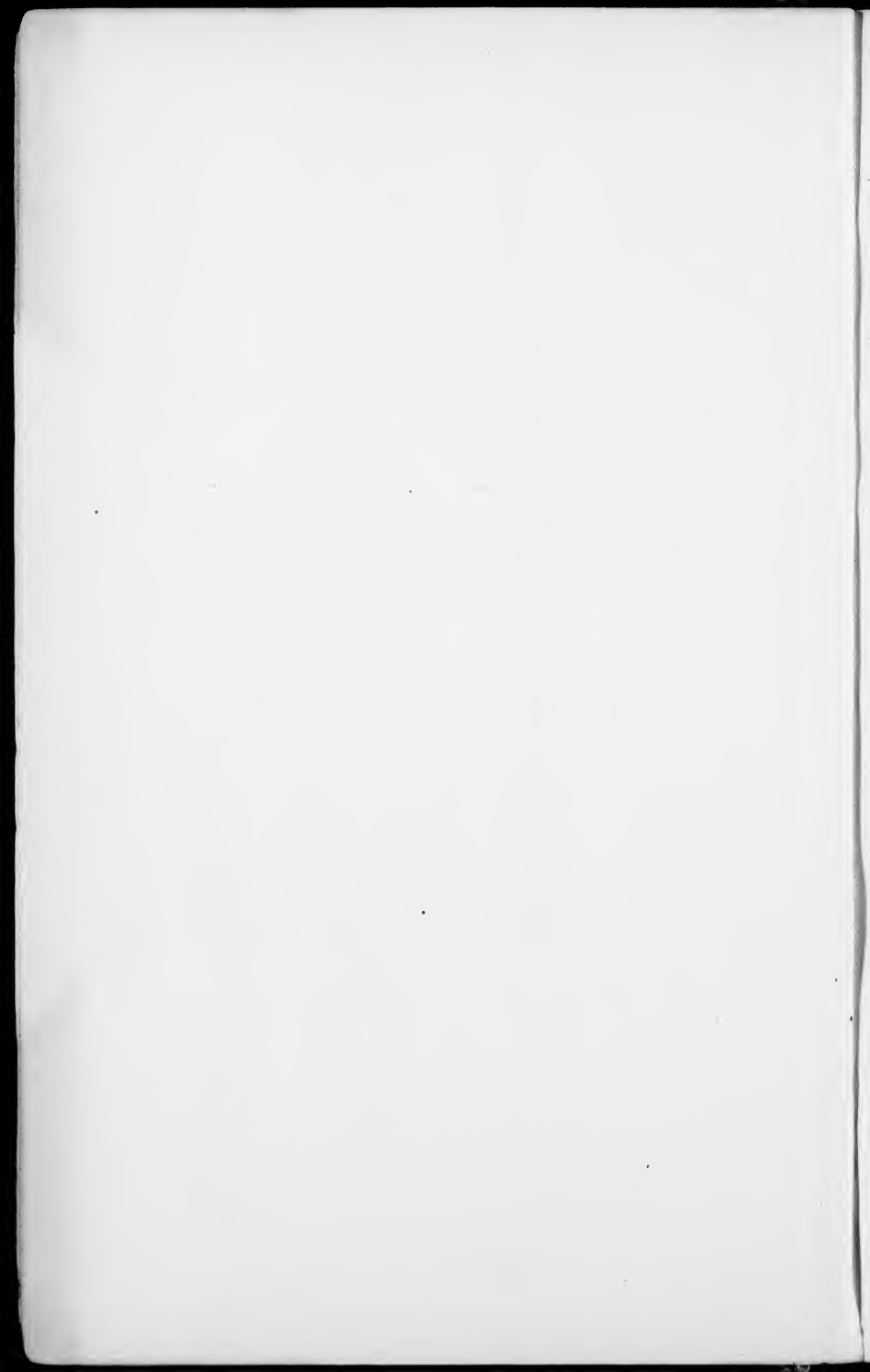


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BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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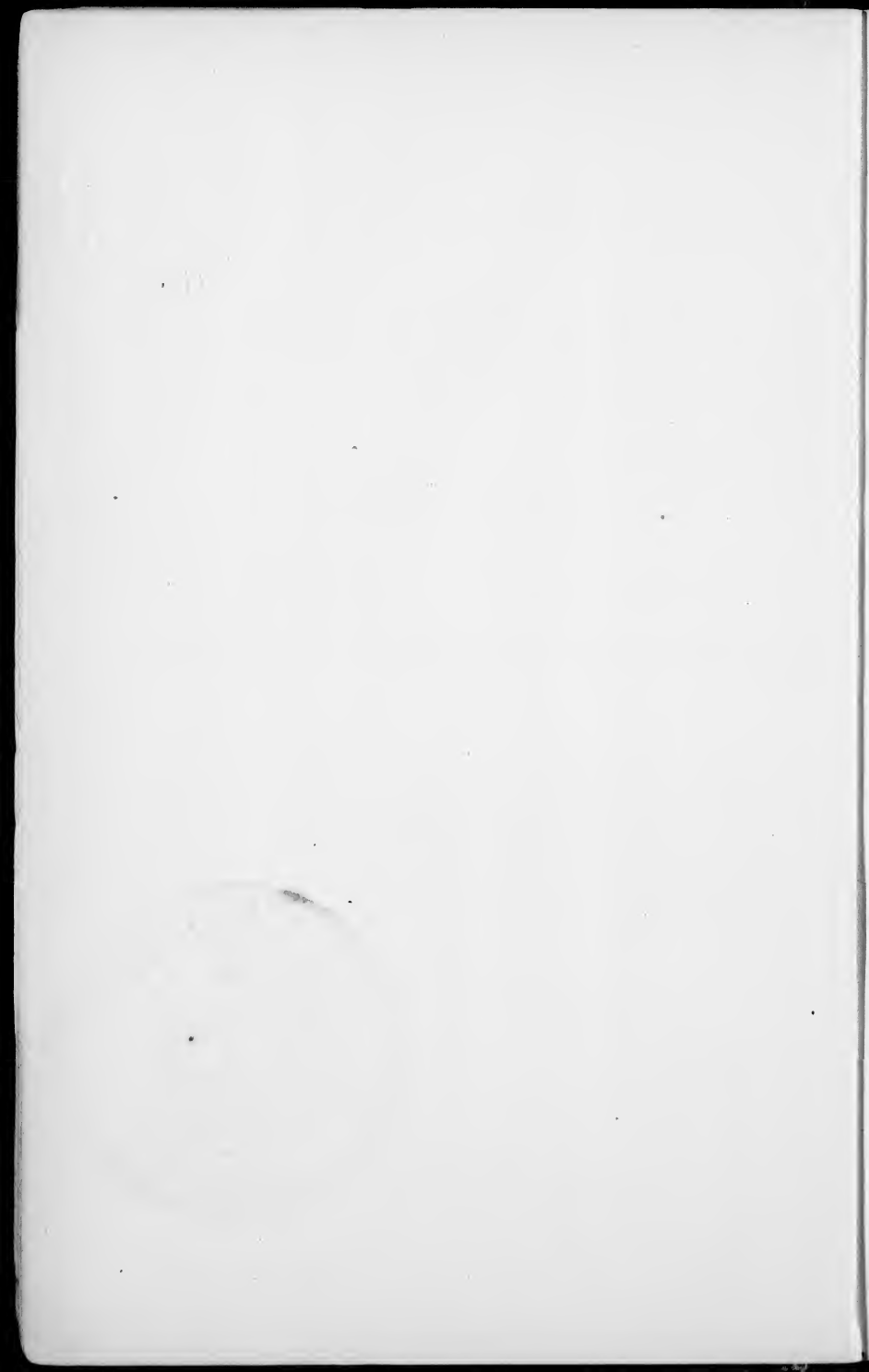
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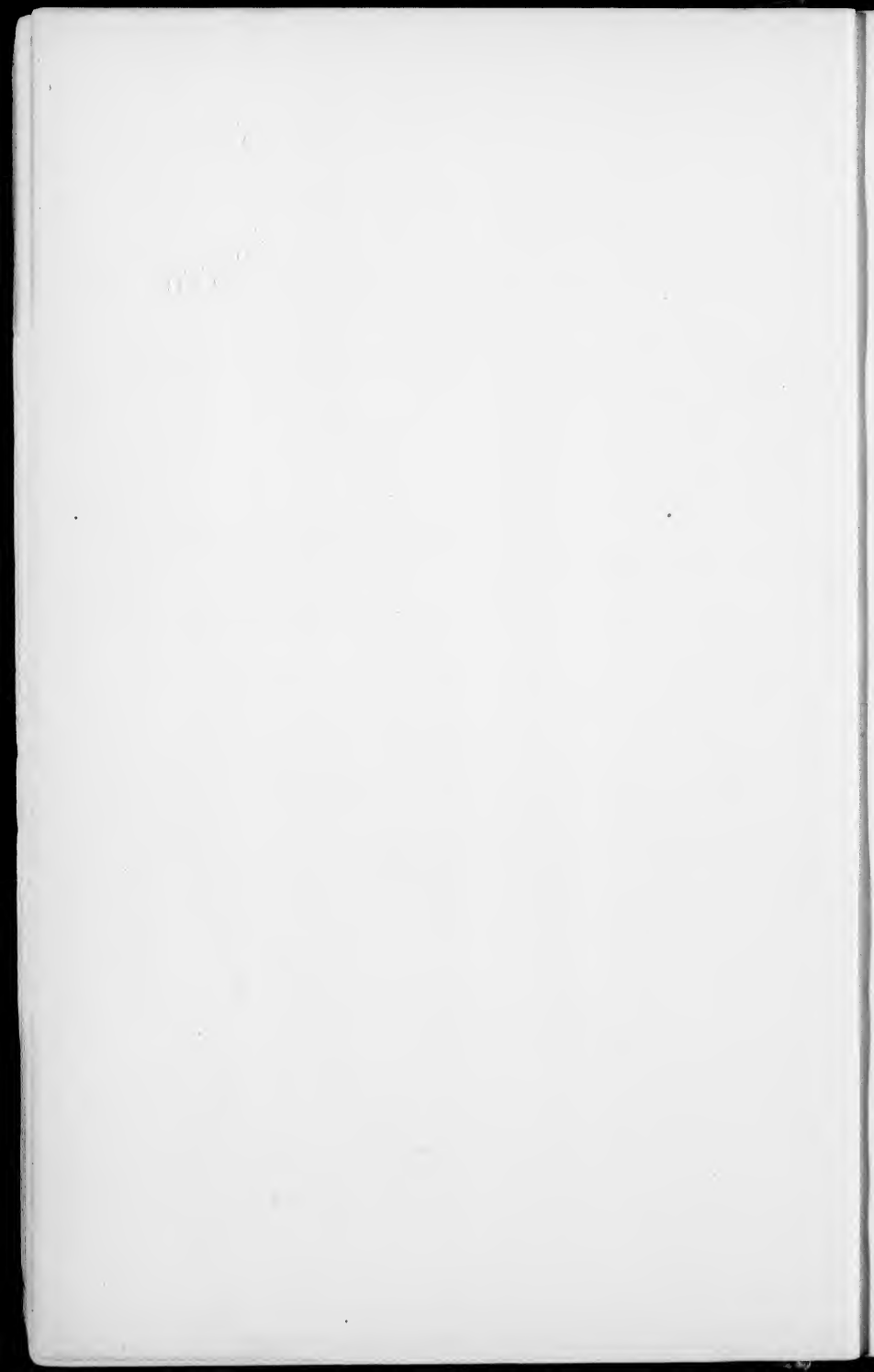
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Notes.....	11, 37, 62, 89, 115, 153, 177, 205, 230, 258
Exchanges	18, 44, 69, 96, 121, 182, 210, 234, 263
Correspondence	19, 45, 70, 97, 122, 183, 236, 264
Persons and Things	20, 47, 72
Locals.....	21, 47, 73, 98, 124, 162, 183, 211, 238, 265
Personals.....	26, 52, 78, 103, 129, 165, 189, 216, 241, 268
Other Colleges.....	23, 50, 76, 101, 129, 190, 217, 241, 268
Clippings.....	25, 51, 77, 102, 130, 191, 218, 243, 269



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1878.

NO. I.

WHAT IS LITERATURE?—I.

BY G. C. CHASE.

PROF. HENRY REED, in his admirable lectures on English Literature, thus answers the question: "The great characteristic of literature, its essential principle, is that it is addressed to man as man. . . . It speaks to our common human nature." De Quincey has divided literature, in its comprehensive sense, into the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, and has limited literature proper to the latter. Most writers, as Bascom and Craik, find the essential quality of literature in excellence of form.

But have we in these statements a definition of literature? We have learned that "it appeals to man as man," that it imparts power rather than knowledge, and that it must exhibit excellence of form. But what is it that appeals to universal humanity? what is the source of this power? and why does it exhibit excellence of form? Why are pure mathematics, books of pedigree, and

treatises on anatomy, not literature? Why are Hamlet, Paradise Lost, Longfellow's Evangeline, Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad, and Beecher's Sermons, literature? In the former case we have the mere statement of facts and principles, such as, given the knowledge, any mind must have formulated; in the latter we have the man himself face to face with nature, truth, and life, and with intellect, imagination, wit, fancy, spiritual energies—whatever constitute the individual man—spontaneously at work in their characteristic manner. In the former case we have the mere record of thought and knowledge; in the latter we have the expression of vital personality.

I would, then, define literature as including all kinds of composition in which the writers unconsciously express their own personality. Moreover, the quality of all literary productions varies directly with the

quality of the personality expressed in them.

Thus literature is not the product of intellect, of imagination, or of feeling; but it is the expression of that personality in which they are all actively combined. The works of Milton have forever incarnated his own purity of soul, his lofty imagination, his grand devotion to truth. The sweet pensiveness of Spenser, the heavenly beauty that he loved, are preserved to us in the stanzas of his *Faery Queene*. In his *Childe Harold*, Byron yet lives a remorseful witness that even genius must bear as it may the pangs of a violated conscience. Thus, to ascertain an author's rank in literature, we must be able to compass his personality. The more complete the man, the more excellent the work in which he perpetuates himself.

Taste is the arbiter in literature; but not that pedantic and arrogant taste which is careful merely of form, melody, and sensuous beauty; but that catholic taste which appreciates not only these, but whatever is excellent in man, whether it be the love of beauty, the love of truth, or the love of God.

Literature, as we have defined it, is indeed a power—the power of a living personality. Its form is artistic, but only because it expresses that sense of the beautiful which is but a part of every complete personality. Thus, also, we can see

why literature “appeals to man as man;” because it is man that thus appeals to man. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. One writer says: “What have we in all this but ourselves, sketched in larger outlines and dyed in deeper tints?”

The difference between literature and other written productions is not, then, a difference of mere form, but of substance. No change of form could convert the treatise on pure mathematics into literature. The facts with which literature deals are those of man's spiritual life. They pertain to his higher nature, and come within the region of intuition, not of demonstration. What has been remarked of “*Bacon's Essays*” is true of all the nobler products of literature: they attempt no formal proof, but present the truth itself with such clearness and beauty that we recognize it, just as *Æneas* did his goddess mother, by its own distinctive marks.

It is evident, from what has been said, that the touch-stone of literature must be sought within ourselves. Does any author appeal to us, not through the forms of logic, but through our sympathies, our imagination, our intuitive sense of the fitness of things? Then we have before us an example of literature. Accordingly, much of history and many popular scientific works are largely literary. Of the latter we have striking examples in the writings of

Hugh Miller. Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer have not disdained the literary method. The most vital part of history is also literature of the purest type. Within a century a great change has been made in the method of writing history. Much has been done toward constructing a Philosophy of History. But no philosophy that ignores the spiritual nature of man, and its relation at once to the finite and the infinite, can ever reduce to a system the complex phenomena of human existence. When the influences of race, climate, and surroundings have each been carefully eliminated, there still remains, to prevent the perfect solution of the problem, the unexplored human soul in mysterious alliance with the spiritual forces of the universe. The final analysis will not explain to me Leonidas or Socrates. Yet it is this soul mystery, perpetually evading the understanding, that constitutes the chief charm of history, and at the same time brings it within the pale of literature.

What, then, is the function of literature as part of an educational system? Let us concede at the outset that in an educational system whose sole object is to train men to get on in the world the study of literature has no place. Notwithstanding our worship of money, our craving of physical comfort, I believe we have got past such a system. Can we not say with John Stuart Mill that the object of edu-

cation, "besides calling forth the greatest possible quantity of intellectual power, is to inspire the intensest love of truth?" From a system of education based on this comprehensive principle, literature will not long be excluded. For what, let me ask, is the specific educating influence of literature? It is that of personal contact with the purest, noblest, most beautiful souls that have blessed earth with their presence. Of contact with them when their own faculties were at the best, their own love of truth the most intense, their sympathy with humanity the most genial, their inspiration the most divine. Essay, biography, history, romance, poetry, —what are these but the fervid utterance of man's varied experience? In them have lived and lived again mirth, fancy, wit, pathos, courage, patience, gentleness, faith; and that not isolated, but setting forth in deathless colors the lights and shadows of our multiform human life. In the words of Milton, "Books preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

Thus, the study of literature is not the study of mere words, but in the most literal sense the study of nature in the highest form known to us, the human soul. Nor does it, as some claim, render the mind averse to the study of the lower forms of existence. For, has not much of the inspiration of all great

writers had its origin in a love of inanimate nature? and do they not communicate this inspiration to the reader? I hope to show incidentally that literature imparts actual knowledge. But it is not the prime purpose of literature to impart knowledge, but to inspire. In a word, its purpose is that which the Creator announced when he said, "Let us make man in our image." Not the culture of the æsthetic faculty alone is the function of literature, not the discipline of the judgment alone, not alone the development of the moral nature. Its aim is neither of these distinctively, but all of them combined. Its constant, its final aspiration is toward the stature of the perfect man.

That literature furnishes the finest models for the cultivation of the æsthetic nature has always been conceded. But there has been a disposition in a certain school of criticism to deny literature any place in the sphere of moral and religious culture. Some writers even seem to think that to be a specimen of pure art a poem must give its sanction to impure morals. As if that could be true art which presents man for our approval with the noblest part of him in ruins! Literature may for a time seem to countenance vice, but only those productions are permanent in which beauty appears wedded to truth. Of the leading novelists of the eighteenth century, Fielding, Smol-

lett, and Sterne, in spite of their vulgarity popular in their own day, are forgotten; while Goldsmith's Christian Vicar of Wakefield has been crowned with new laurels by each successive generation. But why multiply examples? If literature be the expression of personality, then the loftier, the more comprehensive the personality, the nobler the literary product in which it is expressed. Indeed, the grand literature of the Bible itself is the best example of the instinctive alliance between poetry and religion. "Does Shakespeare," asks Joseph Cook, "make the word ought heavier than any other syllable?" Who that has read Othello or Macbeth can hesitate in his answer? Do you mean to say, asks some one, that Shakespeare was a dogmatist? That the great poets are conscious moralists? No; the definition of literature, the *unconscious* expression of personality, forbids such an inference. Herein is shown the secret at once of the charm and of the moulding power of true literature—it takes us into living companionship with pure, gifted, genial souls. The influence it imparts is that of an intimate and honored friend who unconsciously radiates his own personality. He who prefaces his discourse with "This is a joke," is no humorist. He who makes me laugh effects it, not through set purpose, but by unconsciously imparting to me his own sense of the ludicrous.

The man who tries to be witty generally fails. In reading Burns or Lamb, we are taking a pleasant stroll with the author while he lends us his spectacles. Does Dickens move us to tears? "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." In precisely the same way Milton and Wordsworth strengthen the moral nature. Formal theology and ethics are distasteful to the common mind, but when taught in the literature of human experience they find ready acceptance.

A SONNET.—SILENCE.

BY K. H.

A SOUND wherein all sounds are soundless made,
A wondrous apathy, a feeling void,
Where soulless life, created and destroyed,
Seems yet to live beneath some awful shade;
Filled with an unspent force, and overlaid
With naught; within, a hidden music buoyed,
Too fine, ethereal, pure, to be enjoyed,
Save by the waiting hearts for whom 'tis played.
But these may hear, in solitude profound,
The mellow voice of silence, and the light
Of sayings deep, a mystic chime resound
To those whose hearts are tuned to list aright.
Silence, though speechless ever, hath a voice so bound,
Its utterance is cadence calm as night.

ATROPOS.

WHENCE came the beauty of this blushing rose?
Or whence this fragrance of geranium?
Who taught this bird his glad, wild notes, suppose?
Who gave the downy bloom to this ripe plum?

I may not know; but this I know so true,
That whence the plum its bloom, thy cheeks their floss;
Who taught the bird taught thee thy wild notes too,
Thy blush a lover's rose, mine Atropos!

SHAPING FORCES.

BY J. S. BROWN.

CHARACTER expresses the grandest realization thus far attained in the human realm. A masterpiece in art or literature commands attention or moves to rapture; it is an expression of human genius; it is the tracings, the revealings of the soul coming forth, like a fragrant odor, after a period of chafing and compression; it is a shadowy portrayal of the emotions, the feelings, the thoughts, which came and went in the mind, vainly striving to give a picture of what itself saw. At best, the work only partially delineates the states of soul sought to be stamped upon canvas, or in rhythmic song; many of the finer states altogether escape detention.

Greater than its creations, is the soul which shines out through them, and yet itself is a creation—a growth—the result of many forces which play upon or permeate its substance, as the breezes and dews operate in the vegetable world.

The germ contains the potencies of highest life, but those potencies may be cramped or changed by the forces which surround them. The life germs are many; the forces at command are many; the stately growths are few. We speak of Socrates with reverence; there has been but one. We stroll through the gardens of our Athens, and muse upon Plato; shall there come an-

other? We gaze at Demosthenes enchainning that vast audience with words none utter now. Whence came they? Was life richer then than now? Did human nature start at purer founts, or those fed by broader seas? What forces made them what they were?

That life was richer then than now, one would hardly suppose. Does not each generation hand down its accumulated stores to the succeeding generations? Yet riches, both of thought, of feeling, and of material good, have been at times very badly appropriated. The master mind must grasp and dispense, or their benign influences are but feebly felt.

The germ, the inherited traits, the blood which lies behind, may tell much for the man; we expect not grapes from thistles; yet ancestral blood apparently entered scarcely more into the composition of Socrates than it may into that of any boy born of honest parents. There was strength and firmness of fibre when the forces commenced their fashioning. The society into which he was brought after the first struggle amid straitened circumstances, was such as expected all its members to be of worth, to be broad and great; and it allotted time and leisure for such an attainment. Its artificial wants were few, its aspirations many; its sup-

port was largely the result of those who had seen fit to oppose it and had been compelled to serve it. Such a support did not effeminate its recipient, as does modern slavery; there was a sense of justice held before the mind; it was right that wrong should be punished, and that the individual or nation against which wrong had been intended should be the gainer while it was also the punisher. So long as each nation apprehended that its follies and weaknesses might render it the slave of other nations, slavery had a less degrading influence upon the master. A basis for a quiet, leisurely life was thus furnished, in some respects, unlike what may again appear. In addition to the leisure and the expectation—two prime conditions—a kind of training prevailed whose precision must always give a laudable result. One taught eloquence, another poetry, another philosophy, and still another music; and yet not as ignorant of each other's branches, but rather as putting into his particular branch the grace, the charm, the finish derived from a knowledge of all the other branches. We read that Damon gave political instruction in the form of music lessons; and how favorably it told upon the receiver, the life of Pericles exhibits. Philosophy, the inspiration, the handmaid of heaven, came with its awakening, chastening, concentrating power, a common boon, questioning the soul, asserting, recoiling

again at its own daring, only to spring back with renewed vigor. Poetry builded the soul a temple, adorned it with its paintings, filled its censers with incense distilled in fancy's bowers, and lighted them with sparks from the divine afflatus. Music lost none of its tender, penetrating, expanding, elevating power on account of the subject having been acted upon by forces so rich and varied.

The enjoyment of such privileges carried him not out and away from a life which was common, in which he was to perform his duties, for which contribute his share. He had only become fitted to meet men in the mart, as well as on the rostrum. The battle-field must show him his tension of will, his calmness, his capacity, his foresight. There was to be manifested the breadth and depth to which those poetic and philosophic influences had gone. As he went forth to the contest, picturing to himself a nation in which all which all were heroes, actuated by a sense of loyalty and love, eager to wreath his deeds into chaplets for his country's brow, or to die with a calmness and trust rendering the memory of death sweeter than that of life,—he was borne on by that momentum, that largeness of being, resulting from the mind's frequent association with profound and inspiring conceptions and its assimilation of the same. Surviving those experiences, his successes indicated him to be, while willing to

die for his country, strong enough to live, and to live for her good, her aggrandizement. All the influences of birth, of social surroundings, of education, and of exposure, had conspired to make an individual larger than self-interests; to make a man, and if a man, of peculiar worth to society and to his nation.

Such were the forces having shaped the most prominent men, in an age peculiarly rich in the exhibitions of human genius. To how great an extent have those forces ceased, and what others operate in their stead, are questions of vital interest, especially when we hear so frequently the word "reform;" as no reform will be of worth until there shall have been considered what is to be reformed, how done, and the probability of its permanency when done.

Setting aside those born of depraved stock, the potency of birth is one of the smaller agencies entering into the composition of character; and among those which go far to deteriorate the result must be counted haste and artificiality, or extravagance in living. Both of these influences have received a much needed check, of late, from business depression; and though it has occasioned much ruin, yet, as did the late war, it will prepare the way for a better state of things; it will tend to check the streams of life until they have gathered sufficient mass to become a power; it will blast many of the parasitic

growths having attached to life, and allow its vigor to flow through its normal channel; it will afford our youth time to observe that things of sterling worth are the result of slow processes of formation, that the veins of pure metal are found only where the deep internal fires have been stirred and burst forth. Some evil may arise from a tendency to cheapen, that show may be for a time preserved; but it is to be hoped a larger influence will manifest itself for the curtailing of ostentation.

With the educational forces heretofore established throughout this nation, included in pulpit, press, and common school, have come foreign and political forces quite unlike those prevailing in any previous generation. These latter are powerful in shaping and developing certain natures in certain ways. It is greatly to be hoped that a national character has been developed strong enough to take and favorably utilize them in the formation of individual character.

The heterogeneousness of the elements intermingling in and sweeping around the nation in time past, has imparted to it a freshness and vitality enabling it to consume and digest material to an extent altogether surpassing anything in the records of antiquity, or what may be to-day witnessed in any of the Eastern nations. The strong moral sentiment which slavery impressed upon politics having been removed, it remains to be seen whether statesmen

shall appear, whose course of action and of thought shall have sufficient grasp to instill into politics the principle that a proper care and development of any concrete part of a nation is possible, only by a careful study and a due regard to the entire interests of the nation.

The pulpit is gaining, not only in culture, but in character, by recognizing that the deepest piety is coincident with the broadest charity in opinion and expression.

The beneficence of the press is evidenced from the fact that a large part of the best minds put their thought into the current literature. The masses are going to a school taught by the best masters. And though some of the forces operating are of doubtful tendency, yet, on the whole, the outlook is assuring.

Such large, many-sided characters as Socrates and Plato, such powers in individual forces as Pericles and Demosthenes may not be witnessed, yet the next decade may bring to this nation a richer inheritance in its individual components, than the best period of Athens ever saw. No single force operating in antiquity was comparable with that of Christianity. No other force so seizes upon and intensifies not the moral only, but the intellectual faculties of the mind. No other force has shown such capacity for varying and adapting itself to the infinite moods through which history and experience prove the mind to pass. The

specialist in science displays his rarest powers, not in ignoring, but in endeavoring either to contribute to, or to confute Christianity. Its influence is awakening. And while no other system of religion or philosophy has more thoroughly required of its adherents convictions and a sacred regard for those convictions, none other has so fully provided, by its very essence, that its opponents shall be fairly and kindly treated until the wrong is proven. In each age it has been freeing itself from the barriers human misconceptions have thrown around it.

Wounded in the house of its friends, it has sought amid its periods of recuperation to enlighten and transform them. Its influence has entered into the factors of our nation, so that, though unseen, it is not unfelt.

It breathes through all our literature, sometimes positively, sometimes imperceptibly, always effectively.

The main thought to be impressed upon our youth is deep, patient, thorough research. With this and with the return to simpler ways of living, the possibilities are incomputable. The richness of thought, the high tone of moral sentiment, the purity of associations, so easily accessible, provide the means for inspiring the latent energies of the soul, for making common to man what was once the prerogative of genius.

MARTIN A. WAY.

BY A. L. M.

THOUGH late I come with laurel wreath,
And sadly tend the myrtle bough,
Yet still I weep as I bequeath
A chaplet for his brow.
A standard-bearer for us all,
O noble Friend! Why must you fall?

Thine eloquence the hills begot,
Where thou wast born and bred;
And thy strong manhood suffered not
When thou didst Labor wed,
But grew till like the oak it stood,
Stateliest in the "good green wood."

Our *Alma Mater* loved thee much,
Her children loved thee best;
The Great Redeemer said, "Of such
Was Heaven's kingdom blessed."
Ever the fruit which ripens first
Is plucked far sooner than the worst.

All this we know, and yet we long
To see thy manly form
Among the sons of men, so strong,
Withstanding every storm,
O noble Friend! If in that land
Angels can aid, extend thy hand.

No flower blooms, no rose expands,
No river to the sea
Runs over buried crystal sands,
Unless it sets some free,—
No sun without its light, no star,
No life that's true, but gleams afar.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WITH this number of the STUDENT, the Board of Editors from '79 enter upon their duties. The number of Editors has been increased to four. We send to all a hearty greeting. We promise our subscribers, and '79, earnest and faithful work on every department of the STUDENT, throughout the year. We ask, in return, the aid of every graduate and undergraduate of the College. Some changes will be made in the form and matter of the STUDENT. Among them, we here notice but one. Unless a contrary wish accompanies the manuscript, the name or initials of the writer of every article will hereafter appear. The wishes of every contributor upon this point will, of course, be strictly respected; but the increased interest, arising from the use of names, is apparent to all. We hope to improve each number, and, in general, to meet the wishes of every one interested in the success of the STUDENT.

At the opening of the STUDENT year, we think it well to call the attention of the *Alumni et Alumnae* to a few facts interesting, we hope, to every one.

In the first place, the STUDENT was not established for the benefit

of the two or three that may be its Editors; nor yet for the purpose of bringing them to an untimely grave. But it was established as a medium through which graduates could communicate with one another and with undergraduates. The STUDENT can and ought to be made interesting, profitable, and *necessary* to every graduate; but the Editors cannot accomplish this unaided. We propose the following plan.

Here are men and women, former associates, scattered over the country, teaching, preaching, etc., each laboring in his own way for the good of society. Now, let them use the STUDENT as a medium for the exchange of ideas; for discussions upon topics connected with their work,—such as, "How to Teach," "What to Teach," "How to Live," "What to Believe," in short upon any topic of interest. Let us have letters, telling where you are, what you are doing, etc. Send us spicy descriptive, narrative, and humorous pieces. Let your name appear with the communication, and thus give interest to the article. If this be done, as it can and ought to be done, the STUDENT will not only become more valuable to every subscriber, but will compare favorably with any college journal in the country.

The STUDENT goes out as the

representative of the brains, the enthusiasm, the thinking, and culture of BATES men,—as the exponent of your *Alma Mater*. Though far away from her, you can still do much to advance her rank among the colleges of our land.

On the evening of January 10th, at City Hall, Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, the well-known Brooklyn clergyman, delivered his spicy and entertaining lecture, "From New York to Jerusalem." Mr. Smith is a genuine Yankee. He spoke in an easy, off-hand manner, with a familiar, rambling style. The lecture was brimful of reminiscence, anecdote, and fun. He dealt with men more than with things, with character more than with places. For more than two hours, the audience, charmed by his style, seemed to ramble with him through Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Ayr, Glasgow, London, Paris, along the Rhine, through Rome and Genoa. At this point of his lecture, want of time compelled him to stop.

Mr. Smith is a wonderful wonder-painter. He speaks of Burns and Ayr, and the

"Banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon"

are before you; of Walter Scott and Loch Katrine, and Fitz James seems to wind his horn among the hills; of Mont Blanc, and it rises before you,

"The seeming throne of the Eternal God."

The liberal creed and wide-reaching sympathy of the man meet you

at every turn. When he narrates how his coachman, standing with him over the graves of Daniel O'Connell and Tom Steele, cries, "Liberty makes us brothers," we feel, in the grasp of hand which that American Protestant clergyman gave that Irish Catholic coachman, the warm heart and broad humanity of the man before us. We hope to have another opportunity for saying, with the Brooklyn gamin, "Hyatt, how are you?"

The last entertainment of the "M. and M. Library Course" was given at City Hall, on the evening of the 17th, by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by Miss Ella C. Lewis. The name of the Club is sufficient to answer for the success of the concert. The pure tones and the artless manner of Miss Lewis fairly captivated the audience.

The Managers of this course have furnished excellent lectures and concerts at very cheap rates. They deserve both the thanks and the future patronage of the Lewiston public.

Among the best entertainments of the course may be mentioned the lectures of Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore, James T. Fields; and the concerts of Camilla Urso and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

"Oh! aint this hard trials, great tribellations,
Oh! aint this hard trials, I'm goin' to leave this
world."

It is with some reluctance that

we chronicle the advent of a "new dispensation." We say with reluctance, but not because we are sorry on *our* part, but because we dislike to dispel the blissful dreams of certain ones that have not yet returned. We do this, however, for the express benefit of absent pedagogues. First, because they need to be prepared to experience a change upon returning. Second, because the news needs to be broken gently.

Everybody that has been in Parker Hall, knows that, from "very early times," naughty Soph, lazy Junior, and lofty Senior, careless of the small things of life, have been in the habit of depositing coal in closets, in old casks and boxes, or "cheekier" yet, in one corner of a back room. This habit of putting it in a corner is invariably followed, soon after, by the habit of strewing it all over the floor. This soon develops into using private and public property of every description, in the same free and easy style. Perhaps it is needless to say that the Freshmen, being, as all Freshmen are, inclined to virtuous practices, easily fall in with these ways of upper classmen, contributing thereby to the breaking of the College rules, the annoyance of the janitor, and the consequent delectation of the undergraduate.

Allow us to say right here, however, in defence of the undergraduate, that these developments are only the outgrowths of natural de-

pravity, inherent in every man's breast, but mightily developed under the genial influence of college life. Neither is the aforesaid "delectation" the result of maliciousness, but rather is that kind of joy "that lasteth for a season, but sorrow cometh with the morning."

But now the traditional customs have been abolished. In brief, a rule has been issued to the effect that all coal must hereafter be kept down cellar. Not only has the rule been issued, but also been put into execution. Dream no longer before your kitchen fire-places, ye country pedagogues, of again

"Holding high carnival"

in your bachelor halls! Could you listen, you would nightly hear, proceeding in dolorous tones from the basement of Parker Hall,

"The old home aint what it used to be,
The change makes us sad and forlorn," etc.

But there is one fact connected with lugging coal up thirty-five or fifty steps that gives great consolation to the undergraduate. It is this: He is thereby becoming a reformer; he is helping to abolish old and barbarous customs, and to train up future Freshmen to a civilized life. How gratifying it is to the feelings of flighty Seniors, that are always talking of "elevating humanity," to know that they are doing their share of it by elevating coal up two or three flights of stairs!

If it were not for the above consideration, the rule might be objected

to, on the ground that it is not conducive to morality. Just how many times it causes the eighth commandment to be broken, we cannot state; but sufficient is it to know, that, if the figures could be accurately reported, they would detract greatly from the old time notion of the restraining power of aforesaid commandment. But these latter facts are of little importance compared with the great civilizing effects above mentioned.

We are pleased to see that so many Freshmen are in attendance at the beginning of this term. The need of constant attendance becomes more and more apparent as the student nears the close of his college course. Some Professor has said, "A college student cannot afford to lose a single recitation during his course." Apropos, it is said that Senator Blaine, while in college, did not lose a single recitation or "a chapel." If this statement is true, his example, in this respect, is worthy of imitation. To say the least, the habit of constant attendance to the business in hand is of inestimable value to every young man.

To be sure, a deal of benefit is often derived from teaching during a college course. Indeed, provided one loses only a few weeks of the college term, one or two terms in the public schools, during the four years, results in a positive gain to the student. Especially is this true of those

students that have never taught; for, whether they teach after graduating or not, the loss in culture is more than offset by the gain in tact.

But this staying out one-third, one-half, or even a larger part of the year, as some of our students do, is a mistake. The notion is getting too prevalent that the more one can stay out and "keep up," the better one is off. If a college course is worth getting, it is worth getting well, and long absences from college work is, generally speaking, incompatible with good scholarship. The prevalent idea is, however, to keep out of debt.

With economy, with a good use of vacations, with a moderate amount of teaching, a student need not incur a debt greater than \$500, in taking a thorough course at this College. A student that graduates with a thorough course and a \$500 debt, is better off than one that graduates with a superficial course and no debt. The one has something; the other, nothing—neither knowledge, culture, nor money. His four years are but little better than wasted.

The latter class of graduates reflect but little honor upon their *Alma Mater*. In fact, this class is a positive injury to every college in the country. It not only lowers the standard of scholarship, but also produces a false notion of the benefits accruing from a college course. For this reason, we are glad to see so many of '81 present at this time,

when so many of the students are accustomed to be absent. We hope that '81 and all succeeding classes will be more constant in attendance than have been previous classes.

We have just received a pamphlet announcing a "Grand Musical and Educational Excursion to Europe." This excursion leaves New York, June 29th, 1878, returning the first of September, and will be under the control of Eben Tourjée. The design is to visit places of interest in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, the Rhine District, etc., and embraces a tarry at the Paris International Exposition. First-class ocean passage, railway carriages, and hotel accommodations during the whole excursion, are guaranteed for the small sum of \$400 in gold. This is all very fine, but where is the \$400?

The New York *Nation* is out with a long article upon the recent Inter-collegiate contest in oratory. This article severely criticises the subjects chosen, the manner of treatment, and the influence of these contests upon mental training. Among its statements are the following: "Not one [oration] bore any trace of careful preparation, as regards facts or logic. . . . None contained any sign of wide or accurate reading. . . . All the speeches kept pretty clear of facts, and carefully avoided anything like a line of argument."

Further, the colleges are criticised for devoting their efforts to cultivate the "demonstrative oratory" of the Greeks—that is, the repetition, by heart, of elaborately written essays."

"The true training," the writer says, "for such oratory as we need in our day and in this country, is to be found in debate—that is, in the discussion of questions involving the answer on the spot, to arguments there heard for the first time." He thinks the greatest need of the orator of this day is "to be able 'to think on his legs.'"

Pres. McCosh, of Princeton, in his address before the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association, favored the inter-collegiate contest; but made the same objection as above to written orations. He complained that too little time was given to facts and arguments.

Such statements, coming from these sources, are worthy of attention. Has any one anything to say about them?

We notice that an order has been presented in the State Legislature, to the effect that the State Agricultural College be abolished, and the fund divided between Bowdoin, Colby, and Bates Colleges, provided that they maintain an Agricultural Department, affording free tuition to any resident of the State.

Even if such an action be taken (of which, however, there is not the least probability), we apprehend

that none of the above colleges would be very desirous of maintaining such a department.

We can't answer for the students of Bowdoin or Colby; but, as far as we Bates boys are concerned, we are not yet ready to see the Gymnasium turned into a barn, nor any more of the Campus into a cow pasture. Neither have we yet been so badly whipped that we desire to exchange our bats for hoes; nor to cultivate ruta-bagas upon the baseball diamond. Because Sophomores are proverbial for robbing hen's roosts and enticing cows into recitation rooms, it by no means follows that they are practically fond of rearing either poultry or stock.

What has become of our College Y. M. C. A.? When Mr. Rowland came here last term and agitated starting such an organization, we thought that a long-needed effort for religious work among the students was about to be made. At a meeting held to discuss the subject, a Committee was chosen from the Faculty to draft a Constitution. A meeting was appointed for the first week of this term to ratify the Constitution proposed, if satisfactory. As yet, however, no further action has been taken, no meeting been called, no Constitution offered. We suppose it is because so many students are absent. But, by all means, let the Christian students see that this movement is not stopped for want of their aid.

There is need, in the College, of greater religious interest and of more Christian work. We feel that such an Association of the students can, and, if properly formed and managed, will produce the needed results.

We feel constrained, however, to make prominent one fact; for we feel that the success of the Association depends largely upon the recognition of the fact. To accomplish the desired results, the Association must be managed, and the meetings conducted, by the *students*. The responsibility of success or failure in this movement must be assumed by them. Otherwise, such an organization is wholly in vain.

Tuesday morning, January 15th, our whole city was shocked by the intelligence of the death, on the previous evening, of Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston,—the city benefactor, our College patron. He had, for several days, been suffering from pleurisy, but his death was altogether unexpected. His loss is felt not only by the College, but also by every man in our city.

On the announcement of his death, the College streamer, together with the flags upon the mills and the City Park, were put at half-mast. A resolution deploring the public loss was unanimously adopted by the City Council.

At the time of Mr. Bates's death, President Cheney was in or near Boston. The funeral, which oc-

curred Friday, the 18th, was also attended by Profs. Hayes, Stanley, Chase, and Howe of the College, Prof. Baldwin of the Latin School, and a delegation of two students from each class. A delegation from the city, consisting of the mayor, aldermen, mill agents, and prominent business men of the city, were also in attendance. Upon the day of the funeral, all College exercises were suspended. From 12 M. until 2 P.M., the hours of the funeral, the schools and mills were closed, and the bells upon the mills and the College tolled throughout the two hours.

Of the life of Mr. Bates, of his benefactions to the College, it is not our place to speak. In the next number of the *STUDENT*, we hope to be able to present a sketch of his life and connection with the College, from the pen of President Cheney.

The funeral services over the remains of the patron of our College, Benjamin E. Bates, were held in the Central Church, on Newbury street, Boston. There was a large attendance, and among those present were President Sidney Dillon, and representatives of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. The Directors of the North American Insurance Company, and those of the Clearing House attended in a body. Delegates from Lewiston City Government, the Manufacturing Companies, and the Faculties and students of the College, to the

number of thirty or more, were also in attendance.

A profusion of floral tributes occupied the space about the altar. A cross of ivy and heliotrope was placed in front, and upon either hand was hung a wreath of ivy beautified by sprays of wheat, while all around, hanging from the chandeliers and corners of the altar, were festoons of smilax. The space upon each side of the stand was filled with tables covered with bouquets, crosses, and wreaths. On one bouquet of white, bordered with green, was formed in purple flowers the word, "Brother."

The services were conducted by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, and Rev. Dr. Webb. The singing was by a quartette composed of Miss Lillian B. Norton, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mr. J. H. Stickney, and Mr. F. M. Babcock. As the remains were borne up the aisle the choir chanted, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." A short but fervent prayer for comfort to the bereaved relatives and friends was offered by Mr. McKenzie. An anthem, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," was sung, and Dr. Webb read appropriate selections from the Scriptures. Then Mr. McKenzie delivered an address that was remarkable for scholarly ease in the use of language, as well as for its earnestness and calm eloquence. He made a solemn comparison between man's mortality and God's immortality, and then

went on to show how truly Mr. Bates had followed his own wise principles of life,—“Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” The speaker made these the headings of an earnest tribute to the enterprise, sagacity, benevolence, and piety of Mr. Bates. “In every land the sun shines on, there is some one, by his help, doing the Master’s service. He thought not of God as Providence, dispensing good and evil to all alike, but as a being looking after the welfare of His servants *individually*. He loved God filially as a Father, and served him loyally as a King.” It was shown with impressive eloquence how wide had been his influence in business, educational, and religious circles. Most truly was it said, “His name will be remembered and honored in the city he has built up, and is emblazoned on the walls of the College he has founded.”

After the address the choir chanted, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Prayer was offered by Dr. Webb, followed by the singing of the hymn, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” After the benediction, pronounced by Dr. Webb, an opportunity was given for the friends to take a farewell look of this man, who, by his own efforts, had become the pride of business circles, the patron of learning, and the honored pillar of his church.

MANAGER’S NOTE.

Knowing how difficult it has been for the Managers to make the STUDENT financially a success, with some anxiety we enter upon its management for the present year.

The leading business men of Lewiston fill our advertising columns, and our subscription list is steadily increasing. Feeling confident of the hearty co-operation of ’78 and ’79, we would urge upon ’80 and ’81 the importance of their taking an interest in the success of the STUDENT.

We call the attention of every reader of the STUDENT to the advertisements. You will find there the names of the oldest and most reliable firms in the city. Patronize them and you will not only get first-class goods, and get them cheap, but you will greatly aid us and the future Managers of the STUDENT; for as long as our advertisers have our patronage, they will continue to advertise. We thank the Manager from ’78 for his kind wishes, and hope we may manage the STUDENT as acceptably as he has done.

F. HOWARD.

EXCHANGES.

The *Ariel* is a new star above the horizon of college literature. We like its neat appearance and its readable matter. The editors seem to understand what is required of a college journal, and bid fair to place their paper in the first rank. A

good deal of attention is rightly paid to the local department; but we need not suggest that the local editor would wholly avoid the charge of puerility by having less to say about "girls" and "charmers."

The *Wittenberger* occupies a prominent place on our table, and always has something of interest; but we cannot imagine what all those mathematics amount to. It's none of our business, however, though we think it must be a small class of readers to whom this department is of interest. We notice in the last number an excellent essay on "The Literature of the Bible," and an attractive description of a "Sunday in London."

The *Columbia Spectator* is always fresh and overflowing with news of its college. The crew has claimed considerable of its attention lately, but that is not to be wondered at. They have our sincerest wishes for their success abroad next season. The number before us has a facetious editorial on "Co-Education." We think a few first-class lady students in Columbia would be a quickening power to the ideas of such persons as the writer of this article.

The *Madisonensis* is one of our most welcome visitors, and is literally a *substantial* sheet. Don't get excited, brother, over the inter-collegiate award. If your orator did not obtain the second place in the opinion of the Committee, yet Madison seems to have been well represented on the roll of honor.

We extend a cordial greeting to the *Vidette*. It has a very artistic appearance, but seems not to be fairly started yet. In it we find this:

"Two more unfortunates,
Sick of their lives,
Rashly importunate
Gone and got wives."

We acknowledge the receipt of Vick's elegant *Monthly Magazine*. It contains many beautiful and carefully executed cuts; and, although we are not particularly interested in "Cucumbers for Pickles" (except when they are accompanied by dissected bivalves), yet we think the *Magazine* a worthy ornament for anybody's center-table.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Under this title we introduce a department that not only seems necessary, but is likely to be useful and interesting. The *STUDENT* is not intended to be the exponent of the thoughts and impressions of the editors alone, nor of the class that publishes it, but of the *College as a whole*.

However earnest and painstaking the editors may be, they cannot expect to represent the interests of *all* the students; and the only way to remedy this is to give an opportunity for each to speak for himself. That opportunity will be amply afforded by this department.

If a reform is to be carried on, or a new measure introduced; what better way of gaining the attention of the students is there, than

through the columns of the College journal?

Nor do we open this column to the students alone. It is for the use of all that are interested in the welfare of the students or the prosperity of the College. All the Alumni, of course, have a regard for their *Alma Mater*, and for her representative, the STUDENT. Perhaps their time is so fully occupied that they cannot give assistance by writing for the literary department, but they can at least write us *letters*. Anything of interest to our readers will be welcome.

Communications should be courteous and plainly written, and in all cases accompanied by the writer's name, which we shall publish unless otherwise directed.

We shall not promise to be responsible for sentiments expressed in this column.]

Editors of the Student :

Where is Our Nine? There is one thing that impresses the friends of "Our Nine" very forcibly, and that is, the lack of interest on the part of many of our base-ball men to practice in the Gymnasium. Hard, systematic work is needed to develop the muscles and give activity of movement. This can be acquired in the Gymnasium, so that when you commence field practice your whole attention can be given to the science of the game. Every prospective member of the Nine

should spend an hour of each day in regular systematic practice. The time can be spared without affecting in the least any of your college duties. Never in the history of base-ball at Bates has there been more cause for hard labor than now. The other colleges of the State have old teams, while ours is composed almost wholly of new members. For this reason practice is needed *now*, which a year hence will not be so urgent. Bates does not want to lay back, and follow the *precedent* of waiting for classes to graduate from other colleges. She wants to take them, when they are the strongest, and show her pluck as well as skill.

With our material, we are confident that practice alone is needed to repeat the victories of last Fall. At any rate, defeat after such efforts would be no disgrace.

ONE OF THE OLD NINE.

[Our sentiments exactly. Those colleges that are blessed (?) with boating facilities would think it a terrible thing if their crews did not practice regularly on their rowing weights; and is not our nine of as much account as a boat-crew? There will probably be some changes in the team next season, and if we have any material we want to see it developed. We suggest that, as soon as most of the students return from teaching, twelve men be chosen and set to work under a director. —Eds.]

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Joseph Cook was born in 1838, at Ticonderoga, N. Y., where his father, a farmer, still lives.

Mrs. Brooks, the butter woman, is now modelling, in Cincinnati, a full-length figure of Dickens's "Marchioness."

Miss Edith Longfellow, daughter of the poet Longfellow, was recently married, at Harvard College Chapel, to Richard H. Dana, third.

Gen. Thos. L. Dakin of Brooklyn, who was formerly as good a baseball player as he is now a marksman, has offered a gold-mounted bat, to be presented to the base-ball club that wins the championship next season.

The watch which the students of Gen. Robert E. Lee's University for a time kept, by night and by day, over the dead General's grave, as a tribute of affection, has been renewed, and his office is kept just as it was on the day he died.

The *Scientific American*, speaking of a new invention, says: "The possibilities of the future are not much more wonderful than those of the present. The orator in Boston speaks, the indented strip of paper is the tangible result; but this travels under a second machine which may connect with the telephone. Not only is the speaker heard now in San Francisco, for example, but by passing the strip under the reproducer he may be heard to-mor-

row, or next year, or next century. His speech in the first instance is recorded and transmitted simultaneously, and indefinite repetition is possible.

The inter-collegiate contest in Oratory, lately held in New York, was poorly patronized by the public, and scarcely noticed by the papers. On the whole it was not a success. The colleges sending competitors were: Madison University, Princeton, St. John's College, University of City of New York, College of the City of New York, Rutgers, Wesleyan, Lafayette, Northwestern University, Syracuse University, and Williams. The first prize was awarded to C. P. Mills of Williams; subject, "National Life of Ireland." The second prize, to J. J. Grand of Lafayette; subject, "Convictions of Labor." The committee of award consisted of Bayard Taylor, J. R. Hawley, and E. H. Chapin.

LOCALS.

Oak-um.

Back again.

Slush and slumgullion.

Wanted—a coal-heaver.

General dearth of everything except recitations.

Now the flunkers daily murmur,
"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

The only arrangement we have at present for warming the Gymnasium is by the !!! of the shivering students.

Why can't the societies be started up?

Senior hail, "Sticken Sie your head out!"

'80 and '81 have each received a new member this term.

The Manager of '78 wishes to remind you of that dollar you owe him.

The term opened with the thermometer at 30° below zero. Who wouldn't go to college in Maine?

The bowling alley has been thoroughly repaired during vacation. Now, where are the balls and pins?

After the late "deluge" an unregenerate student suggested that the seats be taken out of the Chapel and the room used as a skating rink.

The back rooms in Parker Hall have been thoroughly cleansed, and strict prohibitions laid upon the storing of wood or coal in them. Amen.

Prof. Stanton recently fell upon the sidewalk and injured his arm quite severely. He was obliged to suspend his recitations for a short time.

Prof. S., looking into the Mathematical room, after the rain, remarks, "Prof. R.'s recitation goes by water power; the others by *horse* power." What did he mean?

The Chapel bell was a gift to the old Seminary. It bears the following inscription:

Maine State Seminary,
Presented by
Jonathan Davis,
1857.

Murray's Dramatic Company still holds possession of Music Hall, and continues to have full houses. We would suggest that there is time this season for a good course of concerts and lectures.

The walks around Parker and Hathorn Halls are sadly in need of grading. Their condition is appropriately expressed as follows:

"These walks are not passable,
Nor even jackass-able."

The grading of the College grounds, between Bardwell street and the Theological Seminary, is being pressed rapidly forward. We have, by far, the largest College Campus in the State; and, with a proper amount of work, it will, in time, be the best.

That was a touching sight, the other day, in the bowling alley. The Faculty should have seen it. A Senior and three Freshmen dejectedly bowling *that solitary ball*, with a battered and broken-nosed tin can in place of pins. Thus does the sportive genius of youth defy all obstacles and assert itself amid difficulties.

Philosophy room. Subject—the Diatonic Scale. Junior reciting. Prof. (with much earnestness)—"Well, Mr. J., if you want to go on with the scale, what do you do?" Junior, puzzled to know what is meant, after some hesitation, triumphantly answers, "Why, go on." Prof. (taken aback)—"Certain, certain." Much wooding up.

Said the Superintendent of a Sabbath School, on the occasion of a Christmas festival, "For fear of frightening the children, please refrain from any great *ecbat* (pronouncing as spelled) at the close of each exercise." Suppressed laughter throughout the crowd.

The late severe rain storms flooded the Mathematical Room. During the subsequent cold weather the water froze. Now the Sophs diversify the recitation and illustrate the intricate properties of Conic Sections by describing eccentric curves and going off on unexpected tangents, to the great edification of the class and to the further development of the science.

The Local Editor is in a dilemma. In absence of all facts of interest, he doesn't know whether to stick to the bare truth and to facts, and run the risk of having his columns called dry and stale; or whether to harden his conscience, by putting in affairs that never took place, but yet that serve to delight the credulous and uninformed reader. Give answer, which? ye Theologues!

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

A "College Exchange" has been instituted at Amherst, at which there may be talks on current topics.

The college has purchased for \$40,000 the Shepard scientific collection of minerals, said to be the best in the world.

Entrance examinations are held in Chicago and Cincinnati for the benefit of Western candidates for admission.

There has been secured for the art gallery a complete set of casts of the bronze doors modeled by Crawford for the Capitol at Washington.

BOWDOIN.

The Juniors are reading *Undine*.

Exercise in the Gymnasium is to be optional.

Prof. Bloch is at Bowdoin, giving instruction in Elocution.

The Seniors are about to be immersed in Butler's *Analogy*.

The students think of patronizing "our" new Music Hall. They will be welcome.

The Treasurer has received the sum of \$1000, bequeathed by the late Mrs. Lydia Pierce of Brunswick, as a memorial of her son, Elias D. Pierce, to found a scholarship to be known as the "Pierce Scholarship," in aid of such deserving students as may be designated by President Chamberlain and his successors.

COLUMBIA.

Harvard's challenge for a race next season has been refused.

The Columbia ball took place on the 16th of January. All the money is to be given to sending the crew to England.

The *Spectator* complains of a want of fellowship, not only between students and Professors, but between students themselves.

Messrs. Godwin, Sage, Colgate, Boyd, and Edson (substitute), will probably form the crew that is to represent Columbia, and, through her, all the colleges of America, at the Henley Regatta in England, next June.

DARTMOUTH.

There is some hope at Dartmouth that Prof. Young may be induced to return at the beginning of the next college year. Certain conditions upon which he went to Princeton have not, it is said, been fulfilled.

HARVARD.

Harvard will follow Yale in having a Chinese course next year.

A new Gymnasium is to be erected. The building will begin in March.

The *Advocate* advises changing the old Gymnasium into a swimming bath.

The Harvard *Guide-Book* will probably be published the last of this month.

The extension to the Library, together with the new heating apparatus, cost \$90,000.

Mr. William Cushing, of the Harvard Library, has prepared an index to the *North American Review*.

Mr. William Everett has begun a course of twelve lectures on "Latin Poets and Poetry," at the Lowell Institute.

The college has received a magnificent bequest from the late Mrs. James W. Sever, of Boston, \$140,000, of which \$100,000 is for the

erection of a hall, to be called Sever Hall, and \$20,000 for the Library. The use of the remaining \$20,000 was not specified.

The President has made out a table of average expenses. By this table the least annual expense is \$499, economical \$615, moderate \$830, ample \$1,365. The very least annual expense found was \$471, and the largest \$2,500.

PRINCETON.

There are 475 students in the college, 102 of whom are Freshmen.

Princeton is among those colleges which have adopted the cap and gown.

Is Princeton the foot-ball champion, or is she not? That is the question. Yale says, "Not!"

There are in attendance a large number of post-graduates this year. Thirty are attending Dr. McCosh's lectures on Philosophy.

TUFTS.

A Glee Club is being formed.

There have been chapel rushes between the Seniors and Juniors.

The *Collegian* speaks in commendation of Prof. Brown's lecture on "Humorists."

The Professors and students recently had an opportunity to hear James T. Fields deliver his lecture on "Cheerfulness."

The Seniors have invited Dr. Chapin to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, next Spring.

YALE.

The Observatory is closed for the Winter. The next season begins in April.

The classes are to be divided according to rank, near the Spring recess.

The first of the three Thomas concerts occurred Tuesday evening, January 15th.

There has been established a Professorship of the Chinese language and literature.

The Glee Club is practicing for the annual concert, which is to take place February 4th.

The students desire a course of Sunday evening lectures to be given by members of the Faculty.

CLIPPINGS.

"Where is color?" said the Professor. "All in your eye, sir." Agitation in the class.—*Packer Quarterly*.

We were insulted the other day. A fellow asked us why a cuttle-fish was like an editor. We gave it up. He said: "Because it flings ink around to bamboozle other people." And then that friend of his added: "Yes, and it has a soft head, too."

One editor calls the proposed silver dollar a "Nevada moon." "Very well put," says another, "for it will contain four quarters that are changeable and inconstant, and it will owe its origin to the lunacy of its advocates."

Ask your chum this question: "Which would you prefer—to be a bigger fool than you seem to be, or to seem to be a bigger fool than you are?" When he answers, no matter which way, then ask him, "How can you?" And see if it will make him mad.

An embryo theologian on being asked the meaning of the letters D. V., replied, "*Deus Volens*." "But," said the questioner, "how are you going to govern the nominative, Mr. W.?" To which our learned friend piously replied, "My dear sir, the Lord governs all things!"

Si quisquis furetur
Hoc little libellum,
Per Bacchum per Jovem!
I'll kill him, I'll fell him,
In ventrem illius
I'll stick my scalpellum,
And teach him to steal
My little libellum.

A young lady in Brooklyn asked her young man why he called her his Ultra, and he courteously replied it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it I have my knee, plus Ultra, which is Latin for 'I don't want anything more on my knee.' Don't you see, my darling?" She said she did.

Edward, Edward Olney, sir,
If time hangs heavy on your hands,
Are there no hinges off your gate?
Nor any weeds upon your lands?
Oh, teach your little girls to shoot!
Or teach your little boy to sew!
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish Freshmen go!

A newspaper says Boston has a colored man named Yale College. When he shall have a large family, imagine Mrs. College standing on the front porch and yelling to her offspring: "Now, see heah, Harvard, how many times mus' yo' po' mud-der tell you ter frow dat base-ball 'way an' stay in de house an' larn yo' A, B, C's? Cornell, quit dabblin' in dat watah, an' come heah dis instan'. You ac' like a fisherman. An' you, Vassar, yo' de wors' nigger in the pack. Take dat chewin' gum out ob yo' mouf, or I'll choke yo' till yo're black in de face."

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson is rapidly becoming one of the leading lawyers at the Androscoggin bar.

'73.—C. H. Davis (Bates Theological School, class of '76) has been ordained to the work of the ministry, at Champlin, Minn.

'74.—Married, Jan. 1, by Rev. Dr. Bowen, at the residence of the bride's father in Auburn, Rev. Thos. Spooner, Jr., (Bates Theological School, class of '77) and Miss Clara Prescott.

'74.—C. S. Frost, a graduate of Bates Theological School, has accepted a call to the Free Baptist church at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'74.—T. P. Smith teaches the Spring term of the Athens Academy.

'75.—L. M. Palmer is still teaching at Hopkinton, Mass.

'75.—F. H. Hall is studying law at Washington, D. C. Since graduating he has held a government clerkship in the Printing Department.

'76.—A. L. Morey teaches Gonic School this Winter, besides attending upon pastoral duties. He is Secretary of '76, and can be addressed at Gonic, N. H.

'76.—B. H. Young is attending lectures in the Boston Medical University.

'76.—I. C. Phillips and W. C. Leavitt are attending Harvard Law School.

'76.—R. J. Everett is Principal of South Paris Academy.

'76.—A. T. Smith, formerly of this class, is Assistant Superintendent of the Reform School at Providence, R. I.

'77.—L. A. Burr has just closed a successful term in the High School at Lisbon Falls.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, former Editor of the *STUDNET*, is teaching at Patten.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway is teaching at Monmouth Center.

'79.—F. P. Otis, who was compelled to leave last term on account of sickness, is gradually recovering his accustomed health. He is teaching the Winter term of school at his home in West Garland.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

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No. 2.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—II.

BY G. C. CHASE.

A HUNDRED years ago literature and the cognate branches of learning were designated by scholars as "*litterae humaniores*," or, by the English equivalent, "the humanities." No term could be more fitting. Next to religion, literature has been the chief agent in humanizing the race, in nourishing the feeling that "a man is a man," whatever his race, color, or condition. The elements of human nature are the same in all ages and in all climes. Homer, Æschylus, and Plato stretch their hands to ours across the centuries. Any genuine literature is worthy of affectionate study. But there are many reasons for assigning English literature the most important place.

It is in English literature that the grandest personality has found expression. Shall we compare it with the literature of Greece, or that of Rome? I grant that for mere ele-

gance of form, for artistic execution, the ancients are still unsurpassed. But will the best products of a pagan civilization of two thousand years ago outweigh those of our modern civilization with Christianity as its chief corner-stone? Can a literature, whose substance is dead myths and whose inspiration springs from the personification of nature, awaken the mind to a more intense love of truth than a literature freighted with the wealth of all the added centuries, and throbbing with the life of a Christian civilization? As we have already said, literature has to do with substance as well as form; and, while classical literature may justly claim preëminence in form, modern literature is incomparably grander in thought and sentiment. To illustrate my meaning, let me take an example from our own literature. The most *finished* poem

in our language has for its subject a lock of hair clipped from a girl's head; but shall we, therefore, say that "Pope's Rape of the Lock" is a production superior to "Shakespeare's Hamlet"?

But if English literature is superior to classical literature, its pre-eminence is not less marked when compared with other modern literature. And again we assign as a reason, that it gives expression to a nobler and more complete personality. That English and Anglo-American literature are superior to other modern literature, should be no marvel to him who has traced the genealogy of the English race. For in the veins of the English people flows the blood of the Celt, the Teuton, and the Romanized Northman. The union in one people of elements drawn from all the races that have helped to shape modern civilization will explain in part the boundless energy, the stubborn strength, and the versatile genius that have made the natives of the British Isles and their progeny in America the two foremost nations of the globe. Add to this a language enriched by tributes from the language of every other civilized nation, and then remember that no other people in Europe has felt in equal degree the influence of modern Christian thought; that no other people is so genuinely Protestant,—and you will be prepared to expect, what the most rigid comparison will prove,

that in originality, compass, and power the English language is without a peer. Hence, even to the student to whom the English tongue is strange, a knowledge of English literature is indispensable, if he would know the course and feel the influence of distinctively modern thought. But to us who speak the English language as our mother tongue, there are peculiar incentives to acquaint ourselves with its literature. It is our birthright. In it the wisest and best of our race have bequeathed to us their contribution to the world's progress. It is a living picture gallery of the most gifted men and women that have enriched our language with the products of their own hearts and minds. Better than any formal history, it shows us the part that our race has acted in the great drama of the world's life. It imbues us with English tastes, makes us proud of English achievements, nourishes loyalty to English institutions and ideas, and is a powerful conservator of all that is good and beautiful in English customs. It acquaints us with the moods and methods of the English mind, and prepares us to enter with the greatest advantage to ourselves a society where these are predominant.

For let no one suppose that in the rush and sweep of our noisy American life, we are to be borne away from the old English moorings. The heart and soul of that life is still

English. If we of the Puritan's land are proud that New England is moulding the destiny of America, let us not forget to be grateful that it was the Old England out of which sprang the New. The stronger our affection for America, the deeper must be our reverence for England. To every true American, England is what it was so lovingly called by Hawthorne—"The Old Home." Let us mark how another American regards England. Says Mr. Emerson: "In all that is done or begun by Americans, we are met by a civilization already settled and overpowering. The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men are English thoughts and aims. . . . The Russian in his snows is aiming to be English. The Turk and Chinese also are making awkward efforts to be English. The practical common sense of modern society, the utilitarian direction which labor, laws, opinions, and religion take, is the natural genius of the British mind. . . . The American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions more or less propitious. . . . England has inoculated all nations with her civilization, intelligence, and tastes." From this striking testimony to the power of English thought and the vigor of English life do we not derive an additional incentive to the study of English literature? But the claim of English literature to a large place in our educational system may be

urged on grounds yet more specific.

It is not my purpose to dwell at length upon the importance to every one of a ready command of his own language. The good and the bad use of words has been fitly symbolized by the old fable of the two maidens. From the lips of one fell pearls; from the lips of the other, vermin. Who has not blushed at some blunder of speech? Who has not felt the charm of words fitly spoken? Precious as is the gift of song, more precious is the gift of speech. The art of graceful conversation is the most desirable of accomplishments. I remember that an old philosopher has said, "Speech is silver, but silence golden;" but I remember, also, that a still older philosopher has said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Moreover, in a country like ours, where everybody aspires to the fame of public utterance, and where orators are as plenty as in ancient Athens, too much stress can not be laid upon the early acquisition of a correct, graceful, and fluent use of language. Nothing can be a better corrective of what, in vulgar phrase, is called the "gift of gab"—which means, I believe, a torrent of words utterly divorced from ideas.

But how shall we acquire that just and exquisite utterance which is the charm of the home circle, the pulpit, and the platform alike? Not from the study of Grammar. The

speech of grammarians is proverbially stiff and pedantic. The golden age of Greek Literature had long been past when the first Greek Grammar saw the light. Plato's grammatical knowledge was limited to the distinction between the noun and the verb. A similar account might be given of Latin Literature and Latin Grammar. When Spenser was writing his "*Faery Queene*," the first English Grammar was just making its appearance. It is doubtful whether Shakespeare ever saw an English Grammar, unless he made the acquaintance of that written by his friend, Ben Jonson.

Neither can the Dictionary teach us how to use language. As Mr. Marsh has clearly shown, no Dictionary can ever teach us the precise meaning of words, for the meaning of any given word varies with the connection in which it is used; and the number of combinations into which a word may enter, and consequently the number of meanings that it may have, is endless. Words are as subtle, as elusive as thought itself; yet when the right word is found, it may be out of twenty synonyms, the cultivated mind approves it at once. Whence has it acquired this fine discriminating sense? Not from the Dictionary.

Neither can Rhetoric ever enable us to compose with taste and energy. Rhetoric, at its best, can merely supply us with methods of criticism; and criticism is only an after-

thought. Is there any significance in the fact that Grammar, Dictionaries, and Rhetoric have never made their appearance in any language until that language has produced its best literature?

The question returns, How shall we learn to talk? how shall we learn to compose? and experience answers, "Just as the child learns." He first observes the language of others and then uses it himself. Good language, like good manners, is the result of long-continued familiarity with good models. No book of etiquette ever converted a clown into a gentleman; no book *about* language ever gave one command of his mother-tongue. Could a child *hear* from his infancy nothing but the purest and most idiomatic English, it is certain that he would *use* nothing but the purest English. But such is the good fortune of very few. The desired model must be sought elsewhere; and where can it be found save in literature?

Moreover, there are themes for which even the finest models of conversation can furnish no adequate vocabulary, no fitting style. Men do not exchange their noblest thoughts at the breakfast table, nor even in the drawing-room or saloon. The moments of loftiest inspiration are moments of solitude; and the birthplace of the grandest utterances that have fallen from the lips of eloquence or trembled upon the poet's pen has been the place of

solitude. Into these hiding-places of genius we can enter only in silent companionship with the great authors.

Unless our command of language is to be limited to common themes and every day-matters, we must early begin our acquaintance with choice literature. And of all choice literature there is none comparable to our own. Much, indeed, may be accomplished by careful translations into English from the best classical models. This is an excellent practice, but should never be substituted for an appreciative study of our own great masterpieces. Choate, indeed, formed an effective style by a somewhat exclusive reliance upon this method; but, after all, with how great loss to himself may be seen by a comparison of his speeches with those of Webster. The latter, without neglecting the classics, sought his models in the best literature of his own tongue. In the long, loose sentences, sometimes stretching over pages, often crowded with Latin derivatives, may be traced the results of the one method; and in the compact style and vigorous Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, those of the other.

It is a mistake to suppose that a good prose style is best ensured by the study of prose writers alone. Let any one take the trouble to examine, and, after making due allowance for difference in theme, he will find the great poets simpler and

more perspicuous than the best prose writers. The percentage of Anglo-Saxon words actually employed by them, counting each word as often as it occurs, is considerably higher in the poets than even in so simple prose as that of Addison, Swift, and Irving. Mr. Marsh's carefully prepared list exhibiting the results drawn from a comparison of selections from the works of thirty writers, nearly one-half of them poets, shows the advantage to be almost uniformly with the poets; several of them using more than ninety per cent. of Saxon words. This choice of native words renders their style more simple and direct; but not only do they excel in simplicity and directness. They are more precise in the use of terms. You remember what Coleridge has said: "You might as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare."

To say that a study of poetry will cultivate that sense of melody so indispensable to a good prose writer is superfluous. But to what end is this praise of poetry? Not to disparage prose, but to show how dependent is a good prose style upon generous study of all the forms of literature.

It would be natural to expect that a study which more than any other contributes to the formation of a noble character, which more than

any other renders intercourse with our fellows a source of highest good as well as purest enjoyment, would be most ardently and intelligently pursued. On the contrary, no branch of learning is more generally neglected, and, when not wholly ignored, more superficially studied and taught. Many a girl reads Moliere or Racine who has never read a line of Spenser or Wordsworth. Many a boy has read Homer and Virgil and Cicero, who is totally ignorant of Milton and Burke and Webster. Many a college student reaches his Senior year without ever having read a single play of Shakespeare; and lest I should seem to speak out of a limited acquaintance with facts, let me quote from Prof. Lounsbury of Yale College: "Assuredly it is no wild statement to make that in many of our colleges a man might go through a four years' course and never hear once, from the lips of any of his teachers, the names of Shakespeare or Milton; and there are still very few of our schools in which he would ever be reduced to the necessity of reading a single line of their works."

How shall we account for these facts? By the inadequacy of the common conception as to the real nature of the study of English literature. Many a student will gravely assure you that he has taken a course in English literature, when he may not have read the whole of a single production. To devote a term or

two terms to some manual of English literature is usually thought a most generous arrangement. But if manuals are thus substituted for literature itself, it is speaking mildly to pronounce them worse than useless. Relied upon exclusively, the best manuals can only confuse us. What memory can retain their catalogues of names and dates, their "glittering generalities," their undistinguishable distinctions! A little reflection and reference to our own experience will reveal the absurd pretensions of most of these works. A just and discriminating knowledge of even one great author can be gained only by years of devoted study. But the manuals promise us an acquaintance with all the authors, even the most obscure. We find them just what we ought to expect—patchwork. The criticism and analysis that they pretend to offer, represents the work of no competent scholar, but has been vamped and re-vamped by a thousand nameless dabblers, until the question of their paternity has become hopelessly unanswerable. It has been shown that even the best of the manuals are sometimes false and misleading. Yet the study of these medleys is called the study of English Literature! What an insult to the shades of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare! A literature that challenges the admiration of every other civilized people, a literature whose masterpieces present ideals so lofty

that in the pursuit of them the greatest geniuses of Germany have confessed themselves pilgrims and strangers, is known to the youths in our own schools and colleges, to those who may claim its treasures as their rightful inheritance, only through that shallow and too often hypocritical substitute, the manual! What wonder that the empty results of such a method of study should at length be manifest, and the mind refuse to accept stones for bread!

How, then, shall we study English Literature? The answer is obvious if we recur to our definition. Literature is the expression of personality. We must make the acquaintance of an author just as we make the acquaintance of a man. Read the works themselves. To read about Chaucer can never make us

even his fellow-pilgrims to Canterbury. But to read Chaucer is more than to be his companions; it is to be Chaucer himself. *Chaucer lives again in us*, and once more in the pleasant April weather he is

“Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canturbury with ful devout corage.”

Strange as it may seem, an author may be better known from his works than from himself. In his works an author gives the best part of himself to humanity, or rather, he gives himself when at the best; and so far do a man's conceptions and aspirations sometimes surpass his acts that it were better for him were no record of his outer life ever made. Francis Bacon, in his works, and Lord Bacon, in his acts, were very unlike men.

WAITING.

BY K. H.

OH, the field was white with daisies,
As she gaily tripped along,
And her heart had caught the music
Of the old, old song.

“Oh, the robin knows it too,”
And she raised her eyes so blue.

She was waiting for her lover,
As she leaned upon the stile,
And, like every other maiden,
Dreaming did beguile.

The Sphere of Legislation.

"Ah, the earth is fair to see
I love all, and all love me."

But one sometimes tires of *dreaming*,
Even of the loved one's face;
And, how oft with too much waiting,
True love loses grace.

"Ah, me, birdie, do not sing,
For you know I'm listening."

Listen long, my little maiden,
For the dew has left the grass,
And no footfall of your lover
Shall the old stile pass.

"Ah, me, how the flowers fade,
Too much sun is worse than shade."

Has the little heart ceased throbbing?
Are the fair morn roses fled
From the face so lately blooming?
Margie's hope is dead!

"Ah, me, I am weeping here,
And the daisies all look drear."

THE SPHERE OF LEGISLATION.

BY AUGUSTINE SIMMONS.

THERE are only two theories concerning government. One teaches that reigning dynasties exist by some divine right, and that the people are created to support these dynasties and to be governed by them. The other maintains that government exists for the people, that it is their machine for performing an indispensable work, is responsible to them, and should employ only such power as may be delegated to it. From the last theory, it follows that government is itself an evil, but a necessary one, accepted as the sole alternative of the worse evil, anarchy. Hence, as mankind grow wiser and better,

the functions of government may and should be diminished, since the simpler and less burdensome it becomes, provided it ensures the rights of person and property, the better it is. But a multiplicity of statutes, many of them designed for special cases and embodying no broad principles capable of general application, tends only to weaken the force of the more important laws by rendering their execution liable to be neglected, or, if performed at all, tame and inefficient. The statement is often heard that for a legislature to act and take the chances of success is wiser than to do nothing. To this plea the rejoinder is, that not only are the results of legislative enactments sometimes negatively bad, but they are often positively so. They do not simply fail; they frequently make worse. Generally speaking, our legislators, neither perceiving nor duly considering remote results, look only to the immediate consequences of their acts. In every such case it will be found, upon careful inquiry, that many things other than those intended have been acted upon; and hence, in all directions, a multitude of changes more or less appreciable has been produced. It is not surprising, then, that in their efforts to cure specific evils, legislators often cause collateral evils wholly unanticipated.

To guard the subjects of a government against aggression, either

individual or national, is a straightforward and tolerably simple matter; to regulate directly or indirectly the personal behavior of subjects is an infinitely complicated matter. It is one thing to secure to each man unrestricted liberty to obtain his own good; it is a widely different thing to pursue that good for him. To do the first efficiently, the government has simply to look on while the citizens act, and to forbid unfairness; to do the last efficiently, it must know each man's wants better than the man himself knows them—must, in short, possess superhuman intelligence. Therefore, even if legislatures should perfectly fulfill their legitimate functions, there would be no sufficient warrant for extending their sphere; but considering the imperfections that generally characterize the proceedings of legislatures, small indeed is the probability that they could discharge duties of a more intricate nature—such as pertains solely to the individual. If it is the business of government to protect each individual against others, it follows that all further governmental duty must be to protect each individual against himself. There can be no other classification; for evidently all the obstacles that lie between a man's desires and the satisfaction of them arise either from the counter desires of other men or from his own inability. It is the prerogative of government to pre-

vent him from injuring society ; but it cannot rightfully assume to hinder him from yielding to his appetites and passions, provided that in so doing, no direct wrong be perpetrated against society. Legislation cannot increase the moral force of the divine law. A criminal experiences no remorse for having violated a statute. If he feel any compunction of conscience at all, it is in consequence of having transgressed a higher law. The advocates of a prohibitory liquor law and of compulsory education can safely base their arguments upon the principle that the state has a right to protect itself ; but to seek for social reform through statutes is as idle as to expect to seek water freely flowing through an aqueduct of sponge.

Individual reform must, in the main, be effected by individual labor.

The errors of legislation thus briefly noticed, are prolific sources of danger to a republic ; but it has more to fear when its legislators begin to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others, as independent. When they undertake to regulate as well as protect ; when they manage for themselves and for corporations instead of for the people ; when they enlarge their own powers and impatiently press against and overleap constitutional limitations —then a republic has occasion to be alarmed, for its professed defenders pass beyond the domain of their authority and usurp the higher place instead of keeping in the lower.

FIRST SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORITZ HARTZMANN.

ON the trees there lies the first snow,
 Trees yesterday green in their leaf ;
 O'er our dreams there comes the first woe,
 Dreams yesterday glad with belief.

First snow doth the sun quickly melt,
 As he lingers in radiance o'er it ;
 First woe's wound too deeply is felt
 For joy's beam to ever restore it.

—*Undergraduate.*

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THE following correspondence will explain itself:

Bates Manufacturing Company,

Lewiston, Jan. 16, 1878.

President Cheney—Dear Sir: Upon hearing the sad news of the death of our friend and patron, Benj. E. Bates, Esq., of Boston, it was deemed advisable that some public service should be held in commemoration of his many deeds of kindness and generosity to us as a city and a people. At a meeting held this day of a committee from the City Government, Bates College, and the agents of the Corporations, it was thought advisable and fitting that you should be invited to prepare and deliver, in Lewiston City Hall, at a time suiting your convenience, an eulogy on the life and works of the deceased. Please accept.

Awaiting your reply, we are

Very respectfully yours,

C. I. BARKER,

B. F. HAYES,

E. RUSSELL,

Committee of Arrangements.

Bates College, Lewiston, Jan. 22, 1878.

C. I. Barker, Esq., Agent Bates Manufacturing Company; Rev. B. F. Hayes, D. D., Prof. in Bates College; Hon. Edmund Russell, Mayor of Lewiston:

Dear Sirs,—In reply to your note of the 16th inst., inviting me to speak in the Lewiston City Hall at memorial services relating to Benjamin Edward Bates, allow me to say that I will comply with your request, and name as the time, Sunday

afternoon of Commencement week, the twenty-third day of June next. You call me, gentlemen, to the performance of a sad duty, and yet I only do you justice when I say that I appreciate the honor done me in calling me to speak of one so worthy to be spoken of—one whom I so dearly loved. Very truly,

O. B. CHENEY.

In view of the fact that President Cheney is to deliver an address at the time referred to, detailing the history of Mr. Bates's life, and of his connection with the College, he has thought best not to prepare an article of this character for the present number of the *STUDENT*.

This accounts for the non-appearance, in this number, of the expected article, in reference to Mr. Bates, from the President's pen. His address of June 23d, however, which takes the place of the annual Baccalaureate sermon, will be published in the June number of the *STUDENT*, together with an engraving of Mr. Bates.

With considerable justice, boating claims the first place among our athletic sports. Its popularity, no doubt, depends on the attendant pleasure and excitement as well as on the honor gained by a victory. And then, from an athletic point of view, there are

numerous inducements to choose this sport in preference to foot-ball, cricket, or base-ball. For, from the degree of excellence to which boating is carried, more solid muscle, steady nerve, and practiced skill are required than in any one of the others. A victory is never gained by mere good fortune, but by a severe trial of manly skill and strength. An oarsman, too, is not subject to the many inconvenient accidents so common among ball-players. He is not likely to have dislocated fingers, troublesome bruises, or broken limbs. He gets the discipline and honor without the risk.

To these reasons add the favor of public opinion, and it will not be wondered at that boating has been so rapidly and so generally introduced into our American colleges. The subject has not been seriously considered at Bates, nor do we wish it to be thought that we are now advocating its introduction. Not by any means. For, in spite of the excellent material to be found among our students, we are not quite ready yet to take up so expensive an amusement. The time may not be far off, however, when our College will have a crew on the river, and show as much pluck and enthusiasm at the oar as it has at the bat.

Although we have no crew and are not likely to have one for years, we can nevertheless show the interest we feel in the boating matters of

other colleges, and can stand by, attentive spectators, while our elder brothers fight it out as best they may. Next season promises to be of unusual interest to all that care for boating. The Inter-State Rowing Association meets at Newark during the Summer. Nearly all the college crews are in active preparation for this, and for more special contests.

The regular Harvard-Yale race, as usual, gives rise to considerable expectant interest. Yale has eleven men in training under Captain Thompson. The crew will be comparatively light and young. The average in weight of those in training, while the men are in thick, winter clothing, is one hundred and eighty pounds, and in age twenty years. The Harvard crew, on the other hand, is said to be the "heaviest of any amateurs' boat-load known," so that the coming contest will be between the Yale light and the Harvard heavy weights. The training at Yale consists of a run of one and a half to two and a half miles daily, in the Gymnasium, and rowing from four to seven hundred strokes at the rowing weights; and about the same course is pursued at Harvard, except that, perhaps, there is less running and more rowing. No smoking and pastry are indulged in, meat and vegetables forming the staples for food. This is probably a fair sample of the training of each of the other crews.

Wesleyan is very much interested in boating, and is in good condition, financially, to enter a race. Trinity has men constantly in training, and can furnish a four or six-oared crew on very short notice. Her boat-house was carried away by the ice, but \$600 has been raised, with which it is proposed to erect a new building on the Connecticut. Dartmouth, it is thought, will not be able to row this summer on account of the destruction of her boat-house and boats. We are told that Bowdoin has men in training, but does not manifest much enthusiasm. A New England Rowing Association is proposed, in which Wesleyan, Trinity, Amherst, Dartmouth, Brown, and Bowdoin are to be represented.

Rutgers has, as yet, no crew in training, but counts on material equal, if not superior, to that of the old crew. It expects to obtain again the honors won last year.

At Columbia, the students, as represented by the *Acta* and *Spectator*, are delighted, in a manly way, with the prospect of sending a crew across the water next summer. It is to enter the Henley races on the Thames, and, perhaps, the "exposition races" on the Seine. The Henley regatta, which is to boating men what the Derby is to jockeys, will bring out many first-class crews; and, in addition to this, arrangements are being made for a race with Oxford or Cambridge. The expense will be quite an important matter,—

about three thousand dollars; but the money will probably all be raised during the winter, by public entertainments, under direction of the students.

No fault can reasonably be found with the independent position taken by the Columbia Boat Club. No claim is made to the championship of American colleges, but the crew is sent in just the same way that it would be sent to any open amateur regatta in our own country. It is very evident, however, that to a certain extent all the colleges of America will be represented by this four from Columbia; and especially, if it enters a race at Paris during the Exposition.

Ye shades of Attila and Nero!
Why walk ye the earth again, incarnate in students' bodies? Were you so tormented in triple Hell that you preferred to return to this lodging-house of Sin and Death?

Hence! We need you not! Begone to the stern tribunal of Minos and his dread associates! And may the awful Triad bury you in deeper darkness and under heavier chains for your crimes in Parker Hall. May they cause your worthless skulls to be bruised by shattered furniture, your wretched limbs to writhe over the heat of burning doors, and your quivering flesh to seethe under melted fragments of glass, till you shriek in agony and groan in unavailing remorse.

Would that you had been content with your former Tartarean abode! Then you never would have seen Bates College; you never would have urged students on to "work out their taxes," nor have deprived them of all sense of law and *decency*; you never would, for your own base purposes, have originated those galling incidentals.

Powers of Evil, bethink yourselves in season! Remove! *or by all our hopes of justice, WE'LL SPOT YOU!*

"One of the most baneful habits that a student acquires in college is that of depreciating conversation. It is one of the rare things to find a company of students discussing a sensible topic. All the talk of students, outside of the recitation room, is banter."

These words we quote from the *Amherst Student*, and our reason for giving them is that they seem to be as true of students at Bates as at Amherst. One finds few students with whom it is pleasant and instructive to converse. Is that too sweeping a statement? Apply to it the test of experience and see if it is false.

Of course we do not expect to find an Emerson in each one of our college friends. It is very seldom that one has a natural talent for carrying on an entertaining conversation; and for this reason there is the more need of attention to the

acquisition of this important art. Every thing of value must have cost, and it is a self-evident truth that conversational skill is valuable. We ought not, then, to grudge the pains necessary to obtain it.

As tools are sharpened by friction, so a man's wits are quickened by contact with the intellectual emery of his associates. But it is not sufficient merely to become dexterous in the use of words. Rev. John Hall says, "Words are but representatives — greenbacks; behind which there ought to be the coin of thought, feeling, and intelligence." A man may, for a time, pass in the best society on nothing but words; but when people begin to suspect the lack of coin, he becomes the worst of depreciated currency. There are, then, these two things necessary to a good conversationist: intelligence, native and acquired; and dexterity in the use of words.

Now could not clubs be formed for the express purpose of "discussing sensible topics?" We have clubs for almost everything else, and why not have them for conversation? It will very readily be seen that there should not be too many members in a club of this kind. We should think that six would certainly be enough. The works of standard authors might be taken up; selections read; and discussions held on the style, method of treatment, ideas advanced, or whatever else might

come up to claim attention. Questions of general interest might be considered, political movements watched and commented on, and news of scientific and educational circles exchanged.

If the plan is practicable, now is the time to put it in execution. Spring will soon be here with its inducements to ornithology, botany, and base-ball. But at this season, an hour a day, which might otherwise be wasted, could very easily be spared without loss to studies or healthy exercise. It seems to us a very excellent plan, and one that would be the source of a vast amount of improvement and general culture. We make the suggestion and wait to see how it is received.

Many people seem to believe that the pursuance of a college course, in nine cases out of ten, results in a loss of health; that he who applies himself to a four years' course of study comes out as completely devoid of strength and vigor as if he had been ground out of a mill, built for the specific purpose of squeezing out dash and energy while yet retaining a remnant of life.

How these ideas obtain among people otherwise sensible and well-informed, we can scarcely conceive. Nevertheless, these ideas are held, and not only by "dotting mammas" whose "good-bye" to the boy bound for college never fails to be accompanied by "Be sure not study too

hard and become sick!" but they are also held by men that ought to know better. We heard one of the most popular preachers ever located in this city, indignantly declaim in the pulpit, because of the "thousands of living skeletons, made so by hard study, that yearly go forth from Bates, Bowdoin, and the other colleges in the land."

Now, we protest, in the name of common sense, against all such heresy. We plead, for the sake of humanity, that this poor old skeleton of an idea, which has been dragged forward so often as an argument against a liberal education—that these poor bones, which must ache with handling, and which ought to have been dust and ashes years ago—be at last laid away to rest. Yes, let us bury them, but decently, with all due regard for the feelings of those that have so often found pleasure in frightening timid people by conjuring up this grisly creature of the brain. For the sake of these deluded but well-meaning people, we would wrap this skeleton,

"Ghastly, grim, and ominous,"

in its best robe; we would make all possible pretence that it once had life and power; we would vigorously chant the "*Requiescat in pace*," and write "*Hic jacet*" over its grave.

Therefore, we admit that there is a spark of truth in the idea; that some do graduate with health and

constitution impaired or broken down. This number is, however, relatively small. Indeed, should the health statistics of the young men working at trades be taken, we doubt if so good an average be obtained as from the health statistics of the young men in college. Furthermore, of the cases of sickness that do occur in college, *few if any* are caused by hard study. We are willing to have the truth of the statement tested that nine-tenths of these cases result from causes far removed from hard study. Even where the habits and principles of the student admit no chance of irregularity or dissipation, we contend that sickness is not caused by hard study; but that the same disregard of the laws of health, the same lack of exercise coupled with close confinement, would have caused sickness had the mind been perfectly at rest.

The following table of statistics materially aids in proving our point, viz.: that a college course is not injurious to health. These statistics were gathered by the "Department of Physical Education," from the students at Amherst College during the last sixteen years:

	Number in each Class.	Number Sick in each Class.	Proportion of the Whole No.	Proportion of Whole No. Sick.	No. Sick out of every 100.
Freshmen...	1146	294	1.000	1.000	25.7
Sophomores...	1108	268	0.967	0.912	24.2
Juniors.....	966	223	0.843	0.759	23.1
Seniors.....	883	170	0.770	0.578	19.2
	<hr/> 4130	<hr/> 955			

Bearing in mind that at this college regular daily exercise is required of every student, let us see what this table shows.

First, then, of the 4,103 men that have been in the college during this time, 955 men, or 23 1-4 per cent. have been entered on the sick list. Further, if the number of the Freshman class be represented by 100, the relative number of the Sophomores is 97; of the Juniors, 84; and of the Seniors, 77. Comparing now the number of sick men in each class, and again representing that number in the Freshman class by 100, the relative number of the Sophomores is 91; of the Juniors, 76; and of the Seniors 58. Comparing these results, we find that the ratio of the whole number of Seniors to the whole number of Freshmen is 77 to 100; but the ratio of the sick men in the two classes is only 58 to 100. In other words, there is a decided improvement in health throughout the course.

Other statistics, taken at the same time with the above, show that there is an increase within the course, in height, girth of arm, capacity of lungs, and in lifting power. A point of interest connected with these statistics, and one that seems to show the cause of increase is, that the increase in arm-girth and in strength is rapid up to the Senior year; but then a decrease begins. This is explained by the fact that in the Senior year many drop their sports and

athletic exercises and apply themselves more closely to study.

These statistics seem to answer the charges of poor health in college pretty effectually. They show that with a proper observance of hygienic laws, with regular and sufficient exercise, a man entering college may expect to graduate with much superior health and physical powers, and this, too, without any loss of studious habits or of relative scholarship.

We desire to call attention to our column of PERSONALS. In one sense this column is out of our control—that is, we have but little means of ascertaining any facts of interest regarding the Alumni, especially regarding the earlier Alumni. Every graduate likes to know where his former associates are situated and what they are doing; but, of course, cannot find time to write to all, and, in many cases, soon loses sight of them entirely. Now, to write one letter to us will take but little time, and our address is always known. If every graduate will keep us supplied with *his* or *her* whereabouts and business, we guarantee to keep *all* supplied with these facts. Those departments that depend more fully upon our own efforts, we promise to make as complete and interesting as possible; but, if we are not supplied with Personals by others, this column must fall short. Therefore do not be over-modest, but send us

matters pertaining to yourself, if you know nothing pertaining to other graduates, and you shall be repaid by learning facts of interest concerning old friends.

Under the auspices of the Auburn Y. M. C. A., Rev. Joseph Cook spoke at Music Hall, on the evening of Feb. 14, upon the subject, "Canon Farrar, or Repentance after Death." Mr. Cook was greeted by rather a small audience. This fact, coupled with the one that the same hall has been nightly filled for eight weeks by the playing of a third-class theatre, does not speak very highly for the intelligence and good sense of the people of Lewiston and Auburn.

Mr. Cook will speak at the same place the evening of Feb. 21, upon the subject, "Cheat, Be Cheated, and Die."

We hope the young men will receive the patronage which they merit for engaging the services of this strong, scholarly, accurate thinker.

Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, a number of the students went to see Rig-nold in Henry V. With his imposing presence and richly modulated voice, he acted "Royal Harry" to the life. If we were to select the places where his superb acting and finished elocution were most noticeable, we should choose the accusation and sentence of the conspirators, the scene before Harfleur, and the soliloquy and prayer. The support

of the company was hardly adequate, although the parts of Fluellen, Pistol, and Bardolph were well sustained.

The notice of the death of Mr. Burnham, formerly of '77, which occurs in the PERSONALS, has been delayed to this late day because we have had no means of ascertaining the facts until the present time.

EXCHANGES.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is "solid" in every respect. The literary department of this number is of an unusually high order. The first article shows much careful study and investigation. The article upon "The Ethics of Longfellow's Poetry," we think the best of the number. It shows that the author has good taste, careful discrimination, and a thorough appreciation of the beauties of Longfellow's poetry.

We take up the *Tufts Collegian* for February and peruse its contents with pleasure; but we are inclined to think that this number of the *Collegian* falls a little below the usual standard. It would be showing hardly a proper respect to keen wit to smile at the supposed witticisms in the local column. The criticisms in the column headed "Book Reviews," are, for the most part, sound; but we think that the editors must be firm believers in the proverb, "*Labor ipse voluptas*," to maintain this department.

We have received the first number of the eleventh volume of the *Trinity Tablet*. It is really what it is intended for—a newspaper. It contains many items of interest concerning the college and students. Whatever one can say against the *Tablet*, it is sure to escape the common criticism of heaviness.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* is a new visitor on our list. It has some defects which will no doubt be remedied in the future. The articles are well written and contain some sound ideas. The article upon "Society Libraries" is a good presentation of this side of the question. We regret that we have not seen the article in the preceeding number.

The *Rochester Campus* is a well-conducted sheet. The literary department is really excellent. The first article is rather dry, yet it is a meritorious production. The article on "Obstacles to Literary Production in America" we pronounce the best of the number. The poem is fully up to the average standard. The editorials might be improved. The locals are subject to criticism in one respect, and we think the editors will see at once how to remedy this fault. Yet we understand very well that locals are of peculiar interest to students and are not composed for an extensive circle of readers.

When we consider that the *Dartmouth* is published weekly, we cannot help admiring the energy of its editors. We count among our exchanges some monthlies that, copy

by copy, are its inferiors. In the last number we notice a communication from Prof. Young of Princeton. The article is as interesting as its subject, "Scientific Progress in 1877," gives promise of. In speaking of the Phonograph, he says:

"As has been pointed out by another in describing this remarkable invention, we are now in presence of the startling possibility that the voices of the dead may be re-heard; so that as we keep by us the likeness of a friend, and his written words, we may also preserve his tones and accents. Music is no longer evanescent, the voices of great singers will not die with them, but remain as long as the metal in which they are embodied lasts."

From the fact that the Exchange Editor has devoted his whole department to a consideration of the merits and demerits of the *Niagara Index*, we should judge that exchanges have been rather scarce at Dartmouth during the week past. With a recent number we received a very artistic photograph of Prof. Sanborn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—Eds.]

BATES COLLEGE, Feb. 14, 1878.

Editors of the Student:

Gentlemen,—The taxes assessed this term for repairs have caused some dissatisfaction among many of the students. We offer a few remarks upon the matter.

The Faculty take the position that if the students will report those that do the damage, such persons shall be made to bear the expense of repairs and shall be disciplined in addition; but, if the students will not report these parties, all must bear the expense—innocent as well as guilty. In some respects this position is correct. It must be remembered, however, that in many cases the guilty parties are unknown to their fellow students as well as to the Faculty; and, further, however much a student may deplore an injury to the College buildings, or however much he may regret the drain thereby occasioned to his own purse, yet, even for these reasons, he scarcely feels justified in subjecting a fellow student to disgrace. We are aware that the College authorities, in their ignorance of the persons doing the damage, are placed between the difficult alternatives of paying the cost of the repairs themselves or of putting it upon the students; but the position taken by Faculty places the students between alternatives equally difficult. Either we must bring some of our own number into disgrace or else pull our pocket-books to the extent of the damage. We suggest that the best way to get out of this difficult state of affairs is to stop the infliction of damages upon the buildings. But since these damages are now inflicted, and since the question, Who shall pay the taxes, the College or the students? has good argu-

ments on each side, is it not more just for the College to share the expense of repairs equally with the students rather than to put them wholly upon the students?

But, if the students are to foot the whole bill, ought they not to have some voice in regard to the outlay of the money? For instance, can the students be blamed for feeling somewhat indignant at paying out \$100 or more to repair the bowling alley, and, at that, have not a pin or ball provided to use therein? Said the visitor to the showman, "Which is the monkey and which the man?" "It makes no difference to me," replied the showman, "you pays your money and you takes your choice." The matter in hand is only partially similar. We pay our money, but what about the other part?

ALIQUIS.

Editors of the Student :

Noticing the establishment of a department of Correspondence in your magazine, I beg leave to use the same to point out what seems to your correspondent to be an error, so apparent that its continuance up to the present time is a matter of surprise. I refer to the singing, or attempts at the same, at the chapel exercises.

Lest I be misunderstood, and thought to criticise from an improper spirit, permit me to say at the start that the chapel exercises, as a whole, are well conducted. I feel

confident in saying that the students are not bored by long Scripture lessons and tedious prayers; both are short and appropriate. The entire exercise never lasts over ten or twelve minutes.

But of the singing I have not a word of commendation, but rather a word of condemnation. Singing, as an act of worship, does not consist in making hideous noises; if it did, we have it perfected.

Several changes and improvements would give us excellent music. First, a change of singing books oftener than once in twenty years would be desirable. To rotate upon ten or a dozen selections, term after term, becomes, even to the most devoted son of Apollo, somewhat monotonous. With such singing books as we find in the Chapel, the best trained choir in existence could not keep up an interest in singing. Their selections would be anticipated.

Again, there should be some one chosen as leader, whose business it should be to furnish good music. In other colleges there may be found well organized college choirs, furnished with an organ and necessary books. As a college, we have abundant musical talent, talent that furnishes music at the public exercises of the College, and the only thing needed to put that talent into operation at the chapel exercises, is the expenditure of a few dollars. If sufficient interest was taken by the authorities to provide an organ and suitable books, a College choir would

be formed at once which would substitute melody in the place of discord. But as long as an instrument and books are not furnished, I suppose we must listen to the daily attempts of somebody "to start the tune."

Y.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Bayard Taylor, have recently been elected honorary members of the Literary Academy of Athens, which is under the special patronage of the Queen of Greece.

Tennyson has several new poems almost ready to put into print. One of them is like the "Northern Farmer" in style.

On the front of Charles Reade's house has lately been painted, in large letters, the inscription, "Naboth's Vineyard." This is supposed to refer to a prevalent idea that some one covets the site, desiring to pull down the modest tenements and erect magnificent mansions.

C. H. Denison, a lawyer of Bay City, Michigan, has lately been demonstrating the philosophy of curved pitching.

Joseph Cook thinks that the six greatest works of fiction of the last century are: Richter's "Titan," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle

Tom's Cabin,"—with a wide interval between the first three and the last three.

LOCALS.

Mac is back.

The Juniors are studying Political Economy.

The larger part of our pedagogues have now returned.

Isn't it about time to have a "poeme" on Spring?

New code of morals—steal decently, but not outrageously.

We suggest that the students arrange a mock trial for some Saturday of this term.

A Junior translates, "*Pack schlechter Tücher*," "a pack of dirty handkerchiefs."

Our new plan of publishing the names of contributors is meeting with general favor.

Several concerts have been given since our last issue, by local talent, with marked success.

Thursday, the last day of this month, will be observed at Bates as the day of prayer for colleges.

We asked a Senior what part of Rignold's acting he liked best. "The place where he says, 'patiently and yieldingly.'" Ah!

Pres. Cheney has arrived home again. He has met with excellent success in raising money for the College fund.

Senior's idea of the comical—three Freshmen and a Prep sitting in a row at a lecture, chewing chocolate cakes.

St. Valentine's day passed with scarcely any observance on the part of the students. The good old saint is sadly neglected in these latter days.

Two Senior braves recently went out on the war-path. Cause—the new regulation. Result—they now hang up a scalp in their back-room. Ugh!

The Faculty have our hearty thanks for placing a set of excellent Indian clubs in the Gymnasium. We hope the students will use, but not abuse the same.

While Prof. Stanton has been unable to attend his recitations, the Sophomores and Freshmen have had two doses of Mathematics per day. Hence that wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Freshmen come in late to the recitation in Mathematics. Prof.—“What would you do if I should be as late as you have been this morning?” Cheeky Fresh (promptly)—“Cut!”

The Polymnian Society held its first meeting of the term on the evening of February 15th. The question, “Is Theatre-Going Profitable?” was discussed, and decided in the negative. Four new members were admitted,—Record, Haskell, Williams, and Wood, all from '81.

Some wicked Freshmen, desirous of a “long rest,” lately fastened the door of their recitation room from the inside. They didn't get the rest, however, for the Professor immediately consigned them to the lower regions.

Upon reading the proof of the above, we see that the last sentence is liable to be misinterpreted. We simply meant to say that the Professor sent them into the lower Chapel.

The injury to Prof. Stanton proved more serious than was anticipated at our last issue. He was unable to hear recitations for more than two weeks; but we are happy at seeing him again in his accustomed place.

Scene in Junior Recitation Room: Prof.—“How is the fact under consideration demonstrated?” Junior (promptly)—“The same as the preceding.” Prof.—“Yes, but how is that?” Junior—“Well—I don't know.”

Murray's Theatre, which has been playing here for eight weeks, has “heaved a massive groan,” and departed to uncropped pastures. The Professors will hereafter expect a larger attendance in the morning at prayers.

The Bowdoin students have organized a dramatic club called the “Dorics.” They propose to present the play of “Our Boys” in Augusta, Bangor, Skowhegan, and other places, and say they shall

"scoop Lewiston in" on the return trip. We doubt not it will go hard with us; but, nevertheless, we shall try to survive the "scoop."

"Andy," that amiable Junior, has a watch that, up to this point, has made the best time on record. Since January 1, 1878, it has got away with two Julian Periods and promises to arrive at the Millennium by the 4th of March next.

The Juniors have had fifteen recitations per week, including Wednesday afternoon and Saturday morning, and still they are not satisfied. One of them suggests that they might learn a psalm and recite on Sunday morning.

As will be seen by referring to the NOTES, Pres. Cheney will deliver an address at City Hall, on Sunday of Commencement week, in memory of Benjamin Edward Bates. This address takes the place of the annual Baccalaureate sermon.

The recent discussion at Auburn Hall between ex-Gov. Dingley and Solon Chase, Esq., afforded the students a fine chance to hear both sides of the present financial question. We consider Mr. Dingley one of the best financiers in the State.

We notice that quite a number of the lower classmen do not subscribe for the STUDENT. The STUDENT is a *College* journal and should receive the support of every member of the College. The STUDENT will soon pass into the hands of these classes,

and, if they do not patronize it now, they can not expect to receive in turn the patronage of other classes.

At prayers one morning lately, the Professor conducting the exercises selected the fourteenth chapter of Hosea, and laid particular stress on the clause, "We shall not ride on horses." The Sophomores, strange to say, saw something in this to be pleased about.

A student that has been a member of two colleges, thus describes the difference between them: "At one college, if you meet a Professor, he says, 'How do you do? prospering pretty well? Enjoy religion now?' At the other college, the Professor says, 'How do you do? prospering pretty well? have a cigar?'"

The Millennium has come; or, at least, the lion and the lamb have lain down together, and when the lion got up the lamb was still left. The Freshmen have recited to a Sophomore for two weeks and still there is no rebellion. Some complaints, however, have been made against the principle of doing thusly.

One of our worthy Professors has been in the habit of keeping the Senior Class from ten to thirty minutes after the bell rings for the close of the recitation. The Seniors felt this to be a grievous ill, especially at noon; so they concluded to apply the following balm: Each valiant Senior armed himself with a

mighty doughnut and marched in to the recitation. Promptly at bell-time every man produced his doughnut and began munching. They were excused.

We were much surprised lately to see a most reverend and dignified Junior, whose mind has been supposed to be bent on higher things, get down on his knees at the feet of one of our lady students. Perhaps this is all right, but we suggest that he might have chosen a more appropriate time than right after recitation in the presence of a large number of students; also, he might have found a more convenient place than on the ice at the corner of Hathorn Hall. Further, we suggest that if he will persist in taking such times and places for the unbosoming of his private affairs, in behalf of the reputation of the class—to say nothing of the feelings of the lady—we suggest that, next time, he try to be a little more graceful and a little less emphatic.

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

Just seventy-nine men in '79.

The base-ball nine have commenced practice in the Gymnasium and will keep it up regularly until spring.

BROWN.

The books are to be removed to

the new Library about the first of March.

The students are not satisfied with the present arrangements for a Gymnasium, and wish to have one of their own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Some of the crews at Yale have been practicing on the river. How is that for January?

Dartmouth and Princeton complain bitterly of the slight attention given to oratory by their Faculties.

President White of Cornell says that the lady students there stand ten per cent. higher than the gentlemen.

A bill has been recently introduced into the New York Assembly for the abolishment of the College of the City of New York.

Mr. F. P. Knight, a resident of China, has collected \$10,000 to support, for three years, two Chinese instructors at Harvard, who are to fit young men for positions in China.

The Faculty of the University of Michigan have decided to abolish the Commencement appointments for this year as an experiment. Instead of the usual ten appointees from the Senior Class, a committee of the Faculty has been appointed to secure an orator to deliver the address. The Faculty have also resolved not to graduate any students who may on Class Day act with disrespect toward the Faculty.

Hitherto the Class Historian and Seer have always taken occasion to give utterance to insinuations and oftentimes insults against the Faculty. This is stopped once for all.

CLIPPINGS.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "So's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

Scene—Physiology class room: Professor—"Miss M—, give the number of teeth and their names." Student—"Really, Professor, I have them all at my tongue's end, but I can't give them."

An Irishman on seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon me sowl, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom."

Imported Professor to Hardened Junior (referring to Electives)—"What are you going to take, Mr. —?" H. J.—"Oh, thank you! I don't care if I do. I'll take a hot scotch."—*Spectator*.

A little girl remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

We had always thought that a green Freshman was the most shiftless thing in the world; but one of our exchanges says: "The most shiftless thing in the world is a Vassar College student taking a bath."

Prof. in Physics—"I once knew a woman whose facial nerves were paralyzed; now, Mr.—, would there be any danger in such a case?" Perverted Junior—"Danger! certainly; always danger until she has the lock-jaw."

The Junior in the preceding must have been a relative of the man who proved that there were no female angels, by referring to the passage, "And there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

A Freshman always sits on the opposite side of the room from his girl; a Soph occupies a chair on the same side of the room; a Junior sits on the further end of the same sofa that his girl occupies; but a Senior—oh, my!

Squabbles, an old bachelor, showed his stocking, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarked: "Pretty good for a man darter." And Squabbles remarked: "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."

A lad reciting some poetry to his mother, gave, among other things, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." "What do you like best in the piece?" asked the mother. "Few and short were the prayers they said," was the boy's reply.

He went up to his room the other afternoon, and noticed that there was only one match remaining in the box. "Now, if that shouldn't burn to-night when I come in," soliloquized he, "what a fix I should be in." So he tried it to see if it was a good one. It was.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'71.—Abbott and Hersey have left Springfield, Mass., where they have been practicing law, to resume its practice at Keene, N. H.

'73.—N. W. Harris was admitted to the bar at the last term of the S. J. Court for Androscoggin County. He intends to practice in Boston.

'74.—H. H. Acterian, one of the best flute players in the State, assisted Prof. Ballard in his concert recently given in this city.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is building up a large school at Foxcroft. He is at present in this city.

'76.—M. Douglass teaches the Spring Term of Lee Academy.

'77.—Died, October 23d, 1877, at his father's residence in Garland, Mark Emery Burnham, aged 26 years. Mr. Burnham, formerly of this class, maintained his standing into the Senior year, and, had his health not failed, would have graduated with his class. During his

stay in College, he was highly respected, both by Faculty and students. His character and class standing were of the highest order; and he was considered one of the most talented men ever matriculated at this College. He was eminently fitted for teaching, and had taught with marked success at different places in this State, at Lapham Institute, R. I., and lastly at the Normal School in Tougaloo, Miss. His disease was of a lingering and incurable character; but he resolutely held out to the end. Of his long sickness, of his patience under suffering, a member of the family writes as follows:

"During the summer [of 1877] he became able to walk about the house and door-yard, and take short drives; but as fall came on he began to fail again. He took his bed the 11th of September, and from that time was able to sit up but little; could talk but little and suffered much. He was patient and cheerful through his long and tedious sickness, quietly acquiescing in the Divine will, often saying, 'I shall be glad when I get through; it will be all rest, all joy!' He made all arrangements for his burial and peacefully passed away. He was conscious to the last. When friends gathered around his dying-bed, unable to speak, he greeted them with smiles."

Thus passed away one who, had he lived, would undoubtedly have been an honor to our College, and a leader among men.

'78.—M. Adams will soon return to College, and will be able to graduate with his class.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1878.

No. 3.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—III.

BY G. C. CHASE.

A GREAT number of questions naturally present themselves as to the methods of studying and teaching English Literature, but in a field where so little has been attempted we may feel sure that the best methods are yet to be learned. What I may say as to these should be regarded simply as suggestions.

If the foregoing reflections be just, then the mind should be made to feel the personal educating influence of literature at the earliest possible period. So powerful an instrumentality in forming the mind should be employed during the formative period. As soon as the child can understand thoughts expressed consecutively, his literary education should begin. This time, with most children, is somewhere between the ages of two and four years.* The child's mother must generally be its first teacher. Of course, as in the whole training of

children, judgment must be used. If the mind be exercised at the expense of the body, both will suffer permanent if not fatal injury. Nothing should hinder the natural tendency of the child to engage in physical exercise. But there are intervals of quiet when the mind is in a receptive condition and craves the charm of a poem or a story. This is the mother's opportunity, and happy is she whose mind is stored with the treasures of household poetry. I know that to question the authority of "Mother Goose" will be thought rank heresy, but I believe there are poems and stories equally within the range of the child's capacity that possess real literary merit. Let the mother seek for them; let her select those in which truth, beauty, and simplicity are blended; and these songs of childhood, mingling in memory with the sweet tones of a mother's voice,

may inspire in the soul a life-long appreciation of 'whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.' Never, perhaps, is the conceptive faculty more active than during this early period. Every one who has studied children, at this age, knows how they idealize and personify everything. Fill their minds with simple yet genuine poetic imagery. In this gross, materialistic age the culture of the spiritual nature cannot begin too early. The mind early familiarized with good models of thought and style will never make the acquaintance of the dime novel and the cheap story.

It is the glory of our day that even little children may have pure and healthful literature. Periodicals that supply this are worthy of all praise. Yet I would have the child early make the acquaintance of authors recognized as standard. The mind soon develops to the perception and enjoyment of the simple beauty of many of Longfellow's and Whittier's poems. While heartily approving good prose stories, I believe that poetry of the right sort is quite as effective in forming a correct taste. Herbert Spencer tells us that the methods by which the race has gradually attained civilization may serve us as models in the education of children. But the history of every literature shows that poetry antedates prose.

For several years after they enter

the public school, the method of familiarizing children with literature should be substantially the same as that already pursued at home. The selections made should be genuine literature. To ensure this the teacher should have—what is so rare—an appreciative knowledge of the best authors. Anything cut from the newspaper will not serve the purpose. The children, equally with those older, should have the best. Let the memory, so often cruelly forced to take what is neither palatable nor digestible, be disciplined and enriched by committing to its keeping material that will at once strengthen the intellect and arouse the imagination. In the earlier years of life our verbal memory is at its best. The reason seems to be, that, as the reflective faculty develops, the mind is more occupied by the thought and less by the form. It is universal experience that we recall the words learned in childhood better than the words that we learned six months ago. Let us beware how we abuse the child's mind by requiring it to commit, word for word, the unessential language of mere text-books. If our object be to strengthen the memory, we can effect it far better by employing for this purpose select passages of Scripture, choice gems of poetry and of prose.

As the mind of the child develops, let the teacher encourage him to narrate in his own language the

thoughts and events of stories and descriptions that he has read. Let her secure a healthful emulation in this by calling attention to faults in expression, and thus aid the child in attaining a use of language at once graceful and exact. Wherever the figures of poetry occur, let her gently lead the imagination of the child into sympathy with that of the poet. Let her be sure that he understands the meaning not only of the words used, but also of the metaphors or other figures. Let her take care, however, that in her own eagerness to explain she do not render every thing bald and literal.

Let her seek to have the child share the feeling and interest of the poet. Let her interest herself in providing him with books suited to his age and tastes. That teachers may do this, every school should have an appropriate library. Could the common schools of our land be supplied with even a small collection of good works, and these be put under the care of a competent teacher, in twenty years the foul and pestilent books that are now openly sold and eagerly purchased would cease to be published. I am aware that in most communities the advocate of libraries for the school-room would be regarded as a disturber of the public peace; but I can think of no one method by which the moral and intellectual welfare of our children would be more effectually promoted. If there

is no library at her disposal, let the teacher find out the good books in the neighborhood and call attention to them. Let her read them herself and converse with her pupils about them. By these means will be partially met what Mr. Fields felicitously terms the demand for an "indicator."—Of course the teacher should know good books from poor ones.—Says Isaac Taylor, one of the most esteemed of living English writers, "Robinson Crusoe has, no doubt, so quickened the conceptive faculty in hundreds and thousands of instances as to have had its effect in vivifying the European mind, and in animating the literature of our own and other countries since its universal diffusion." If so much can be said of a single book so rarely read that, notwithstanding the constant talk about it, I often meet with intelligent people who have never seen it, what an intellectual quickening would our nation receive from a well selected library accessible to every child!

When the pupil is from twelve to fifteen years of age his attention may be called to the more obvious characteristics of good style, and to the special merits of particular authors. In the High School, I would have the study of Rhetoric invariably accompanied by the study of English Literature. The rules for composition are of little value if presented in the abstract; and, although most treatises on Rhetoric

contain illustrative examples, these very imperfectly meet the demand. Let the class be supplied with representative selections from the works of the best authors. As the study of Rhetoric proceeds, let the class verify its rules in these selections. Let them analyze the style of various writers, and learn the source and nature of its excellence. Let them compare authors, and be able to state whether the style of a given selection is terse or diffuse, figurative or plain, simple or abstract, clear or ambiguous, strong or weak. Let them observe whether there is a preponderance of Anglo-Saxon or of derivative words. Let them feel the charm of wit; let them trace the subtle connection of humor and pathos. Let them observe the various methods of description and narration. Let them study the structure of paragraphs and mark the methods of transition in thought. Let them follow the course of an argument and decide whether it be inductive or deductive. Let them write out the author's plan, giving the subordinate as well as the principal divisions. Let them combine these various processes and give the result in an essay in criticism. Let them study the structure of poetry until they can name the more common kinds of verse at sight. But in all this work let care be taken that the process shall not degenerate into mere mechanical criticism. Let them read first to enjoy and afterward to analyze. And let

it not be thought that since the pupil is employed the teacher has nothing to do. The instructor must not only be versed in the rules of Rhetoric; he must have breadth of manhood, a lively imagination, and an enthusiastic love of truth. In short he must be in himself an exponent of that generous culture which results from loving intercourse with good writers.

But the student's work thus far has been merely preliminary. He must now enter upon a comprehensive and systematic study of English Literature. Of course many of the old methods must be retained; but his criticism must be more comprehensive. He must gauge the thought as well as the style. Here as everywhere else he should choose the best—make the acquaintance of those who have most to impart.

But for the study of all the works of the best authors even a long course in English literature will not suffice. Let those, then, be selected in which the writer is most himself—in which he imparts to us the most of his own personality. We can leave the rest for the reading hours of a life-time.

If we read the best authors we must read the literature of different eras. Nature is too chary of her gifts to bestow all her choicest upon one generation. The genius of the father of English poetry has in some particulars never been surpassed.

Since, then, our course in literature

embraces authors of different eras, it is manifestly wisdom to study them in chronological order. English literature proper begins with Chaucer; and with Chaucer every student that has had the preliminary training just described should begin. Let the student acquaint himself thoroughly with at least one entire production of each of the great authors. Mere selections, quotations, and extracts will not suffice. If the time allotted to the study be limited, preference should be given to those literary monarchs, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare. But I believe an effort should be made to acquaint the student with our literature in the whole process of its growth. To know the distinctive merits of any writer, we must be able to compare him with his predecessors. Moreover, by adopting the chronological order our own minds will experience the gradual development that appears in literature itself.

Another advantage of the chronological order is that it enables us to acquire a clear idea of the changes that have taken place in our language. To note these changes, and thus to trace the history of the language down to our own time, should be a prominent object in every philosophical attempt to acquaint ourselves with English literature. Could we carry our researches a little farther and address ourselves to the mastery of

the few remains of Anglo-Saxon, we should all be enabled to construct our own Grammar; and a multitude of phrases, idioms, and syntactic forms, which now serve as puzzles for classes in Grammar, would be made plain.

By adopting the chronological order, we could also associate the study of English literature with that of English history, and thus enable the student to observe the manner in which the life and literature of the English people have reacted, the one upon the other. Indeed, without a coördinate study of history, many allusions and sometimes the tenor of a whole production are utterly meaningless. To thus happily combine the two studies the teacher might assign as themes, the important events, characters, and epochs of history. The reading requisite to the treatment of the subjects assigned would thus effect a double purpose. It is this method of treating English literature which is the chief merit of Taine's work.

In connection with the general method now indicated the manual, worthless by itself, may be employed with decided advantage. When we have learned to love an author's works, we become interested in his biography; and what were unmeaning facts taken apart from literature are now cherished with the interest that attaches to the life of a friend.

This comprehensive study of literature cannot fail to develop a

catholic taste and to aid one in acquiring a style simple, clear, and vigorous.

DeQuincey, in his day, uttered a characteristic protest against the newspaper standard of style. What would he say, had he survived to our time? Periodical literature now constitutes almost the sole nourishment of a large and constantly-increasing number of minds. Although the newspaper has greatly improved since DeQuincey's day, and many of the ablest pens are now employed in its service; yet its style is still too generally careless. It abounds in tricks and conceits. It is narrow, specious, and sensational. And the worst feature of the case is that it must remain such. A public, hungry for the discussion of popular topics, will not wait for a writer to mature his thought or elaborate his style. The results of this inevitably appear in the careless modes of thought and expression that characterize the habitual newspaper-reader. The only effectual corrective is a thorough and appreciative reading of standard literature.

Nor is it sufficient to read the best productions of our own day. Would we acquire breadth and accuracy of thought, we must take as our models the masterpieces of

that golden age in literature when men wrote at their leisure, undismayed by the terrors of criticism; we must familiarize ourselves with the inspired utterances of Shakespeare, the calm wisdom of Bacon. Would we acquire a simple and perspicuous diction, we must sit at the feet of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith.

I have said it is the glory of literature that it aims at the perfection of man.

Let us be genial with Chaucer, pure and imaginative with Spenser, grand and heroic with Milton. Let Wordsworth teach us duty, Scott magnanimity, Dickens humanity, and McDonald religion.

Our American authors, too, have a lesson for us. Let us study simplicity in Whittier, dignity in Bryant, wit in Holmes, pure and finished art in Longfellow. And he who walks through life in true fellowship with these gifted souls may say with Coleridge: "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it endeared solitude, it has given the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

CHOOSE.

BY K. H.

THERE are two paths in every day we spend;
For every child of earth two ways are cast,
In which his fearless feet may onward tend,
Or, falt'ring, stumble to a doubt at last.

We ope our eyes upon the gilded dream,
We breathe the incense of untainted air,
The mem'ry of mistaken ways seems gone,
Forgetful of false steps we now prepare.

No dread opposes, only hope allures,
Free as the spirits of the higher realms,
Onward where'er delight the way secures,
Unchecked we follow until doubt o'erwhelms.

Whither, oh, whither does the pathway lead?
For now we totter in bewildered maze;
Much though our haste, but little worth our speed,
And noon-tide finds us blinded by his rays.

How many a somber even-tide we greet,
Feebly o'erlooking the wrong-trodden path,
Wishing in vain 'twere opening to our feet;
Knowing that what is done, that no man hath.

The darkened night o'ercloses, and we rest,
Upheld by looking for a new day's grace;
With dreams of better things our minds are dressed,
So we with even souls the morrow face.

Thus morrow follows morrow, and day, day;
And wills grow finer as the years expand,—
For character makes perfect with its stay
The firm-set base where it can ever stand.

Choose then thy path, each day, with earnest heed,
For he who wav'reth is of little worth;
Choose then, and walk therein, howe'er it lead,
Upheld by purpose reared above this earth.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

BY A REFORMED PEDAGOGUE.

THE country boy is a compound of meanness, profanity, ill-nature, and unconquerable obtuseness. He is not picturesque, and is far from inviting. He is seldom fastidious in regard to his outer man, and labors under the impression that garments which were large enough for his ancestors are small enough for him. In consequence his attire arranges itself with a looseness and uncertainty that is incomprehensible to persons of custom-made habits. I have observed specimens of the genus, in which the development of each garment, and the blended harmony and union of the whole, rendered all efforts to distinguish where one garment ended and another began, simply futile. Before the problem, the resources of Calculus and Analytical were powerless.

The country boy incases his feet in the most ponderous boots that he can accumulate. The weight corresponds with the size. Schoolmasters who cherish corns learn this and weep. No spot is sacred from the tread of these heavy afflictions. It is a matter of indifference to him where he may place his feet or what he may crush in his course. He will demolish a pane of glass or mash a gold watch as calmly as he will step into eighteen inches of

mud, or execute a war-dance upon another boy. He is involved in an aroma like the armor of Achilles, potent and invulnerable. A person of strong constitution may approach to a distance of twenty feet without much risk; but most are willing to confine themselves to forty feet or more. About seventy miles suits me best. The vocabulary of the country boy is limited. By computation, I have arrived at the result that the average boy makes use of some thirty-seven words, most of which would not adorn a drawing-room. In his motions he is singularly slow. I knew of the case of one boy whose aged parent, one fine morning, invited him to turn out the cow to drink. The boy started all right and even reached the barn and opened the door. Meanwhile several days had elapsed and the cow was dead. But this was an exceptional cow with pampered ideas, who could not brook a little delay.

The country boy's notions of *meum et tuum* are very crude and undefined. It requires years of culture to eradicate from his mind the conviction that he possesses a claim upon whatever portable articles of value may fall in his way. He does not discriminate. He will scoop in

an old pewter door-knob or a six-dollar plug hat with equal facility. The tendency of certain students to appropriate coal and other exposed property betrays a lingering taint of this same disorder. The country boy is by nature a liar. He lies for the pure pleasure of lying. Sometimes he will tell the truth by mistake; but if asked to repeat the statement, he comes out with a good, square, undiluted lie. He never tells the same story twice, but follows up one infamous lie with one tenfold worse. In truth he is a measureless liar. He can not lie with the facile grace of a Sophomore at a Faculty meeting. He has no powers of perception and adaptation. But in his rude, uncouth way he can outlie the father of lies. There is an immoral sublimity in the spectacle of the ragged, unkempt, skulking wretch standing before one with a dogged determination in his eye, and a preposterous lie in his mouth.

When he has evolved one atrocious lie from his inner depravity, he proceeds to build up another in direct contradiction. He lies, not for advantage, but as it were, through a blind instinct of spiteful malice. If he was on trial for stealing a sheep, he would convict himself of murder in the first degree.

When he dies, which rarely, too rarely, happens, many people come from afar to look upon the boy who could not tell the truth. Not that such boys are rare, save when dead. And the people gather around with joyful faces, and softly whisper: "Lo, this is he that in his life did lie grievously. Now lies he there."

Such an occurrence is rare indeed. Generally the country boy lives and flourishes to a green old age, full of wickedness and years,—tyrannical, fault-finding, and odious, monopolizing all the comforts of the house, and grumbling at the degenerate age.

C. E. F.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

AS the summer term draws near, the Sophomore mind begins to exercise itself with the question of Calculus *versus* French. In this article, we do not propose to advise which study should be taken; but only to suggest a few ideas upon the subject for consideration.

The regular course for the summer term of the Sophomore year includes Calculus. For some reason, '78 was allowed to take another study in its place. Last year, the Faculty decided to divide the classes in future, so that the best mathematicians should take the regular course of Calculus, and the remaining ones of each class, French or, in some cases, some other study. Accordingly, eight men of '79 went on with Calculus, and the others took French. No student, however, was allowed to exercise his choice; but each was placed by the Faculty in the one or the other division, according to his previous rank in Mathematics.

With all due deference, we take issues upon this basis of division. In the first place, high rank in Mathematics by no means indicates a high order of mathematical talent; but rather the amount of labor bestowed

upon this branch. Therefore, if a portion of each class is allowed to take another study in place of Calculus so that their work may be lessened, we fail to see the propriety in refusing this privilege to some and in giving it to others of equal natural ability in Mathematics, simply because the latter, through negligence and lack of study, have failed to take so high rank in this branch.

Again, although the opinions of older and more experienced heads should be consulted and respected, yet, if a student has a *decided* opinion in regard to which study he desires to pursue, the best way is to allow him to exercise that opinion. To force him to take a distasteful or seemingly useless study is not only to disgust him with that study but also with his whole term's work. For a student to see his classmates allowed to take a study congenial to his tastes or apparently more useful than the one he is pursuing, while he is shut out by an arbitrary rule, can only result in dissatisfaction on the student's part. That this will be the result of such a basis of division as at present prevails here, examples in '79, with which alone the method has been tried, can amply prove. If all were compelled to

take Calculus, this objection would not be so valid; but if a division is to be made, we believe that it should be made only by free choice of the students.

In regard to the decision of the question, Calculus *versus* French, whether made by Faculty or students, we propose to advance no arguments on either side, except one growing out of the situation of certain students. One-half of our students do not, at best, return from teaching before the middle of the spring term. Their mind has been wholly taken from their studies, and much of the French learned in the previous term has been forgotten. We think teacher and students will bear us out in the statement that, at the end of the spring term, such persons are but little farther advanced in the study of French than they are at the end of the fall term. Such a knowledge of French is of necessity very vague and comparatively of little value.

Now, without wishing to degrade the course for the sake of lessening the student's work, we claim that another term's work in French would fix this knowledge and render it of practical value; and the year's work has tangible results. If, however, at this point in his studies, the student is put into Calculus, neither study is productive of much practical good. The gist of the matter is, that it is better to do one thing well than two things poorly.

Joseph Cook's second lecture, February 21st, was one of the best we ever heard him deliver. Its subject, as unique as himself, was, "Cheat, be cheated, and die."

It is said that at college, Cook was a copious speaker, but lacked method. In listening to his last lecture one could well believe this; and yet, in spite of the appearance of rambling, no one would say there was no system. We would as soon think of saying there was no system in a chart showing the respective positions of the planets round the sun. The speaker's thoughts were not in a straight line from or toward his subject, but from that subject, as a centre, out in all directions.

In this lecture, Mr. Cook has left his well-trodden paths of scientific-religious discussion, and considers the more practical condition and needs of our time and country. He aims open thrusts at some of the evils in our present form of government, and suggests plans for improvement as important as they are reasonable. He makes a forcible plea for civil service reform, and recommends China's rigid system of competitive examinations. It was shown with Mr. Cook's usual eloquence and power, how great an advantage this system would be to both government and people. "The ploughman's boy and the nobleman's son may feel that they have the same career, if only they inform themselves." By this system our

highest offices may be filled by men noted for intellectual attainments and not for American "smartness" alone. This, however, was only one point in a discourse that struck at the very roots of the natural and social, as well as the political evils in our country.

Full of striking climaxes and brilliant metaphors, the lecture did not need the orator's dramatic elocution to be rendered peculiarly interesting and attractive.

The organization of the Bates College Christian Association has, at last, been completed. It is similar to the Y. M. C. A., and is entitled to send delegates to any convention of those associations. The movement of organizing these associations in colleges is of recent origin; but has worked well where it has been tried. We believe that about thirty such College Christian Associations are, at present, in existence.

In the organization here, the Constitution first submitted by the Faculty was not satisfactory to the students, from the fact that it provided for a union of Faculty and students. The general feeling among the Christian students was that more good would be done, if the Association be composed wholly of students. The belief was that other students would feel freer to attend devotional meetings, and would take more interest, if the Association be under the charge of their fellow students.

Upon learning this fact, the Faculty promptly submitted another Constitution, under which the students have the entire control with the single exception that a member of the Faculty acts as an advisor, and has charge at the beginning of each fall term, until the regular officers are elected. The Constitution, as thus amended, being entirely satisfactory, was unanimously adopted. We hope that the several members will go to work in earnest and make the association, in all its ends and aims, a successful experiment.

No fact confronts the average graduate from American Colleges more forcibly than that, of all the studies pursued, he is least fitted to understand or to teach Latin and Greek—the very studies upon which he has spent the most time. He finds himself unable to read the classic authors with any approach towards ease, and much less able to appreciate them.

His college course is done; he has completed the required curriculum of classical studies, and expects a fair return; but, contrary to this, he can not conceal from himself the fact that the beauties of Homer and Virgil, the excellences of Cicero, the logic of Plato, the philosophy of Socrates, are still treasures whose store-house he has no key to unlock. Is it any wonder, then, that so many are disgusted with this part of their college course?

We hold that the student who, applying himself fairly, has spent five years upon Greek and Latin, has a right to demand a return besides the culture and discipline received, in power to read the classics with some degree of ease and appreciation. This is no excessive claim; for boys sent up to Oxford and Cambridge from Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and other great English schools are certainly thus fitted.

The average graduate of our colleges finds his knowledge of French and German, upon which he has spent not nearly so much time as upon Greek and Latin, much more practical and much more available for reading. Granting that the acquirement of the latter languages is much more difficult than the acquirement of the former; granting that the college student brings to the study of French and German the ease of translation and the knowledge of grammatical structure acquired from previous study of Greek and Latin; yet a difference in favor of the ability to read the modern languages remains, which must be due to the deficient methods of teaching the ancient languages.

A writer in the *N. E. Journal of Education*, complaining of this same poor system of teaching, says that the great defect is in the want of practical methods and aims. He quotes Prof. Francis Bowen as saying: "Formerly we studied the grammar in order to read the classics; now-a-days the classics seem to

be studied as a means of learning grammar."

As corrective of this evil, the writer of this article says: "The study of the grammars, then, especially in the first years, is to be made more practical. But practical to what end? To this end,—that when a pupil has studied Greek or Latin three or four years, he shall be able at least to read such Greek as that of Xenophon, Lysias, and Herodotus, and such Latin as that of Cæsar and Cicero at sight, that is at the rate of four or five pages an hour, and practically without a lexicon. This is the sort of grammar that should be taught,—working grammar,—that of which the boy will make use."

Let the graduate have this power and the study of the classics ceases to be that dull, hard grind which it now too often is; the tendency to look slightly upon the study of the classics will stop; and classical excellence will become real to the student, and not as now a matter of faith.

Several pairs of Indian clubs have gone from the Gymnasium, and, what is still worse, they come not back. We wish to express our contempt for the meanness on the part of those taking them away, and sincerely hope that they may break their heads with them. This and other evils about the Gymnasium should be remedied immediately, and we believe the Faculty will find nearly every student heart and hand in the work

of instituting any reform for this purpose. Any damage committed about the building is much regretted by the majority of the students, and we think that a great part of the damage is committed by persons not connected with the College. Whoever took those clubs, if mean enough to keep them and rob others of their use, should be found out and receive just censure. It is the opinion, however, of some that they have been taken by persons not connected with the College. If this is the case let something be done to prevent another loss.

The Faculty have kindly provided us with some new apparatus and promise more still. We hope that these things will be appreciated and that the apparatus may be used and not destroyed.

We are told that we have unlimited authority to eject from the Gymnasium any persons not connected with the College or the Theological School. But who is going to make himself conspicuous for authority by hinting to a Prep that he is not wanted there, or by saying to a Yagger, "Get out of this." If one wishes to bowl or try other means of exercise, he, perhaps, must wait his turn after a Prep. Perhaps a simple hint will serve our purpose, and we shall in the future be free from further annoyances.

We suggest, as a measure to be adopted, that the Gymnasium be put in charge of appointed persons during particular hours, and be locked

up the remainder of the time. Especially would we urge that the door be closed on Sundays.

Now that the men have gone to work in preparation for positions on the nine next season, a word or two in regard to the Association may not be out of place. There is at present a small debt, which ought to be paid before the nine take the field. We do not know how many belong to our Association, but we have no doubt that if each member does his part promptly, all obligations can be cancelled without assessing more than the regular small tax. Just now the nine require all the encouragement their friends can possibly give them; and nothing will be more encouraging than the knowledge that they have no financial burden to bear.

Our Association ought to be larger. We have no crew and, at present, no regularly organized eleven; and it seems reasonable that *every student* should be interested in, and should support the only organization by which we are represented among other colleges. Quite a number, doubtless, have not joined because they have not been asked. Can you not come without asking? You would be so much the more welcome. We think no student can say he has no interest in the success of the nine, and therefore will not have that to urge as a reason for not giving them his support.

As to the prospects for base-ball?

the coming season, we can, at present, say very little. If enthusiasm can be roused and kept up in the men that are to play, there is no reason to doubt but that the season will be as successful as any we have ever experienced. The nine will probably be fully as strong as it was last fall, and supported by its friends, it will, no doubt, manifest all the energy necessary to retain the position gained last season. Let the students think of this, and understand that our success in the diamond depends somewhat on them as well as on the nine chosen to represent them.

It is the fashion, at present, to ridicule the colleges for giving so much time and labor to boating, base-ball, and other athletic sports. Every item that can be turned against these sports is greedily caught up by the newspapers, and passed around as a "rich one on the colleges." The following are specimens of this class: "A Michigan farmer writes to the Faculty of Yale, asking if it costs anything extra, 'if his son should want to learn to read and write as well as row a boat?'" "In view of the time devoted in college to sports, we recommend the following change in the curriculum of study: In place of Greek, Lessons in Base Running; in place of Philosophy, Lectures on the English Stroke; in place of Political Economy, Theory and Practice of the Sliding Seat, etc., etc."

Now, in the light of a joke, this is all very well; but, in the light of facts, it is sheer nonsense. We are aware that in some colleges and by some students, too much time and zeal are given to sports and too little to studies; but, on the contrary, in most colleges and by most students, physical culture does not receive its proper attention. That system of education that develops one-half of a man at the expense of the other half is radically wrong. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is the result of true and legitimate training. Nothing short of this can satisfy the conditions of the problem of human culture.

The idea widely obtains that a college course unfits a man for a life of business or of manual labor. The statement is made that, in New York city alone, twenty thousand college graduates are living by the exercise of their wits, from "hand to mouth." No wonder the world complains that a college education is not practical! In one of his talks with a class, a Professor said, "The inducements for young men to enter upon a college course, with the expectation of gaining a living by intellectual pursuits, are becoming less every year." If, then, college graduates must work and fight for a living on the same ground with other people, they should be fitted in college to give and take hard knocks in any department of life-work. In a liberal sense, that was excellent advice that Tom Brown's

father gave him upon entering Rugby—to train himself “to make his hands keep his head.” So far as boating, base-ball, and other college sports develop pluck and muscle, so far do they enter into the very practical matter of gaining a living. In view of these facts, what of this hue and cry about college sports?

Away, then, with those dawdling, lifeless, milk-and-water men that won't catch a ball because it hurts, nor pull an oar because it makes the back ache! These are no men to fight life's battles. We want hardy, vigorous, muscular graduates, who can work as well as think. These are the kind of men to push out in realms of thought and action, with pluck and backbone to face down public opinion, to brave a thousand dangers by field and flood, to explore unknown lands, or to carry the Gospel among strange people. In short, these are the men to be leaders in this practical, progressive, aggressive age.

Shout high the anthem of jubilant praise,
Honor these happy days.

Now that the College Choir is a reality, we desire to call the students' attention to the subject of college songs. When '79 entered College, the singing of college glees by the students was of every-day occurrence. No social gathering could break up without a song. Each class had its favorites; and “Remarkable,” “Bingo,” “Quodlibet,” were class rallying songs.

But now—

“The good old times are dead.”

So dead are they that, doubtless, many of '81 are unfortunately ignorant of what the above-named and other college songs are. The “Bulldog” and the tragic end of his hoarse companion is now forgotten; the Sophomore no longer sings with hilarious glee of the day when he

“Met a Freshman weeping;”

nor does the Senior's heart longer delight itself with the strains of “Litoria.”

We are sorry to see this change. We do not think it practicable or even desirable, under present circumstances, to organize a Glee Club for the purpose of giving public concerts; but, begging the pardon of the “old inhab” and other staid and quiet-loving citizens, we do desire to see and hear a revival of college songs upon the Campus.

College songs, as sung by happy, careless students, have an unique character. They possess a peculiar charm and fascination for every listener. We can never forget with what success the college song has been invoked to

“Drive dull care away,”

when, upon some Friday night, after the week's work was over, the class have met to pass a social hour; nor how the dull eye has been lighted up and the blood made to throb with quicker, stronger beats under the inspiration of

“Happy are we to-night, boys;”

nor, again, how personal jealousies

and class schisms have been forgotten under the magic influence of the hearty, kindly chorus. "Rig-jag-jig-jag," nonsensical though it be, has indeed been a "Balm of Gilead" to many a class dispute.

College life has an indescribable charm. The school-boy looks forward to it through the roseate glow of boyish hope and ambition, as the acme of human bliss; and the old man looks back upon it, with its faults and hardships dimmed by the haze of long years, as the happiest period of life. Whatever, then, can be done to bring it up to this ideal is particularly worthy of attention. For this reason should college glees be cultivated, since upon nothing will the memory more fondly linger than upon the old, familiar songs. Classmates may be forgotten, but some of these songs will ever live with us.

We hope that this subject will receive the attention it deserves, and that the book "*Carmina Collegensia*" will multiply in our midst. We copy the following poem from the *University Magazine*, because it so nicely expresses our ideas upon this subject:

Why does the students' song of jubilee,
Poured out in chorus wild and free,
All unrestrained by method's rules and art,
Strike answering chords in every listening heart?
Because they sing whereof they fully know;
They comprehend each college joy and woe,
And, with expression rare and quite unique,
Of college shade and sunshine fondly speak.
And when they sing of Syllabus returned
To ashes whence it came, and Plato burned,
And Calculus upon the dusty shelf,—
Each hearer feels a thrill within himself,

As if he, too, had lifted from his mind,
A burden wearisome, though undefined.
And when, with sparkling eyes, they chant the lay
Which tells the story of that happy day
When on the street they sought the lady's trade,
And found her but a pretty waiter-maid;
Or else the lofty strains of "Upidee,"
"The Mermaid" fair, "The Bull-dog" tragedy,
Or "Mary's Lamb"—that bird of high renown,
Whose name is sung in every college town—
And scores of others (needless here to name)
Which give the college glee deserved fame,—
Then sympathetic thrills unbidden rise,
And show themselves in bright and laughing eyes;
The aged sire his youth again enjoys,
And laughs, in kind approval, "Bless the boys;"
The wise professor mingles with the throng,
And likes the students better for their song;
And maidens, fair in heart, in form, or face,
Who hold in students' hearts a queenly place,
With smiles and laughter, unrestrained and bright,
Accept the offered homage with delight.
The college glee is sometimes sweet and low—
A serenade, a song of love or woe;
And sometimes, full of sparkling wit and glee,
It dashes, as a torrent to the sea,
And drives from every heart its load of care,
To leave a little drop of pleasure there.
Though college glee comes not from music's art,
It springs a high-born son from music's heart;
Long may it live, full worthy of its source,
The truest joy in all a college course.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Press* is a substantial sheet. Its articles are always on well-chosen subjects. The editorials, locals, personals, exchanges, book reviews, and *plows* swell its contents, making it larger than the average. We think there is room for improvement in the general arrangement of the matter.

The *Volante* for February has an excellent article upon "National Education." Its editorial department is good. The most noticeable feature of the *Volante* is its five pages of locals.

The *University Magazine* is one of

our best exchanges. The February number is exceptionally good. The articles in the literary department will repay careful reading. They are full of thought and are written in a pleasing style.

Our neighbor, the *Colby Echo*, makes us a call. The *Echo* is in good health and spirits. The contents are judiciously arranged, and come up to the average. But we venture the remark, that if each article, in point of literary merit, equalled the "Lapland Driving Song," the *Echo* would stand at the head of the long list of college papers. We consider this an exceedingly rare production.

The *Tyro*, our Canadian visitor, though not remarkably prepossessing in outward appearance, contains much that is interesting and instructive. The first article, "The Catacombs of Rome," gives an interesting account of their origin and construction. In the next article the author toward the latter part of it begins to fear he has been wandering. His fears were just. Take from the article the extract from Walter Scott and little would remain. The third article needs no comment. One would expect to find such an article in the *North American Review* rather than in a college magazine.

From *The Crimson* we get a good idea of affairs at Harvard. A large portion of the sheet is given to matters which immediately concern

the college. The articles are all short and to the point. The reader of the last number cannot fail to be pleased with the poems. They are bright, spirited, and bear the true college stamp. The editors announce the introduction of a column devoted exclusively to amateur sports. The article headed "Old College Rules," especially interests us. These are the rules in force at Harvard forty or fifty years ago. Here is the one in regard to attending theatrical amusements: "No person shall attend theatrical amusements in term time, under penalty of ten dollars fine for the first offence." Strange to say, we know of a New England college which has, at the present time, a rule precisely like this, except that the fine is fifteen instead of ten dollars.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

We should have published the following letter in our last number, but were unable to do so on account of the delay of one day in its arrival:

LEIPSIC, GERMANY, JAN. 28, 1878.

Editors of the Student:

You ask me to write you, now and then, of events that transpire every day under my own eyes, declaring

that they will have a certain interest for your readers. From the wording of your request, I judge that you desire a light treatment of occurrences that bear the stamp of Germany upon them. Allow me, however, this time, to give you a sketch of certain doings that are not at all characteristic of the class from which they arose. For it is not often that German students are guilty of an excess of chivalry. Their surplus spirits usually find an outlet in drinking beer or fighting duels; but this time they manifested themselves in a very different way, as I will tell you. I give you the story as it comes from the mouths of students and from the local papers.

A favorite opera-singer at the Leipsic theater was unable, from physical weakness, to attend a rehearsal of a certain afternoon last week. In reply to her announcement of that fact, the director of the theatre sent her a warning that unless she appeared, she would be punished by the withholding of a month's salary (\$125.00). This the director had a legal right to do, inasmuch as the lady had failed to send him a physician's certificate of her inability to be present, before noon of the day of rehearsal. What made the matter more complicated was, on the one hand, that it was only the rehearsal that she refused to attend, promising to be ready for the evening performance;

and, on the other, that the management of the theater had been to great expense to bring out the opera well, having secured a star from Darmstadt to take the principal part. Without the rehearsal, the opera could not be given; without Frau Lissmann there could be no rehearsal. But Frau Lissmann was ill, and no anxiety or disappointment on the part of the theater managers should have made them overlook that fact. But they did overlook it, and when it came out that the trouble arising from the rehearsal affair had ended in her dismissal from the theatre, there were many expressions of indignation among a large part of the Leipsic public; especially, however, did some of the students feel themselves called upon, as true knights, to come to the defence of the injured lady.

On the night succeeding that of her dismissal, Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* was produced, with the director, Dr. Förster, in the title role. Hot as their rage against him was, and opportune as the time for displaying it seemed to be, yet the students refrained from all offensive demonstrations out of respect for the young actress who had the part of Recha in the same play. And, as a tribute to great dramatic power, it is said that Dr. Förster's superb acting brought down storms of applause, which was nowhere more hearty than in the students' seats.

Next night, last Friday, the managers brought out the very opera in which Frau Lissmann was to have appeared two days before. A number of old favorites were in the cast, but the repressed anger of young Leipsic could remain repressed no longer. About four hundred students were in the house, filling the students' seats and running over into the galleries. The moment the curtain rose, such a burst of hisses and cat-calls started up from every quarter that it was impossible for the singers to be heard. It was not till a large force of police had been stationed all through the house that any decent order could be restored.

It now appears that one enterprising fellow, a Baron, hired twelve city porters to go into the second gallery and make as much noise as they were capable of. It was a very strange freak for German students to take, and the general sentiment of University men naturally condemns it as scandalous. What action the University authorities will take in the matter does not yet transpire. Perhaps I can inform you of that at another time. Meanwhile be warned, once more, against accepting this as a characteristic action of the Leipsic students. It is so remarkable that it will be referred to for years to come as one of those student uprisings that cannot be accounted for. One of the local art critics has put it: "Leipzig no longer deserves to be called the patron city of music,

since the disgraceful proceedings of Friday night." However, it is not so bad as that.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. H. STOCKBRIDGE.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The little brown cottage in Springfield, Ill., in which Mr. Lincoln lived before he went to Washington, still remains almost as he left it, furniture and all.

The sword that Victor Emanuel wore during the Campaign of 1859, has just been presented to the city of Turin. This sword bears these inscriptions: "Long live the Italian Republic." "To live free or die." The weapon was formerly used by Marshal Massena in the days of Napoleon I.

Longfellow has just completed his seventieth year; but he shows no sign of failing powers. "Keramos" together with the "White Czar" and other recent poems prove himself true to his own saying:

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

President Chadbourne of Williams College in a recent paper on "College Government," states some facts which every college student and college faculty will do well to heed. He says: "There is no other community like college students, and

therefore no government for other communities can be our guide. . . . Students, in general, are at that age when they are full of animal spirits, strong and buoyant. . . . They think that the world would go right if they could direct it. And after all the fine things said about the nobleness and generosity of youth, you must not expect to find these qualities among college students, as you will find them among these same men ten or twenty years after graduation,—when they have found out how hard this world is, and how patient we ought to be with our fellows. It is then, only, that they begin to realize the kindness and patience that bore with them in their early mistakes."

LOCALS.

Good —

All here.

Vacation of ten days.

Term closes March 29th.

Old Nick has made the best bowl.

Ye merry 'mokers are small in numbers.

Great improvement—The plank walks in front of P. H.

Only two "red heads" among our students, and not one red nose.

The late State election in New Hampshire called home many of our "Granite State" boys.

There is at present the largest attendance of students ever at Bates.

Senior Public Exhibition will occur Friday evening, March 29th, at College Chapel.

The base-ball men exercise in the Gymnasium from three to four o'clock each day.

The Library of the Eurosophian Literary Society has lately been increased by the addition of several volumes.

Washington's birthday gave the students a dignity. What a pity the other Presidents couldn't have a birthday!

Prof. Stanley has frequently substituted recitations for lectures to the Juniors, which causes considerable dissatisfaction.

The B. C. C. A. hold prayer meetings every Wednesday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock, and Sunday afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock.

The hearts of the bowlers have been made to rejoice by the appearance of a new set of pins and balls for the bowling alley.

Sound financial ideas at Bates. The Polymnian Society recently discussed the Bland Silver Bill, and voted against it unanimously.

Prof.—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" Class are uncertain. Prof.—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Fresh. (triumphantly)—"Hash!"

We hope that the morning devotional exercises can soon be conducted in the College Chapel, as the room below is now very much crowded.

With the exception of the June number, which will be delayed until after Commencement, the *STUDENT* will hereafter appear on the 20th of each month of the College year.

The annual Prize Declamations of the Sophomore class take place this week, at Main Street Free Baptist Church, a report of which will appear in the next number of the *STUDENT*.

We congratulate our neighbors upon the reception of Milton "on a bust." We doubt not that many of the Colbys are such connoisseurs of art that they can see the Devil right in John's eye.

A Freshman says he doesn't see any use in spending so much time in the study of Mathematics, when the Professor can't make any straighter path through the snow than other people.

The new dispensation has done away with the usual four weeks of Senior dignity immediately before Commencement. '78 is negotiating with the Faculty for its renewal. We sincerely wish '78 success in this movement.

More interest than usual is manifested in the Societies this term. Since our last issue the Polymnian has received Curtis and Cook, '81; and the Eurosophian, Jordan, '80. The

Polymnian Society will hold a public meeting early next term.

The College Choir at present is composed of the following members: B. S. Hurd, R. C. Gilbert, Tenors; J. F. Shattuck, H. E. Foss, Sopranos; W. C. Hobbs, W. B. Perkins, Altos; A. E. Tuttle, R. E. Gilkey, Basses; Miss M. K. Pike, Organist; F. O. Mower, Leader.

A Junior whose muscle is on the rise, recently requested a carpenter to turn him a pair of fifteen-pound Indian clubs. After looking him over from head to foot, the carpenter remarked, "You don't look like that." He evidently does not know the strength that lies in Tutt's muscle. We do.

Feb. 28th was observed as our Day of Prayer for Colleges. Recitations were suspended in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Mariner, of Auburn, preached an excellent sermon in the College Chapel, from Prov. xx. 29: "The glory of young men is their strength." A prayer meeting was held in the evening.

The following "Notis" was actually posted up in a church not a hundred miles from this place. Any person desiring, can see the original draft by calling at the Sanctum:

"NOTIS

"Notis is hearby given that all terbakker yuzers and jor lifters, hoo make a spittune ov this flore air heerbie admonished and worned that fer eech and every aforsed yuse ov this flore, shal reseave the pennalty ov tue yers in pirgatory, at hard werk at sweping flores,

"[Sind] BI THE SEXTUN."

A Soph translating the phrase, *femineis bubus*, mistaking *bubus* for *duobus*, rendered it "two women." Prof.—"Now look at that just one moment, Mr. H." Mr. H. (recollecting that *bubus* means oxen)—"Oh! female oxen." Sophs howl uproariously.

The Seniors have already engaged for Commencement Concert the services of Miss Annie Louise Cary, Contralto, and Miss Ella C. Lewis, Soprano, whose appearance here was so well greeted last winter. These names alone are a sufficient guarantee of an excellent concert.

In Political Economy, Professor, talking on the labor question, gives an illustration of a man that advertised for a gate-keeper at \$7 per week, and received several hundred answers, many of them from persons of respectability. Brassy Junior—"Rather a soft job, wasn't it, Professor?"

Through some misunderstanding (?) the class in Political Economy went to the Lecture Room while the Prof. went to the Recitation Room. After the five minutes were up Prof. and students went their several ways. Prof. congratulates himself on getting a cut on the class, and "will call it square." Class verdict: "So will we."

Since the last issue of the *STUDENT* an organ has been procured, new singing books have been provided, a choir has been chosen, and, as the result, we have witnessed a

marked improvement in the Chapel exercises. The doubtful singing of former times, characterized by "strike up" and "jine in," we have no more, and are thankful for the change.

The officers chosen by the Bates College Christian Association were as follows: Primarius, Prof. T. L. Angell; President, J. Q. Adams; Vice Presidents, F. H. Bartlett, M. C. Smart, H. M. Reynolds, W. B. Perkins; Corresponding Secretary, E. W. Given; Recording Secretary J. H. Heald; Standing Committee, C. E. Brockway and F. D. George, '78, R. F. Johonnett and F. P. Otis, '79, C. A. Holbrook and D. W. Davis, '80, B. S. Rideout and C. W. Williams, '81.

At a recent meeting of Bates Base-Ball Association a committee composed of J. W. Hutchins, T. M. Lombard, and W. A. Hoyt, reported the following names as candidates for the first nine: T. M. Lombard, A. E. Tuttle, E. W. Given, W. E. Ranger, W. A. Hoyt, A. L. Woods, C. P. Sanborn, F. H. Wilbur, H. E. Foss, H. B. Nevens, J. H. Parsons, E. D. Rowell. Hoyt having resigned E. E. Richards was appointed in his place. A Director of the Gymnasium work has been chosen, and the members of the nine are required to take a certain amount of exercise daily.

First Soph (who has just made flunk in Trig.)—"I now know how to sympathize with Chaucer in

finding trouble with Mathematics." Second Soph—"How do you know that Chaucer had trouble with Mathematics?" First Soph—"Because he says in one place,

'Cosine mine,
Of all our strife, God wot, the fruit is thine.'"

Three Juniors coming up the street meet five or six little urchins. First Junior—"Young fellers, why don't you brace up?" Second Junior—"You want to brace from way back." First Gamin—"Let's go for 'em." Second Gamin—"No, them's college fellers; they never warred on us; let 'em go." Juniors feel relieved.

If there is one object, which, more than another, ought to be made a public nuisance—an object wherein lurks all manner of deceit, which is designed only to entrap the unsuspecting, and which is peculiar for

"Ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain"—

that object is a sign left hanging after its owner has gone away.

"And the same
We would rise to explain."

A worthy Junior sallied forth one afternoon last week to get a saw filed. He looked at all the signs as he passed along, and, down on Main street, he saw a sign that said, "Saws filed here," and bore a hand pointing up a flight of stairs. "*Eureka*," he cried, and dashing up, bolted into the door at the head of the stairs. He afterward said that the room didn't look much like a shop for filing saws but more like a

dwelling place. As there was no one in the room, our Junior, all unsuspecting, with saw in hand, pushed through and opened another door. Shade of Venus! he found himself in a young lady's *boudoir*. A beautiful maid arose and came toward him. Confusion seized upon him. Nearer. The sweat began to ooze from his brow. Nearer yet. The situation became critical. With a frantic effort he broke the spell, and putting on a most idiotic look, roared in stentorian tones, "Do ye file saws here?" "And then he vanished." Hence this local, hence the above remark on signs.

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

President Seelye, of Amherst, has lately been made a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

The first game with Harvard will be played on Blake Field, May 29, and the second at Cambridge, June 12. Amherst will meet Yale at New Haven, June 4, and the return game will be played on Blake Field, June 22. If other games are necessary, arrangements will be made hereafter.

COLUMBIA.

Of 462 students at Columbia College Law School, 255 are college graduates.

Colored students are debarred from entering the Medical School of Columbia College.

The Trustees of Columbia, since 1872, have made an annual appropriation of \$1000, and since 1877 have increased it to \$1250, "for the encouragement of the exercise of rowing among the students of Columbia."

HARVARD.

The receipts of Harvard for 1877 were more than \$550,000, and the expenses not quite \$500,000—leaving a balance of \$50,000 exclusive of gifts and legacies.

It is proposed by the Natural History Society to cruise for a couple of days during the spring in Massachusetts Bay, to perform some practical experiments with the dredging apparatus.

Of the Harvard examination papers Charles Francis Adams, himself a Harvard man, says: "They are a disgrace to the man who prepared them, and an outrage to the student who is submitted to a process of examining which would be a barbarity if applied to a Turkey. A candidate for admission to Harvard must go through 22 examination papers that are made up of tricks."

YALE.

Rand is coaching the Freshman crew.

A daily has been started called the *News*.

The entertainment for the benefit of the navy took place Feb. 16.

At a meeting of the Y. U. B. B. C., Morgan's resignation was accepted and Dormer elected captain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The two colleges of Alabama have each about 200 students.

Pres. Bascom of Wisconsin University has issued a work on "Comparative Psychology."

It has been decided to abolish the Commencement exercises at the University of Michigan.

Presidents Barnard, McCosh, Eliot and Chancellor Crosby are opposed to the proposition for a national university.

CLIPPINGS.

"Miss, could you ever love a beast?" "Am I to consider that in the light of a proposal?"

Latest pun from Wellesley. A young lady who has recitation immediately after Chapel—"I wish I didn't have to carry so many books to Chapel. I feel more like a beast of burden than a beast of pray."—*Courant*.

A Freshman, who bears the name of an Amherst soap dealer, received a letter the other day from a Springfield soap manufacturer, requesting him to leave his bones at Northampton, and enclosing a price list of soaps which he would furnish at low rates. A chance to invest in soap for private use, Freshie!—*Ex*.

The following lines (*Æn.* II., 1, 2.):

"Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto,"

were translated by an Amherst graduate of '77 (whose name we would not *Record* in our pages), as follows: "All were sitting and holding tight (intenti) on to the oars (ora); then Father *Æneas* rising on the top of wave (alto), etc."

James Boswell, distinguished for his humor and power of repartee, was one day pleading at the Scotch bar before his father, Lord Anchinleck, who was at that time "Ordinary on the Bills." The testy old Senator becoming offended at something his son said, peevishly exclaimed, "Jamie, ye're an ass, man." "Not exactly, my lord," answered the junior, "Only a colt the foal of an ass."

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'68.—At the recent election in this city, Prof. G. C. Chase was elected School Committee from Ward One.

'71.—G. W. Flint has a fine situation as Principal of the High School at Collinsville, Conn., where he has labored for four years with marked success.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has resigned the pastorate of the Greenwich Street Church at Providence, R. I., to take effect March 31st.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge has concluded to remain another year at Leipsic, Germany, and will complete a three years' course in that University.

'74.—F. T. Crommett has a flourishing law business at So. Paris, Me., in partnership with G. A. Wilson.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has been re-elected as one of the Boad of Aldermen of this city, and has been chosen its President.

'76.—J. H. Huntington is associated with Thomas Hale in publishing the "Republican Observer," at White River Junction, Vt.

'76.—W. H. Merryman is Pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Depauville, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

'76.—Horatio Woodbury, having met with excellent success as Principal of Lincoln High School, has been engaged as Principal of Mattanawcook Academy of that place.

'77.—L. A. Burr has opened a select school at Johnstown, Pa. The prospects of the school are quite flattering, inasmuch as Johnstown is a city of 20,000 inhabitants and has no other school of the academic grade. Mr. Burr is a teacher of large experience and unusual success, and his rare abilities and faithfulness well deserve the fine outlook before him.

'80.—H. M. Reynolds has resigned his position as teacher of Elocution and Rhetoric in Nichols Latin School, and has accepted a situation as a teacher in Lewiston High School.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 27, 1878.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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No. 4.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY G. B. FILES, '69.

A MACHINE from the hands of the inventor may be regarded as perfection, but time shows that it is capable of improvement. Study and experiment effect changes and add appliances which increase its efficiency.

Notwithstanding all that may be said in favor of our educational system, careful revision may reveal defects in its machinery. In what respects our intellectual training is deficient, is a question of no trifling interest. Of the mistakes of modern scholars, not the least is the general neglect of history. The most profound scholars have most diligently and thoughtfully searched the records of the past.

Let us briefly notice the value of history.

To the law-maker history is invaluable. Questions of strikes, tariff, free trade, revenue, currency, immigration, education, religious liberty,

and many others, must be considered. Men are born with the same mental characteristics and dispositions now as formerly. In all nations men in similar circumstances act in essentially the same manner.

A question is presented to the legislator. Let him consult the oracle of history and not be governed by the caprices of some conscienceless demagogue. In history let him learn the operations of the proposed law. Then his action will be in the interests of intelligence and morality.

The question is often raised whether the American Republic will be of long continuance, or whether the Ship of State will founder at no distant day. What says history? The strength and stability of a nation does not inhere in great wealth and in powerful armies, but in the education and virtue of the mass of the people. Social vice, intemper-

ance, licentiousness, barbarism, ignorance, political corruption, a sectarian priesthood, and secretism stand ready to bury this republic with all its hallowed institutions. History says there must be terrific struggles or ignominious defeat. Unlike the ambiguous and perplexing responses of the soothsayer and the Delphic priestess, the teachings of history are definite and reliable.

If history is indispensable to the law-maker, it is assuredly of vital interest to the citizen especially of a republic, for every citizen is virtually a law-maker.

A debater well supplied with historic facts is quite as difficult to overcome as the hundred-handed Briareus. From history he can forge argumentative missiles which will prove as destructive as the thunderbolts of Jove.

To the lover of art history is replete with interest. Although the highest development of art does not necessarily bring moral purity, yet as an element in civilization and refinement it is a power. From the history of painting, sculpture and architecture, the artist can gather inspiration.

In short, history is the source of instruction; it supplies the want of experience. It seems to one well versed in history that he has lived during all the past. At times he almost fancies he lived in the age of Pericles, Cæsar, or Washington.

As history is a source of wisdom, we should study it wisely.

As the general principles of a science are deduced by collecting and classifying facts, so the laws regulating social, political and religious life are deduced from a comprehensive and diligent research. Therefore, if one would come to sound conclusions and correct opinions, he must not be satisfied with isolated events, but his investigations must be extended.

It is an excellent practice to study topically. Not only is the knowledge thus obtained more tenaciously held in the memory, but also it is more available. It is more available from the fact that it is better classified. Therefore when one makes a demand on his mental storehouse he is gratified with a prompt response.

History cultivates the imagination. As we read, we see in the "mind's eye" the luxuriant valley, the cloud-capped mountain, the river with its deep canyons and thundering cascades. We visit the palaces, art galleries and amphitheatres of antiquity. We witness the madened onset of the embattled hosts and the gory fields, the sun obscured by Olympic dust, and hear the mountains re-echo with the shout of victory.

To the student of history traveling in the old world, with what vividness and power does the creative faculty present the scenes of the past!

History enlarges one's power of description and ability to delineate

character, so that statements are given with precision and fidelity.

By tracing the connection between cause and effect, it gives exercise to the reason and judgment.

To ascertain the different agencies affecting a nation's life; to determine the relative importance of complicated forces; to deduce from philosophic study the fundamental laws of growth and decay,—afford in mental gymnastics an exercise quite as vigorous as that obtained from Thucydides or from the formulæ of Calculus.

Discipline is not the sole fruit of recorded wisdom. The past has its lessons in morals. History teaches us, "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people." We learn that expediency, ambition, injustice, selfishness, are not the foundation stones of national greatness any more than personal nobility. We learn that self-aggran-

dizement and true patriotism are incompatible. A politician who imagines he can promote his own interests under the guise of serving his country disregards the logical interpretation of history.

It begets love of country, wisdom, truth, honor, purity and goodness. In short, we recognize God in history. Goodness is desirable, badness despicable.

History elevates the taste. He who reads the cheap fiction of to-day makes a sewer of his mind, through which flows in a turbid and sickening mass impure and debasing thoughts stimulated and aggravated by inflamed passions; but history, to its faithful student, gives a keen perception and appreciation of excellence. It gives him a disgust for the froth and scum of addled brains, and affords a relish for the solid and rich food of human experience—that nourishment which builds grand and noble characters.

THE ERLKING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through a night so wild?
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy well in his arm;
He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why so timid dost hide thy eye?"—
"See'st thou not, father, the Erlking nigh?
The Erlenking with train and crown?"
"It is a streak of fog, my son."

"Thou charming child, come, go with me!
E'en beautiful plays will I play with thee;
With many gay flowers the strand is sown;
My mother has many a golden gown."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erlking whispers so soft in my ear?"
"Be quiet, stay quiet, my own dear child!
The dry leaves are rustling this night so wild."

"Wilt thou, pretty boy, go with me?
My daughters shall nobly wait on thee;
My daughters the nightly revels keep,
They'll rock thee, and dance, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not there
The Erlking's daughters in gloomy air?"—
"My son, my son, I look close that way;
I see but the willows, old and gray."

"I love thee, thy beauty charms my sight;
And art thou not willing, then use I might."
"My father, my father, hold close your arm;
The Erlking has done me harm."

The father shudders, he rides on fast,
The sobbing child in his arms close clasped;
He reaches the yard with toil and dread,
In his arms the child was dead.

C. M. WARNER, '77.

THE ARTS OF DESTRUCTION AND CIVILIZATION.

ORATION AT SENIOR EXHIBITION.

THE maxim of peace societies, and non-resisting nations has been, "Human life is inviolable;" but a penetrating eye will see in this only a superficial truth. Beneath there lies a deeper, grander principle,—Human right is inviolable.

Raise not thy hand against a brother's life, is a stern decree; but it is null compared with the sterner fiat, Right shall prevail.

Despotism monarchs gaming with the lives and liberties of their subjects, men or nations persistently

barring the great highway of progress, slaveholders exacting toil through the agonies of their fellow men, must cease trampling upon man's chartered rights. Against such outlaws of the race, mercy herself, long-suffering, heavenly mercy, bids us draw the sword and wield it with might. The weapon that strikes down such fiends is consecrated for the stroke. Times will come when the clashing of musketry, the shrieking of shot and shell, the thundering of cannonry, and the crashing of mines, are not the voices of hell, but the clear tones of heaven in vindication of the right. Let the sword be baptized, not broken; let intelligence and justice wield it, not ambition and intolerance,—then will its keen edge cleave between the right and the wrong, ever defending the brotherhood and progress of man.

We shudder when we think of the destructive arts that the lately developed science of war has produced. The day when omens turned the tide of battle and shaped the course of civilization, is past. Toughened sinews are now but small factors in the great conflicts that make the turning points of history. Brain musters the rank and file of every battle array. Minerva has joined hands with Mars, and the march of the centuries is everywhere seen among the contending hosts. But we need not fear for the welfare of man. Destructive arts have not a single menace to human interests.

When the issues of war rested upon personal valor and sheer brute force, the savage horde had the advantage. Nurtured in hardihood, and trained in bravery, their inroads upon refined nations could not be resisted. Such a deluge of muscle poured over the Hellespont, and would have submerged Grecian civilization, but for that peculiar people, mighty in arm as well as in brain, who turned the tide at Marathon. Not so well fares Italy, coveted by Goth, Vandal, and Hun. High walls and a partially developed destructive art withstand the torrent for a while, but these are, at last, swept away. Attila, the Scourge, borne on the southward-rolling flood, carried devastation to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and the night of a thousand years sets in.

Finally the dawn appears. The compass, the printing-press, the Reformation, and their strong ally, gunpowder, usher in the new day. Civilization may now confront every foe, because war has enlisted in her service, and defends her with his strong right arm.

The new ally first demonstrated his power in the overthrow of feudalism. At his word of command, those rock-surmounting castles, so long considered impregnable, were shorn of defenders, and crumbled into their moats. Serfdom fell with those massive walls; and from the ruin sprang a bold, loyal yeomanry—ever a nation's pride. Society,

isolated for centuries by draw-bridge and barbican, was again set free. National life and unity, so long powerless through the rivalry of feudal lords and the demands of a false chivalry, again moved the hearts of men.

But shall we conclude that the arts of destruction have been sufficiently perfected? Because barbarian hosts are now held at bay, and a few of the world's evils have been suppressed, must the soldier rest upon his laurels? Science in arms has still another glorious victory to win. A glance over the last few centuries shows that the length of wars has been gradually decreasing. Formerly, for thirty, fifty, even a hundred years, nations were locked in deadly strife. Their industries were crippled, their energies en-

feebled, and their whole moral life polluted by the lingering effects of rage.

Now, two years stop the flow of blood from four nations around the Black Sea. A few months carry the German standards from the Rhine to Paris; and a few weeks turn, at Sadowa, the fate of arms against Austria. The arts of destruction have already reached such perfection that nations no longer rush blindly into battle, but prudently think first of arbitration. A few years more, and destructive art may achieve its greatest victory,—the highest triumph of time,—

“When the war drums beat no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.”

C. E. B., '78.

CROMWELL AND ENGLISH LIBERTY.

BY R. F. J., '79.

THE meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640 marked the beginning of a struggle, which, as Carlyle said, is “The second world-great thing that remains of English history, the armed appeal of Puritanism to the invisible God of heaven, against many very visible Devils, on earth and elsewhere.” This Parliament found a tyrant in power, the laws enacted and enforced by a Star Chamber and a High Commission,

the hereditary and constitutional rights of Englishmen “so often infringed” that many mistook the “violation of law for its standard.” These rights Parliament demanded, and to regain them Englishmen took up arms against their King. And it was Cromwell that, with his Ironsides, at Marston Moor and at Naseby, secured to Englishmen freedom of speech, freedom of person, and taxation only by Parliament—rights

that to this day Englishmen hold and jealously guard.

Naseby was a sufficient guarantee that, so far as these rights were concerned, the English people could now "go to play." But in the minds of Cromwell and his New Model—the bone and sinew of the popular party—far above these issues was the principle of religious toleration. Not, certainly, a toleration of Popish worship; but a belief in the *liberty of conscience*—the first strong current setting toward the broader toleration of our own day.

To establish this liberty of religious belief was the aim of Cromwell's life. To forget that he was a religious enthusiast is to lose the key to his every act. He was a fanatic, but a fanatic with a most practical turn of mind. He believed himself to be God's instrument for establishing a State whose object should be the upbuilding of the church militant. Upon this authority, he justified himself for his many acts of usurpation, violence and tyranny—his execution of Charles I.; his massacres of Irish Catholics; his ejection of members from the Long Parliament on account of their refusal to pass his favorite measure; his dissolution of the Parliament of 1654—the only legal governing power in the island. "The people," said the Protector in the last instance, "The people will prefer their real security to forms." His motives in these acts are his only jus-

tification. It was his supreme faith in his "divine call"—a faith that excites the admiration of his most bitter enemies—that incited him to set at nought precedent and Constitution, and to trample in turn on King, Parliament, and People.

But fanatic that he was, he yet saw more clearly than any other man of his age the true principles of Church, State, and Society. In 1645, the London Presbyterian clergy wrote, "We detest and abhor the much-endavored toleration," and the Corporation of London petitioned Parliament to suppress "all sects without toleration." But a year before this, while forming his New Model, Cromwell had drawn the true line of separation between Church and State. "The State," he said, "in choosing men to serve it takes no notice of their opinions." At that time, foremost of his age in liberality of thought, looking beyond rank and title and taking the man for what he was worth, Cromwell had grasped the principle of social equality. Once he exclaimed, "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman and is nothing else!" And at another time, "If I met the King in battle, I would fire my pistol at the King as at another!"

His work was not only to secure the liberties demanded by the people, but also to raise Englishmen to

conceiving, to loving, to defending still higher liberties. These and similar aims of Cromwell and of his other self, the army, placed him in advance of his age and at variance with Constitution, Parliament, and sometimes even the people. Says Green: "For two hundred years, England has been doing little more than carrying out in a slow and tentative way the scheme of political and religious reform which the army propounded at the close of the Civil war." Alone in his views, his very belief in his own infallibility—the pig-headedness, if you please, by which he controlled Parliament, made laws, instituted reforms, held a kingdom under martial rule—was necessary to Cromwell's aims. But throughout all his usurpations, his disregard of the Constitution and of the popular will, he kept his pur-

pose of guaranteeing freedom of conscience to all.

Whatever may be said of his acts, all that is best and greatest in modern England owes itself to Cromwell and his Ironsides. Of all the Protestant nations of Elizabeth's time, he found England the only one not wholly restored to Catholicism; and that England ruled by a King and an Archbishop half Catholic; an England divided at home and without prestige abroad. He left her, with European Protestantism, under her championship, springing into new life; a power whose friendship every Continental nation courted. As Hallam says, "The nation itself forgave much to one who had brought back the renown of its ancient story, the traditions of Elizabeth's age, after the ignominious reigns of her successors."

THE STUDENT AMONG HIS BOOKS.

BY W. E. R., '79.

A JUNIOR sat in his study with the accumulated work of weeks before him. Returning from the labors of a pedagogue, he found himself involved in all the difficulties that ever await the return of him who lingers apart from college halls. In addition to his regular work, he must toil, for many days to come, amid the perplexities of "making

up" in Optics, German, and Political Economy. Eager to begin the work before him, he grasps his book and begins the study of Light, but—common result—finds it not suited to his present frame of mind. He takes up German and Political Economy in their turn, but soon lays them down thinking that he can do better with them at a more con-

venient time and when in a more favorable mood. It occurs to him that an essay is due to-morrow, and his theme is not yet selected. As he lazily sits back in his large easy chair to select a subject and to think thereon, his whole being is pervaded by a sensation which all have experienced—the opposite of vivacity. To him, halting between labor and inactivity, duty presents herself and urges him to work. Procrastination, however, wins the victory, and he seeks his place of rest and consigns himself to sleep.

Again this Junior sits in his study, but a spell is upon him. The influence of some mighty power has settled down upon him, and has quietly but firmly assumed control of all his faculties. Neither is he alarmed at his strange condition, nor does he attempt to examine the fetters by which he is bound. A friend appears to him thus placed in this predicament, and requests his companionship and assistance in investigating the wonderful phenomena of Light. He is about to give a favorable reply, but, notwithstanding a transitory interest fills his mind, some indefinable force compels him to return a negative answer. A fair young girl, named Undine, trips gaily in and wishes to present him with some beautiful flowers, but fails to draw from him aught but a passing glance. A dignified and esteemed gentleman calls and begins a talk upon the science of exchanges. The

poor student makes pitiful attempts to be social; but his interest vanishes, he yields to his master spirit, and the gentleman leaves in disgust. A youth begs information, but scarcely evokes a recognition from the victim now helpless in the toils of some evil spirit. Friends call and strive to command his attention, but in vain. An angel hovers near surrounded by a halo of sanctity. She beckons him to follow. Still stirs he not. She stands before him in all her glorious beauty and shows the path that, by the illumination of Duty's light, leads to truth, purity and glory. He feels the approach of his master-spirit. The angel retires to one side. The overpowering influence pervades him yet more thoroughly. The angel departs. In vain he struggles to free himself from the grasp of an infernal power. A terrible oppression weighs upon his soul. The very air is burdensome. Suddenly the intolerable atmosphere is dissolved into a thousand hostile demons and his craven heart is filled with indescribable horror. Soon these imps become transformed into a huge monster, who looks upon him with eyes that burn into the depths of his terror-bound heart. The horrible monster gazes upon his quaking victim and taunts him with these words: "Thou'rt mine—mine to consign to wretched nothingness, or to hurl to the depths of a hot, seething hell. Great is my power, and many are my victims."

"Thy name?" gasps the victim.
 "Laziness," growls the monster.
 The despairing victim recognizes
 his master, his heart is frozen with
 the chill of terrible fear, he only
 waits for the signal which shall send
 him to the abode of nihility or ever-
 lasting death. Unutterable despair
 seizes him, fiends hiss and howl
 about him, there bursts upon his

ear a meaning sound—it is the Chapel
 bell calling the students to prayers;
 it is eight o'clock.

The dream is told. But the life
 of the student is still tormented.
 Duty is forced to flee, and the trials

"Of Senior and Prof,
 Of Junior and Soph,"

are still augmented by the machina-
 tions of this horrible monster.

The sad fate of a mathematical student is touchingly told in the
 following lines:

Years hence the watchman, prowling 'round,
 Saw, almost buried in the ground,
 A skeleton, and near it found
 A Calculus.

The doctor said 'twas heart disease,
 And you may call it what you please,
 But I, who have my own ideas,
 Say Calculus.

—*Fag Ends.*

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

BATES has furnished another cause for good old ladies to shake their heads despairingly at the naughtiness of "them boys;" and for the cynics of the press to heap up more scorn and indignant rhetoric on the colleges, to swab out their little pop-guns and shoot their customary peas at that "barbaric relic"—hazing.

For several reasons, we had not intended to notice the rush very extensively; but, as many of the newspapers, without knowing the facts of the affair, have commented upon it quite freely, and, in some instances, spread it, as the *N. Y. Tribune* put it, "to the ends of the earth," and that, too, with severe strictures upon it, therefore we feel called upon to put the facts before the public. They are, then, as follows:

Three Freshmen carried canes to the Sophomore declamations held in the Free Baptist Church on Main street. At the close of the declamations, as one of these Freshmen passed out of the door, a Sophomore seized his cane. Other Freshmen came to the rescue, and soon twenty-five or thirty Sophomores and Freshmen were pulling and pushing over the cane on the steps in front of the

church. However, no loud cries were uttered by the students and no striking done; but as the people in the church could not force their way out, the police were called to clear the steps. This being done, both classes, without further disturbance, started for the College. On College street, while walking without any demonstrations, a policeman—probably to show his authority—with cocked revolver, attacked the Sophomores and arrested one of their number. No resistance was made; but many of the class accompanied the prisoner to the station for the purpose of peaceably procuring his release. Here an entirely unprovoked and unwarrantable attack was made on these students by the police, and several more were arrested. This action of the police can not be too strongly condemned. If the officers at the station at this time were fair specimens of the whole force, we think that the recent change of the force cannot fail to be an improvement. The students arrested were detained only a few minutes, and were then released. The Faculty took the matter in hand the next day, and suspended three of the Sophomores. Thus, after considerable excitement, the affair

ended. The best of feeling existed between the two classes concerned, both before and after the rush.

We are sorry that the rush occurred, for people that do not understand college customs look upon it as a disgraceful row; but all the disgrace was in the place taken for the rush and not in the rush itself. Had the Sophomores wisely waited until the Campus was reached before attempting to seize the cane, we think no one, not even the Faculty, could have found any fault with a class struggle of so friendly a character. Had these facts been known, doubtless, many of the papers would have been spared the necessity of so much moralizing.

Now one word in regard to carrying canes. No one disputes the legal right of a Freshman to carry a cane; but college custom has ever reserved this as a privilege of upper-classmen. We see no injustice in thus restricting this privilege; for every college Faculty acts on the principle of making distinctions, and granting peculiar privileges to upper classes. What the injustice, then, in this being one? Every Freshman in due time attains to this right. College custom has made this a law. Moreover, every sensible Freshman sees this fact and respects the custom. In this College especially, where even upper-classmen make no practice of carrying canes, for a Freshman to sport a cane, to sensible people looks foolish and

pretentious. In justice to '81, we must say that this class has always acted very sensibly in this respect. The present instance of disregard of custom was by no means a *class* action.

Whenever Sophomores defy Freshmen to try to carry canes, no one could blame them for the attempt. But here no occasion for class feeling has ever been given by the Sophomores. We think that the principal part of the blame for this rush—whatever it be—should be borne by the Freshmen carrying the canes and not by those Sophomores endeavoring to take the canes away.

As this is the first number of the *STUDENT* containing any criticism upon College exercises, since the incoming of the present Board, we wish to state that we shall take something of a new departure; that, while exercising no partiality, we shall represent public exercises as they are and not as they ought to be. We desire to put our College exercises before the public at their market value—no more, no less. Some believe that a public criticism of a young man's effort—no matter what the merit of the effort—should be of the most flattering kind. But public parts are subject to public criticism for just what they are worth. The truest criticism, if kindly made, is the best. Young men fitting themselves for public life should receive just this kind of

criticism, not only from college publications but also from the press of the country. It is due to them and to the public.

Therefore, while not expecting mature thought from college boys, and while noticing only those faults that care and study would have remedied, within a sphere of excellence proportionate to a speaker's advancement, we shall not be in the least afraid to censure a poor effort or to praise a good one. If there be any injustice in censuring within these limits a poor part, there is more injustice in putting such parts on an equal grade with the efforts of harder-working students. Again, if it be argued that such criticism will deter a certain class of students from participating in public exercises, we answer that a small number of good parts is more creditable to class and institution than a large number of poor parts. We know that such exercises are held not for the entertainment of the public, but for the benefit of the students participating; but if the prospect of a fair criticism will deter any student from taking a public part, he is made of such stuff that his participation would be of little benefit to himself and of little credit to an institution.

If the STUDENT's criticism has power to deter such students—if we have such—from taking part in public exercises, it also has power, by the same means, to confer a real service by inciting students that have

real stamina to better efforts. By taking this ground in criticising, we hope to have the STUDENT's criticism mean something whether it praises or censures.

The annual Senior Exhibition was held in the Chapel, Friday evening, March 29th, the last day of the Spring Term. The Chapel was well filled, a much larger audience than usual being in attendance. Music was furnished by the Senior Quartette, and, although the members lay no claim to being professionals, yet we think that the music was better received than the customary monotonous sawing of violins. The adaptation of "Litoria," as sung by the Quartette, "brought down the house;" but the Quartette did not see fit to respond to the hearty encore. Right here we wish to say that the appreciation and reception of such singing depends not upon the musical art and knowledge shown—for that can generally be obtained in better quality elsewhere—but upon the character of the selection itself.

Below is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Is Culture an End? F. H. Bartlett.
2. Are the Planets Inhabited? F. O. Mower.
3. The Credit System. D. M. Benner.
4. Cathedrals. J. W. Hutchins.
5. Conditions of Success. A. Gatchell.

MUSIC.

6. Persistency of Purpose.

B. S. Hurd.

7. Speculative Thought.

C. E. Hussey.

8. Self-Culture.

M. F. Daggett.

MUSIC.

9. The Arts of Destruction and Civilization.

C. E. Brockway.

10. Francis Bacon as a Man and Philosopher.

J. Q. Adams.

11. Strikes.

F. H. Briggs.

MUSIC.

Bartlett had a well written part, but its effect was well nigh spoiled by the speaker's failure to commit it perfectly. Otherwise the part was well rendered. He claimed that culture is an end, since it seeks the perfection of every faculty.

Mower, in a very pleasant manner, discussed the question, "Are the Planets Inhabited?" He was very happy in his choice of a subject. From his *standing* in life, no other member of '78 is so well fitted to decide the question. He said that the universe is filled with indications that the plants are inhabited, and adduced many facts to show their capability of supporting life. His delivery was very fine.

Benner presented arguments in favor of a credit system; but failed to adapt his voice or style to so practical a theme.

Hutchins was rather dramatic in his rendering, but had one of the finest written parts of the evening. Cathedrals, he said, were the educators of their day, the embodiment of the patient, toiling industry of their age.

Gatchell's theme was somewhat

hackneyed, but was well treated. Its subject matter was well arranged. His conditions of success were courage; persistent, energetic action; self-denial; and self-reliance. His appearance on the stage, though not free from faults, was, on the whole, good.

Hurd held the attention of the audience throughout. The peculiar charm of his speaking lay in his naturalness. His effort was not a striving after a lofty, labored style of declamation, common to so many college orators, but was a natural, earnest presentation of good, sound ideas.

Hussey, while lacking some of the naturalness of the preceding speaker, yet presented a very good part in good shape. He regards speculative thought as the crowning glory of man, the mark of distinction between man and beast.

Daggett, we think, labored under a disadvantage in choosing so old a theme. However, his ideas if not new were at least good, and his delivery, as usual, of the finest kind.

Brockway's part was quite declamatory, but was marked by good, original thinking. It was delivered in an earnest, interesting manner.

Adams spoke as if he meant what he said. He presented Bacon as a bold, strong thinker, the organizer of science, but as an unprincipled man.

Briggs treated a practical subject in a practical manner. He argued

that strikes are in all cases evils, and can be done away only by a higher and more general education of the masses.

On the whole, we pronounce Seventy-Eight's exhibition a decided success; and the class have a right to feel that it was well up to any previous exhibition.

We were, of course, all pleased with the success of the nine last fall, and hope their record of the coming season's work may be equally free from the stain of defeat. The nine as organized last September included seven new men, and, on first taking the field, did not inspire much confidence even among its friends. It was very natural, therefore, that many should be surprised at the coolness and skill shown in the Bowdoin game; but it was no surprise to those who had observed the earnest work and regular training of this new material.

It was this enthusiasm, then, and this perseverance of practice, which were the special causes of their unexpected and continued success. Let every base-ball man understand this; for, beside the more important issues now at stake, there will be new men this spring, and each man must find the position to which he is best adapted, and must accustom himself to that position beyond all possibility of awkward blunders.

The strong, veteran team at Bowdoin will probably claim a match,

and, with the defeat of last fall to wipe out, they will prove anything but puny adversaries. Other games of equal importance are being planned. To keep up the reputation already gained, and to do full justice to themselves, our nine must not be grudging of their enthusiasm nor remiss in regular work. Let no one say, even to himself, that he doesn't need practice. There is room for improvement in *every man*.

The annual prize declamations of the Sophomore class occurred at Main street Free Baptist church on the evenings of March 20th and 22d. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. C. Snow at the First Division, by Rev. G. S. Dickerman at the Second. Below is the programme for each division:

FIRST DIVISION.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

1. Patriotism.—King. E. H. Farrar.
2. True Grandeur of Nations.—Sumner. J. H. Heald.
3. Eulogy on Lafayette.—Sprague. I. F. Frisbee.

MUSIC.

4. Paul Clifford's Defence.—Bulwer. J. W. Nichols.
5. The Death of O'Connell.—Seward. E. G. Moore.
6. Toussaint l'Ouverture.—Phillips. H. M. Reynolds.

MUSIC.

7. Murder of Lovejoy.—Anon. J. Donovan.
8. Concord and Lexington.—Curtis. F. L. Hayes.
9. Poetry and War.—Robertson. W. A. Hoyt.

MUSIC.

10. Justice and Revenge.—Burke. J. Scott.
11. The Sleeping Sentinel.—Janvier. O. C. Tarbox.
12. South Carolina and Massachusetts.—Webster. R. C. Gilbert.

13. The Treatment of the American Colonies.
—Chatham.

H. S. Jordan.

MUSIC.

AWARDING OF PRIZE.

BENEDICTION.

SECOND DIVISION.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Concord and Lexington.—Curtis.
F. L. Hayes.*
2. Icilius.—Kellogg.
E. E. Richards.
3. Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.
A. L. Woods.

MUSIC.

4. Joan of Arc.—DeQuincey.
D. W. Davis.
5. Slavery.—Phillips.
W. H. Judkins.
6. Toussaint L'Ouverture.—Phillips.
H. M. Reynolds.

MUSIC.

7. The Boys in Blue.—Ingersoll.
C. B. Rankin.
8. The Revolutionary Rising.—Read.
L. W. Harris.
9. America.—Phillips.
H. L. Merrill.

MUSIC.

10. The Leper.—Willis.
E. H. Sawyer.
11. Incentives to Duty.—Sumner.
C. H. Deshon.
12. American Nationality.—Choate.
J. F. Parsons.

MUSIC.

AWARDING OF PRIZE.

*Excused.

Although the exercises of each evening compared well with the average of Sophomore declamations, yet we think that in some respects they should be improved upon by students of their advancement. The chief criticism would be that the delivery was too mechanical, and showed too little earnestness and sympathy with the selection.

But, at the exercises of both divisions, some parts were delivered in a really eloquent style, among which we notice those of Reynolds, Davis,

Hayes, Gilbert, Judkins, Jordan, Sawyer, and Heald. Hayes and Reynolds were selected from the First Division to participate in the Second. Owing to an accident, Hayes was compelled to be absent. The prize was finally awarded to Davis and Reynolds. Ballard's Orchestra furnished its usual music for both Divisions.

Some people imagine that a college graduate, just fairly feathered, and even the man still in college, knows or at least ought to know everything. They expect him to be versed in every ology and science; to speak and write all known languages without hesitation; to know by heart the history of every man that ever held so much as a county office; and so on to the end of the chapter. To be sure, such persons are fools and are not deserving of notice; but they serve for an introduction to the next grade. Now while all that have neither received a college education nor have had fair means to learn its true worth are not filled with such silly ideas as these, yet most of this class have too exalted ideas of what the college man ought to know and to be able to do. It is in respect to public parts that we especially desire to speak, for here it is that such persons' ideas fly highest. They expect every one, in his public parts, to write like an Irving and deliver like a Phillips. If the speaker is

not fully up to these two worthies, he is, in these good people's opinion, of little account. Coming to college exhibitions with such exalted notions, no wonder they go away saying: "Not very good for college parts."

Of course such ideas could only be found among a people comparatively green in college experience, and at that not of a reflective turn of mind. People that have attended the exhibitions of different colleges through a series of years become totally destitute of such airy fancies.

Since we have the former class of people, however, we must deal with them. We are willing to admit that many college exercises do not display the excellence they should; that, for this reason, they are justly censured by the public. Yet we believe that the standard set up by this class from which to judge the meritorious and the non-meritorious is too high for the average college student. If the part is a select declamation, this public says: "The speaker to merit any praise must be finished in his gestures and correct in his elocution." If the part be original, to these requisites for praise must be added strong thinking, brilliant rhetoric, and keen reasoning. Now this required excellence is attainable and attained by some, but not by the average student. College students rank little if any higher in natural ability than any other class of young men. Men gifted by

Nature and favored by advantages, with a life-time of work directed upon a special study, scarcely become more proficient therein than is demanded of the college student by this unthinking public.

Four years become *somewhat* crowded, if one arrives at the state of excellence demanded by these unjust critics.

Since this standard is then too high, just where should it be placed? In other words, what can fairly be expected and demanded of the average college student in his public parts? While the attempt to lay down exact limits is impossible, approximate limits can yet be placed. Then if the declamation, we answer that faults to a certain extent in appearance, in gestures, in use of voice, should be expected; but the speaker should show himself thoroughly in sympathy with his selection and should render it as if he meant and felt what he said. If the part is original, the ideas of the speaker, if not new, should be his own and in accordance with facts; the rhetoric such as to clearly set forth the ideas; and the delivery as before. This but no more can justly be expected of the average student. If he keeps up to this standard, his effort is worthy of praise.

How easily are the air-castles of youth and innocence toppled about the heads of their builders! We envied the Junior of other days. Bright were our anticipations of the

time when we, too, could bring out our look of overpowering condescension, and boast of *our* freedom from recitation Monday morning, Wednesday afternoon, and all day Saturday.

We are Juniors, but alas for our anticipations! Yes, we have reached the acme of our desires, but don't congratulate us, don't! Pity us, shoot us, bury us; but don't congratulate us. We have been disappointed. The ease and extra culture we anticipated, are not for us. A change in the College laws, and a rather arbitrary interpretation of that change, fasten upon us fifteen regular recitations per week!

But, in all seriousness now, we know that, taking the whole course together, the new law will prevent the wasting of many hours of valuable time; we appreciate the good influence it will have on the scholarship of our students; and we think, on the whole, that it is a beneficial rule. We have, however, the right to expect that the idea contained in the rule will not be carried to extremes, and that this law will receive from the Faculty the respect that other laws require from the students.



EXCHANGES.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is one of our most welcome guests. The first article, although upon a common theme, is interesting and valuable. It explains in the only rational man-

ner the cause of Milton's secluded life: "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts." The *Miscellany* has some excellent editorial notes. The exchanges are carefully prepared. On the whole the *Miscellany* is one of the first-class college magazines.

We review with pleasure the latest number of the *Brunonian*. It contains much that is interesting. The literary department is well written, containing matter both solid and humorous, and beside two very excellent poems, a remarkably ingenious parody upon the "Raven," entitled "A Hazy Vision." The editorial department covers considerable space, and is ably conducted. The exchange editor devotes considerable time and space to his department. The criticisms are for the most part sound.

The *Tripod* gives us in the March number a portion of the Sophomore prize essay. The subject of the essay is "Hernando Cortez." The article is written in admirable style, and shows that the writer must have spent much time in the careful study of his subject. The poem upon "War" is quite a meritorious production. The *Tripod* devotes considerable space to book reviews. We cannot advocate this plan. We do not attempt to prove that the practice of reviewing a book and writing a criticism upon it, is not a good one. But admitting, as all must, that it is a beneficial practice, does it follow that it is incumbent

upon an editor of a college magazine to print book reviews in its columns? These critical notices cannot, certainly, be of very high interest to those who are accustomed to read magazines. Their real value is insignificant. If we wish to know the merits and demerits of a new publication, we should be inclined to read a criticism from one of our leading reviews. The editorials are well written and to the point. There is a chance for improvement in the arrangement of the several departments.

We are sadly disappointed in the *Boston University Beacon*. The first article attains a not very enviable station—deserves neither censure nor praise. The poem entitled "Spoken Thoughts" is written in an odd and harsh metre. The thoughts are not remarkable in themselves, and are very poorly expressed. Effort is too painfully perceptible. We have not the least doubt that the next number of the *Beacon* will be an improvement upon the present, but we earnestly hope that it will not pass us such unpalatable food as "Jack and Jill," etc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—Eds.]

Editors of the Student :

What has been through our Reading Room, a whirlwind, an avalanche, or—a raiding band of Sophs?

We have always been proud of the Reading Room, have praised its comforts and facilities, and have taken pleasure in showing it to our friends; but now, how changed! What place about the College during these rainy days, has been more dreary? The few chairs left are legless, or armless, or bottomless, which last remind us of the great Bottomless when we undertake to sit down in them; the stove has been without fire; and the table and racks have been without many of the periodicals we are accustomed to see there.

If it is desired to prevent the Reading Room's becoming a pleasant loafing place, it will prove a grand success. But if the Reading Room is to be an agreeable resort for those students who wish to keep themselves posted on the events of the day, and on the freshest thoughts of modern writers, then it wofully fails of its purpose. Perched on a high stool in a cold room, we fail to derive the least pleasure from Holland, Longfellow, Huxley, or David A. Wells.

GRUMBLER.

[Though our correspondent's criticism is a little sharper than is necessary, we think the condition of the Reading Room might be somewhat improved.—Eds.]

Editors of the Student :

The note on college songs in your last issue meets, we think, with a hearty approval from every son of

Bates; and with a little "more" enthusiasm to lead it on we think the dream of our editors will be realized.

In days of yore, an effort was made to arouse our latent musical talent up to such a point as to *originate* some appropriate songs; and hopes were entertained that some new music, peculiarly Bates in its character, might be the result. It was a failure. But with the genius and talent we now have, let us hope for better things. Will not the class about to graduate set the example by leaving a song? They are perfectly able to do it, and with the ball thus started, succeeding classes will take the hint and keep it rolling.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

LOCALS.

"'80."

"'81."

"Disperse."

How are you, Mayor?

'81 has a new member.

L. M. Perkins has joined '79.

Summer term began April 9th.

Tom "combs" them at bowling.

Father Anchises is the only absent Junior.

The Juniors were much pleased with Prof. Stanley's interesting night lectures and experiments in electricity.

Latest—cremation of the College cat.

Sore fingers are now in abundance on the hands of the coming baseball men.

A Junior translated "*Thu' auf, mein Kind!*" "Brace up, my child!" Roaring applause.

Still the Preps. are conspicuous in the Gym., and Yaggers abound in considerable numbers on Sundays.

At the recent Sophomore Exhibition it was amusing to see a Professor enfolded in the embrace of Morpheus.

Two Seniors have established a telegraph line between their rooms. Why is there not more of this good thing in vogue?

One of the three Sophs who were rusticated near the close of last term for being concerned in the cane rush has returned.

Eighteen of the Sophomores are taking Calculus, while the remainder of the class take French. Those who elect French are reading Cinna.

At a Junior recitation a flunker was presented with a comb by one of his neighbors, which caused the Prof. to smile audibly. What did that mean?

Prof. Stanley gave a very interesting exhibition with the Magic Lantern to the Seniors and Juniors one evening last term. Some of the lower-classmen felt hurt at not being admitted.

The Sunday afternoon prayer meetings are interesting. Every student should attend.

The Sophs and Fresh had a little cane rush lately, but the Freshmen succeeded in retaining their cane.

A Soph translated "*Pour boire!*" "Will you have a drink?" Then came smile of Prof. and howls of Sophs.

We think the practice of setting fires on the Campus is altogether too boyish. We shall be glad to see it abandoned.

The grading of the grounds this side of Nichols Hall, which has been going on for several weeks, is soon to be ended.

Prex. (sternly)—"Who cut down that tree?" T. (penitently)—"I can not tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet."

Many of the students extended their vacation beyond Fast Day, and thus failed to put in an appearance the first week.

Prof. in Political Economy—"What is meant by 'crooked whiskey'?" Junior—"Don't know; (*sub voce*) always take mine straight."

So it falls out that the STUDENT Editors can read after all. Not Latin, oh, no! they don't lay claim to that, but English—*just a little*. Let him that runs, read.

Hereafter examination papers will be prepared by the Examining Committee instead of by the Professors,

as formerly. Examinations will occur at the close of each term, and will be entirely conducted by the Committee.

The exciting events at the close of the Sophomores' declamations so completely occupied the minds of the students for several days that the usual criticisms of the parts were forgotten.

The present members of the base-ball team have done considerable work in the Gymnasium during the present Spring. They have taken more exercise than our base-ball men have ever taken heretofore.

Saturday, April 13th, was the first day of the present season that the base-ball diamond was sufficiently dry to allow playing upon it. Rainy weather has kept off players for a week longer than was expected.

The Faculty recently voted that all public exercises of the College shall hereafter be held at the College Chapel, with the exception of the exercises of Commencement. Now the Sophs can better check Freshman precocity—and maintain their own dignity.

A few days after the cane fracas between '80 and '81 we noticed a party of gamins on the steps of the Church, the place of the above affair, struggling over a stick and filling the air with cries of "'80," "'81," and other familiar shouts. We commend their powers of imitation.

Never, we think, have the exhibitions at the College Chapel called out such large audiences as during the past year. We don't claim that "that little joke" in the Fall of '76 is the cause of this increase; but it must be granted that the affair has not, as so many wiseacres predicted, kept the public away.

The Eurosophian Literary Society has in its possession a small statue which is one of the first pieces worked by Simmons, Maine's most distinguished sculptor, and which was presented by him to the Society. The name of the piece is "The News Boy," and it is regarded by the Society as a real treasure.

We approve of co-education, 'course we do. But when we see a Freshwoman going from recitation attended on each side by one of her big classmates, with two Seniors closely following, and with two Juniors and a Sophomore at scarcely a respectful distance behind, we begin to wish the thing was a little more evened up.

'78 has failed in its negotiations with the Faculty to obtain a renewal of the old custom whereby the last four weeks of the summer term were given to the Seniors, which custom was abolished by the new College Laws. However, they have but two exercises per day, and thus obtain the whole afternoon, which is granted them for the preparation of graduating parts.

The science of telegraphy has

just reached a grand climax! The dreams of Samuel Morse have been more than realized! Two Seniors stretch a wire between their rooms and attach to it the necessary apparatus. They attempt to transmit a message, but in their failure they employ a third Senior to accompany and explain the intended message. O, wonderful improvement! Where is the glory of the inventors of the past beside that just won by two Bates Seniors?

During the closing weeks of last term, several little things happened which demonstrated somebody's keen appreciation of the cunning. What a master mind at planning, what a skillful hand in execution, what a brave heart, it must have required to take the Bible and song-books from the Chapel in the sombre hours of night! But what was gained? The Profs., we notice, read readily without the Bible, and the choir with very little trouble procured books enough. The taking of the Bible has happened some dozen of times in our recollection, and is getting rather stale. The transportation of Maney's carts to the Gymnasium was another cunning affair of which few knew, but the damage of which will appear on the students' term bills. If one must cut up something, let him show wit or daring, that we may laugh or admire. If we must pay for jokes let us have them rich. In other words, if we must pay the fiddler, let us dance.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BROWN.

The Physical Laboratory rejoices in a new two-horse power Petroleum Engine that cost three hundred dollars.

Professor Lincoln has very kindly consented to devote an hour a week to reading Faust before his class.

The crew of '81 has challenged the crew of '80 to row a race in six-oared shells on the Seekonk, distance three miles, some time in June, and the challenge has been accepted. It is rumored around College that the Sophomores will challenge the Juniors, and that they will also take part in the race.

CORNELL.

The *Era* condemns the late hazing affair at Princeton.

The Sixth Annual Reception of the Cornell Navy was a great success.

A reply to the acceptance of the Harvard Challenge is anxiously awaited.

A new feature has been added to Class Day exercises. '78 is to procure what is to be known as a Class Pipe, which is to be transmitted from one class to another with appropriate ceremonies on Class Day.

DARTMOUTH.

The Juniors will prepare essays upon ten subjects, which will take the place of an examination in Rhetoric.

The Seniors will have three weeks of vacation before Commencement.

HARVARD.

Twelve or fifteen Freshmen are in training for the race with Cornell.

An elective in German Literature will be given next year by Prof. Bartlett.

Out of the twenty-one base-ball games played with Yale, Harvard has won eight.

Thayer, '78, has obtained a patent from Washington for his invention of the catcher's mask.

It has been arranged that the base-ball championship between Harvard and Yale for next year shall be decided by a series of five games.

YALE.

'79 has Chaucer under Prof. Beers.

There are fourteen candidates for the nine.

The Junior Greek elective numbers fifteen.

Pres. Porter will soon deliver a course of lectures on the choice of a profession.

Pres. Porter has written a sketch of the life of his father, Rev. Noah Porter, D.D.

Prof. Whitney lately delivered a lecture on the Early History of the English Language.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yale has 507 students.

Boston University has 670 students.

Every Senior at Trinity is required to write a poem 100 lines long.

There are 1016 students in Oberlin College.

Cornell University has 40,000 acres of land in Wisconsin.

Illinois now has 23,000 teachers and there are 750,000 students entrusted to their care.

Bowdoin is represented in the Maine Legislature by eight of her Alumni.

Dr. Andrews, of Marietta, has taught forty consecutive years, all but one of them in Ohio, and in the college of which he is the honored and useful President.

The Ohio Wesleyan University is the recipient of a donation of \$30,000 from the hands of Mr. Truman Hillyer, of Columbus, for the purpose of establishing a Chair in the University, to be known as the Hillyer Chair of English Language and Literature.

Tuition fees of various colleges differ as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90 to \$95; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$150 to \$170; Minnesota, \$5.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of the University of Michigan have decided to abolish the Commencement appointments for this year as an experiment. Instead of the usual ten appointees from the Senior class, a committee of

the Faculty have been appointed to secure an orator to deliver the address. The Faculty have also resolved not to graduate any students who may on Class Day act with disrespect toward the Faculty.

CLIPPINGS.

Mr. Moody—"Are you in search of the Lord, my friend?" Stranger—"No, I ain't! I'm looking for that blasted fool that stole my hat!"

Student (in discussion)—"Professor, I rise to a point of information." Prof.—"You may state your point, sir." Student—"May I be excused from class?"—*Ex.*

When Englishmen first gaze upon Niagara they exclaim: "By Jove!" Western men say: "Thunder!" people from the rural districts: "By Jimmenie!" and the brides—bless 'em—say: "O hold me, Gwarge!"

"I know what your beau's pretty horse's name is," said a little boy to his sister, Saturday morning. "It's Damyé." "Hush Eddie, that's a naughty word." "Well, I don't care, that's his name, 'cos last night I heard him say outside the fence, 'Whoa, Damyé.'"—*Yale Courant.*

It is a beautiful starry night, and the Seniors are out singing. 1st Senior who studies Astronomy—"Look up there, and see how beautiful Orion looks." 2d Senior, who

does not study Astronomy, but who has a streak of Irish blood—"Is that O'Ryan? Thank the Lord, then there is one Irishman in Heaven anyhow."—*Berkeleyan*.

An Irishman's Opinion of a Yankee. —"Bedad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin', an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

The Juniors had experiments in Physics last week. Professor, with a heavily charged leyden-jar in his hand, completes the circuit with the class and receives with them a violent shock. Prof.—"Young gentlemen, it is a fact worthy of notice, that the electricity effects most, that part which is weakest. Now I observe Mr. C. immediately place his hand upon his heart." Mr. C. (*sub voce*)—"Professor, what made you put your hand to your head?"

Two Germans, fresh from Cincinnati, visited New York, and one well acquainted with the city invited his friend to Delmonico's where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine was ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of \$11 was presented. This they considered an extortion. They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend then said, "Do not shwear. God has punished dot man Delmonico." "How?" "I have my pocket full mit spoons."—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'70.—I. Goddard is still practicing dentistry in Lewiston, under the firm title of Goddard & Brann. He is a member of the City Council.

'72.—Prof. F. W. Baldwin not long since delivered a lecture—subject, Self Culture—for the Lyceum Course at Blackstone, Mass. Rev. C. A. Bickford, '72, G. E. Smith, '73, and N. W. Harris, '73, have each lectured in the same course. The above lectures were given at the Free Baptist Church, of which Rev. T. G. Wilder, '72, is the very successful Pastor.

'72.—G. E. Gay is still confined to his bed. He was taken sick in the fall of 1875. His P. O. address is Concord, N. H.

'73.—Charles Davis has quite lately graduated from Detroit (Mich.) Medical College.

'73.—J. P. Marston, who for some time held the position of Principal of the High School, Wiscasset, Me., has been elected Principal of Bath High School.

'73.—The newspapers of Denver, Col., gave a flattering report of a lecture delivered by Prof. J. H. Baker in that city, not long ago. The subject of the lecture was "Force." It was the closing lecture of a course arranged by the High School Lyceum, of which school Mr. Baker is the very successful Principal.

'73.—Freedom Hutchinson, Esq., for the two past years, has been doing the law business for Farnsworth & Conant, Law and Collector Office, No. 11 Court street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Hutchinson has been very successful at the Suffolk Bar.

'73.—E. A. Smith has gone to Europe to be present at the Paris Exhibition.

'73.—L. R. White, a last year's graduate of Harvard Medical School, is practicing medicine at Burlington, Iowa.

'75.—Geo. Oak is stopping at his home in Garland, Me., temporarily. He will return to Boston in the fall to commence the practice of Law in that city.

'75.—A. M. Spear has been chosen a member of the Examining Committee of the College to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of M. A. Way, class of '74.

'76.—R. J. Everett has been engaged to remain another year in his present position as Principal of the Academy at South Paris, Me.

'77.—P. R. Clason was recently elected Principal of the High School at Gardiner, Me.

'77.—Died, of consumption, in West Buxton, March 16th, 1878, Alanson Bean Merrill. One of his classmates thus writes of him:

"In the death of Mr. Merrill the class of '77 has lost one of its most promising men. The history of his entire college

course, and indeed of his life, may be written in the words, perseverance and fidelity. In every branch of study Mr. Merrill's work was conscientiously faithful, his aim seeming to be to master, as far as possible, every subject with which he came in contact. This characteristic at once placed him among the first scholars in the class, and what is of far greater importance, gave promise of enduring usefulness in after life. He fitted for college at Nichols Latin School, in which institution, during his College course, he was a successful teacher until his health failed.

"The first symptoms of consumption appeared during the Sophomore year, but in spite of constantly failing health he maintained his standing in the class until the winter term of the Senior year, when, in compliance with medical advice, he left College. Even then he clung to the never-realized hope that after a little rest he should be able to return and graduate.

"As a slight testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by the College authorities, he was given a first part on the Commencement programme, though unable to speak, and received his diploma with his class. Of the last days of his life his pastor writes, as follows: 'He was confined to his bed only for a short time, and his sickness was comparatively a painless one until within a few days of his death. His desire for life was naturally very strong, yet when he found that he must die, he met death with the composure of a Christian. He made all preparations as calmly and rationally as though he were only going on a journey to another country. He bade his friends farewell, and said if it were possible he would be glad to send a message to each one of his classmates.'"

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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THE
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VOL. VI.

MAY, 1878.

No. 5.

THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES IN COLLEGE.

BY E. H. BESSE, '77.

IN any course of study designed to fit men for usefulness, the study of the Physical Sciences must have a prominent place. First, because in such studies a large amount of practical knowledge is gained.

In all the professions there is a wide and constantly increasing demand for scientific knowledge. In the legal profession this demand is increasing every day. How often does it happen that the pivotal point of important cases is settled by an appeal to Chemistry or Comparative Anatomy. In which cases both counsel and judge need a practical acquaintance with these sciences in order to make the best use of the testimony of experts, and to fully comprehend its bearing on the case.

But what is true in the legal profession is doubly true of the ministry. No man is fully prepared for the ministry, or, indeed, for the fullest enjoyment of a Christian life, who has not a working acquaintance with

every branch of Physical Science. In the first place the strongest proof, aside from consciousness, that there is any God is found in the discoveries of Physical Science. Moreover, nearly every year discoveries are being made in Geology or Bigology that bring a new revelation of God, or add something to what is already revealed. Prof. Dana eloquently says, "The whole world, indeed, seems to have been made almost a material manifestation in multitudinous forms, of the elements of man's own spiritual nature, that it might thereby give wings to the soul in its heavenward aspirings;" and Prof. Agassiz saw in every form of nature an "embodied thought of the Creator." And only when Christian men and ministers read God's oldest revelation of himself with something of the spirit and learning of these men can they reach the highest plain of Christian knowledge, and hence of Christian usefulness. Even Prof. Huxley, in

rather strong language, affirms that "True science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis."

David spoke scientifically when he said: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." And the preacher who reads David, but is not taught to read the works of which he wrote, is shut out from a great store-house of knowledge touching the very being whose character he desires to exemplify and explain.

Concerning the professions of teaching and of medicine it would be useless to attempt to prove that a person who follows either needs, nay must have, a thorough knowledge of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Biology. This is a fact made patent by experience, and will be denied by no reasonable person.

Now, in case of the college graduate, the need of scientific acquirements, which is common to all the professions, must be met during the College course or not at all, at least not without a post graduate course in addition to the attendance on the professional school chosen. When urging that the future usefulness of the things learned ought to have more weight in shaping the college curriculum, we are often

met by the assertion that the various professional schools give all the practical instruction needed by their respective students.

But where is the Law School in which even a *good* knowledge of Chemistry or Comparative Anatomy can be obtained except by extra work? How many Theological Schools include Geological and Biological investigation in their course of study? Though the science of Theology is based in a great measure on these very investigations.

We have, indeed, Normal Schools for training teachers, where the sciences are taught. But Normal Schools, as a rule, have neither the apparatus, illustrative cabinets, or Professors of ability, such as are found, or ought to be found, in every College that hopes to keep anywhere near abreast of the times.

In the Medical School alone is found a preparation for such instruction in Physical Science as is needed by all its students. From these facts it is evident that in College only can a knowledge of science be obtained which is in any degree adequate to prepare the scholar for intelligent work in life. Therefore, it follows that Colleges which aim to fit their students for the highest usefulness to their age will make special efforts to impart thorough instruction in Physical Science.

But, second, Physical Science is worthy of a prominent place among college studies, because of its disciplinary value. The prominence

which the Classics and higher Mathematics have been allowed in educational work has long been justified in part by their usefulness in mental discipline. But neither of them can stand for a moment a rigid comparison with any branch of natural science in this particular, if each is taught with equal fidelity and common sense.

Now the basis of all mental ability is the power of discrimination. The undisciplined mind of the infant makes no discriminations. All objects at first impress it alike, and we say of the child, it notices nothing. But soon its eye will become fixed on some object, perhaps your hand moving before it, and that moment its education begins. It has discriminated your hand from all other objects around it. So soon as it becomes able to discriminate with sufficient clearness it begins to remember, and throughout its life its power to remember is always limited by its power to discriminate. Now any one at all familiar with the principles of classification in the natural sciences, will see at once the value of their study in training the mind to discriminate readily and clearly. Alexander Bain says, "The great practical aid to the discovery and the retention of difference is immediate succession," or comparison, and that the most profitable method of comparison is that in which "both *differences* and *agreements* have to be noted." Where, now, can these conditions be more completely met than

in the studies of Botany, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoölogy?

Take an illustration from Botany: We have a flower in our hand which we will suppose belongs to the rose family of plants, but in order to verify this supposition we must, with the utmost care, compare every part of our plant with a carefully written description of the family genus and species to which it will be found to belong. And when this comparison is completed, and the flower identified, even if it was but an ordinarily, doubtful flower, an aching head will often bear witness that the discipline was reasonably severe, beside meeting the conditions laid down by Mr. Bain.

But when we consider the amount of this kind of practice which the student gets in all the really scientific work in the branches mentioned, it is evident that a discipline is obtained in their study which is but little known in the study of the Classics, and almost entirely wanting in that of Mathematics. Moreover, the study of the Classics is especially valued for its tendency to strengthen the memory. But Physical Science is at least their equal here. In Astronomy, for example, what a field is there for cultivation. Every night its constantly changing panorama of unnumbered glories invites to study, imparts inspiration, and fills the thoughtful student with awe. The strongest intellect will find abundant work for its memory in the study of the galaxy alone.

Consider also the vast number of phenomena, past and present, exhibited by the earth, and treated of in Geology. Their grandeur must transfix the most sluggish mind, and leave undying impressions on the memory. Connected with this study are almost unnumbered facts and theories of surpassing interest, affording an intellectual feast in the very act of memorizing.

The principles and laws to be studied under light, heat, sound, or electricity, and the facts to be remembered in connection with each, require no slight exertion of mind, while the compounds, being daily discovered by Chemistry and the atomic constitution of each, can be remembered only by the Professor, whose life-work it is to study them. But when we come to the branches of organic science the work for memory is well nigh endless. Between two and three hundred thousand species of plants, with all their varying characteristics, engage the attention of the botanist, while millions of species of the animal kingdom, with all their variations of structure, habits, and distribution, open an unlimited field for exercising the memory. Touching the power of judgment and of discursive thought, it could be satisfactorily shown that Physical Science affords excellent discipline for both. Not, however, without infringing upon the rights of other contributors to this number of the *STUDENT*. But perhaps a word upon the authority of Herbert

Spencer may serve instead of proof. This distinguished educator and thinker makes the unqualified statement, "That for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value," and he adds, "Whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the study of surrounding phenomena is immensely superior to the study of Grammars and Lexicons."

But let it be understood that much of the value of scientific studies, whether in usefulness in after life or in mental discipline, depends on the manner in which they are taught. This value can never be seen by requiring the student to memorize a text-book, but is only realized as the result of personal experiment and investigation. Even as an actual view of a beautiful landscape is more impressive than the most glowing description of the same, so the phenomena of science produce their most beneficial effects only through the medium of actual experience. When studied aright, science, in the words of the late Prof. Tenney, is fruitful in "securing to its true and faithful votaries a spirit of earnest inquiry, habits of patient and accurate observation, careful comparison, vigorous and logical thought, and power of broad generalization; and dealing as it does with the highest expressions of matter and of life, its study is eminently adapted to enlarge our ideas of creation, and of the great Author of Nature."

MY APGAR.

BY J. R. NORTH, '77.

ONE rainy day I sat me down,
To con my Apgar o'er;
And on its pages, there I found
Of memories a store.

Here, of the "Fringed Polygala"
A full description tells;
And not alone of root and leaf,
But mossy banks and dells.

I read more than the penciled words
Of flower and fruit and seed;
They bring to mind a May day spent
In a far-off flowery mead.

"Jack in the Pulpit" preaches now,
Sermons I gladly hear,
Of "College grove" and happy days,
To all of us so dear.

But what is this! My eyes are dim,
I close my book and sigh;
And put away this link that binds
To happy days gone by.

THE HIGHER MINISTRY OF NATURE.

BY W. H. J., '80.

CULTURE is man's highest privilege and duty. To purify and enlarge his God-given faculties, reason and religion pronounce to be the objects of his existence. Nor, indeed, has he been left without the means of culture; and, perhaps, of all the means for his cultivation, not one is more universal or more efficient than Nature. In distinction from Nature's lower ministry, her ministry to the wants of the body, her higher ministry is to the soul. It is the ministry of influence, of a pure and hallowed influence. Her language, though unspoken, is not unheard. Her accents are wafted in every breeze; they come floating in every

sunbeam. Her music is trilled in babbling brook, or chanted in the awful thunder.

To the poet, especially, how beautiful is the ministry of Nature. Poetry is, indeed, the child of Nature. Through her ministry, the poet clothes his abstract imaginings with expressive language, and thus appeals to the understanding and the heart.

Painting, too, twin sister to Poetry, owns herself the child of Nature. So all those pure, calm, and refined inspirations which come from paintings and poetry, inspirations that stir human feeling deepest and give the heart best culture and direction, we must refer to the higher ministries of Nature.

The influence of Nature, too, in the development of spiritual and religious feeling is remarkable no less for its power than for its underlying this great truth, namely, that God's own spirit and the spirit of his works are, in sentiment, one.

Examples of the spiritual influence of Nature are to be found on every page of religious history. In training His early people, God seems to have taken Nature as His school of discipline. Moses, though "skilled in all the arts of the Egyptians," was disciplined in this school during forty years. David, the man after God's own heart, acquired his discipline for kingship as a shepherd boy on the hills of Bethlehem, where "He drank in from unsophisticated Nature that pure inspiration which,

under the control of Divine wisdom, made him afterwards the best of religious lyric poets, the Anacreon and Horace of sacred song." But further and perhaps later, is illustrated the spiritual influence of Nature in the case of heathen nations. Heathen mythology is little else than a tribute of mistaken religious feeling to the beauties and wonders of Nature.

How good, then, is the thought that where there is no revelation, God's providence has placed an open book of Nature whose teaching and influence is kindred with the Bible! How efficient, too, does that influence work! The conscience-smitten old Greek would hear in the pealing thunder the warning voice of God. The untutored Indian would see in an eclipse the hiding of the face of the Great Spirit.

These observations show us that Nature's ministry is a most noble one; that its influence reaches the very springs of our being, making our best thoughts better, and driving away our evil ones; and that to the conscience void of offence, the stars shine brighter and the sunshine seems warmer.

If such be the influence imparted by a communion with the higher beauties of Nature, no less interesting is the thought, that these beauties have been distributed with an impartial hand. They are in reach of all. It may not be that God has piled up Alpine summits for every one to look at, or that he has made

the grand old ocean roll its surf at every one's door. True, he has not clothed the whole earth with torrid luxuriance and beauty. Each part has its special beauties; and in the Polar regions, with all their dreariness and frost, he has arched an even more beautiful firmament, as if he would make up the lack of the beauty of earth with the beauty of heaven.

But to rightly understand the language of Nature and receive the full import and blessing of her ministry, our own hearts must be right. As the viol, when played with other instruments, must be tuned to harmonize with them, so must our hearts be rightly tuned, if their music would chord with those grand organ strains that flow beneath the touch of the Great Organist. But viewing Nature with a right heart, we cannot fail to be interested with

her variety and simplicity, to be enraptured with her beauty and harmony, and to be lifted out of self and selfishness into communion with the spirit of her great Author.

How strongly, then, are we urged to study Nature. We cannot, indeed, all of us be poets or painters. With them, we suppose Nature has a closer and sweeter intercourse. But unless we are wholly shut to every sentiment of tenderness and beauty, the voices of Nature, whether whispered in the sunbeam or echoed in the thunder, will not fail to find within our hearts responsive utterance:

For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new
delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it
wore,
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is
good.

AN OBELISK.

BY S. A. P.

GRIM guardian of the centuries past,
Witness of empires' fall;
Proud in unconquered strength, thou art
Untouched, unmoved by all.

Yet near thee brave hearts have bled,
And thou hast seen them die,
Hast heard the rush, the shock of arms,
Then, faint, the warrior's cry.

Hast seen, fast by harsh chariot wheels,
 The vanquished, dragged in pain;
 And women weeping o'er their dead,
 Pale corpses of the slain.

Ah! yes, the past is thine to keep;
 Of secrets wierd thou hast the key,
 And of the future's mystic age
 Thou knowest more than we,

Or will know soon; for, of thy time,
 A moment brief is our short day,—
 Too short to warn of coming age,
 Or trace a furrow on thy gray.

BORES.

SOMEWHERE, at some time, and by some one—or is it a conceit of my own fancy, dressed by lapse of time in the garb of reality?—it has been said that Addison and his contemporaries anticipated, in their writings, every possible subject for treatment in the essay style of composition. I cannot tell if Addison ever treated the subject of Bores. I am sure, if he did, that he handled the theme wisely and well, and yet at a great disadvantage compared with one who studies the characteristics of the same class of animals at the present day. The bore of Addison's time, an embryo bore, a gimlet, so to speak, has since developed into the full-grown bore, the auger. There may have been troublesome

fellows in his day, but the acme of pestering has never been reached till this afternoon of the nineteenth century. The ingenuity with which these creatures ply their trade is almost human. The varied character of their manifestations is a never-ceasing wonder.

I pass by the bolder members of the class, the interviewers, the insurance agent, and the cremationist, who wants the first mortgage on your body, and come to some of the more modest, but none the less annoying, practitioners. I confine myself to a single division of the class, for whose members I can invent no better name than that of Albummers. Their operations are mostly carried on, I think, in a certain school with which I was once connected. I entered,

one morning, upon a professorship in the school referred to innocently enough. Next day, a smiling miss handed me a little book of peculiar shape, with the request, "Will you please give me your autograph?" "Thank you, really, you do me great honor," was my unsuspecting reply.

I venture to say that there are few harder tasks in the world for a young man than the legible writing of his name—let me hasten to qualify the phrase—in a book fresh from hands of maiden whiteness. Imagine, then, my dismay when I discovered that I was expected to give written answers to such questions as these: "Who is your favorite poet?" "At what hour of the day do you prefer to read?" "What epoch in the world's history would you choose to live in?" and so on through a long list of equally senseless interrogatories. As if I knew who my favorite poet is! Why, one might as well ask me what disease I prefer to die of!

However, being in love with all mankind, that night I answered the first question by writing, "Longfellow;" the second, "When the evening lamps are lighted;" and the third, "The present." The remainder of the list being filled out in the same vein, I came at once into great favor among my fair pupils.

"How patriotic he is!" said Jennie Morse. "How national! so to speak. I expected he would say he liked Shakespeare best. These col-

lege fellows always do like Shakespeare. For my part, I never could see why. And then he says he is glad to be living in this age. Well, I don't see why he shouldn't be. He is getting as good a salary as he could expect, and, I am sure, he needn't be homesick here among us girls!"

I ought to have preserved a copy of the questions, with my first list of answers; I ought to have said to each successive applicant: "Go to Grace Dupont: she has my views on these subjects. Copy them and I will sign my name at the bottom." I ought to have done anything except what I did do, for the sake of my reputation for honesty. But I could not remember who was my favorite poet of the day before, and my very conscientiousness brought down upon me the stigma of frivolity. Thus, simply because in truth to myself, at different times I appended to question number one every name in the category of the world's poets, I was accused of trifling. The same charge was preferred because I happened to mention every hour of the twenty-four as the one at which I particularly delighted to read. At the last, there was more regularity in my replies to the third query. I wrote, "Any epoch, if it only is ended."

When I made written declaration that I would prefer, of all places, to make my abode in Fogytown, I was voted a man of good taste; but

when, at another time, I suggested Boston as my preference, the idea was scouted by all the citizens of the village. The brunettes were offended because I professed to admire blondes; the blonde, because I vowed I loved brunette.

Now, it so chanced that there was in the school a young miss whose complexion was of a very undecided character. I used to doubt, myself, whether she could more be properly called a blonde or a brunette. She had, however, a very sweet, gentle face, and her eyes! why, it was better than a sermon on faith to look into them! I confess that the subject of beauty always called up her image, and as often as I thought her dark, I wrote "brunette;" and when I thought her light, "blonde." I suppose I did set down Lucy as my favorite name as often as any other. I suppose I did say that woman pleased me most when she was modest, yet self-possessed and eager to learn. I know I often acknowledged that I admired scarlet; that I doted on the rose; that Jockey-Club was the sweetest of perfumes. At all events, the

good mothers of Fogytown began to whisper that the young teacher was getting pretty thick with Lucy Hart. Now I protest it was all those confounded albums! No one had ever heard me say that Lucy Hart was the prettiest name in the world,—or, at most, only one, and she did not seem to be so much alarmed about it as many another.

In vain I pleaded, through my friends, that no reliance was to be placed on those detestable albums, by their own showing. The regular recurrence of "Lucy," "Jockey-Club," "scarlet," and "the rose," beside the Homers, Schillers, and Walt Whitmans at the head of the list, was against me; and when the end of the year came around, I was quietly dropped.

As the School Treasurer passed me my dues, he smiled and said: "You are the first victim of the album-mers. The world is advanced by the avoidance of just such mistakes as yours. Publish your experience, and rejoice that you have been chosen as a warning to the race."

I have tried to follow his advice. But *rejoice*? I cannot do that yet.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THIS number of the STUDENT ends its first half-year under the care of the present Editors. We have worked hard to make it interesting to every subscriber, and to have it represent not the interests of '79 alone, but the interests of the whole College. However successful we may have been in this attempt, yet we feel that the STUDENT has not been the publication which the only organ of Bates should or might be.

Having the interests of the STUDENT deeply at heart, we feel that a hearty effort should be made to raise its standing, and to enlist in its behalf the co-operation of Faculty, Alumni, and students. At present, to a great extent, both Alumni and Undergraduates care too little whether the STUDENT is good, bad, or indifferent. We are willing to admit, however, that this indifference is undoubtedly due, in a great measure, to the present plan of publishing the STUDENT. And we write this note with the special purpose of calling attention to some of the defects of the present plan.

Although we are not aware that any special difficulty has been experienced in the past in collecting money from subscribers and adver-

tisers, yet in case of a refusal of any party to pay such money, under the present loose system not a dollar could be collected.

Now the financial prosperity of the STUDENT is necessary to its success as a magazine. This prosperity can only be secured by forming an Association and obtaining a Charter. If this plan of putting the STUDENT under the control of such an Association meet with general favor, steps can be taken so that a Charter can doubtless be obtained at the next session of the State Legislature. But there are still other reasons why an Association should be formed. As now conducted the STUDENT is published by a single class. The Editors are chosen from the Junior Class, beginning their work with the January number and continuing it through the last half of the Junior year and the first half of the Senior year. Although we think no class has ever conducted the STUDENT in the sole interest of itself, yet we are assured that a more general interest would be taken in the STUDENT, and greater efforts be made in its behalf if it were removed from the control of a single class and placed under the direction of an Association of the several classes.

The Editors, we think, should then, as now, be appointed by the Faculty, or if any change is made by the old board. This latter plan of electing, is the one adopted in many colleges. But in which ever way the Editors are appointed, let them be taken from at least two classes; and in every case men should be selected with special reference to their ability and disposition to work. Further, another should be added to the present number of Editors. Five are none too many to do well the work which the *STUDENT* justly demands, and at the same time to take nothing from their regular college work.

If two classes only are represented on the Editorial Board, we suggest that they be the Junior and Senior classes. But whatever plan is adopted in regard to the representation of the classes, the interests of the *STUDENT* imperatively demand a change in the time of the accession of the Editors. Now, an entirely new Board come in with the January number; the very worst time of the year,—a time when nothing of interest is taking place at the College, and besides this, a time when half of the Editors are generally absent. So the first number of each volume becomes a nightmare to the one or two Editors present, is always behind time, and half the time ends in a fizzle.

To overcome this difficulty, we suggest that a part of the Board

begin their work with the Fall Term and the remainder with the Spring Term. In this way, experienced men will be on the Board at all times, and many errors, which a new Board unavoidably fall into, will be saved.

We are aware that these views will encounter opposition; for it is hard to change an established custom. But we believe that every one who holds the interests of the *STUDENT* above individual and class interests, will lend a hearty support to this movement. If the plan can not be put into operation this year, it can next. We hope that the matter will receive its proper attention from Faculty, Alumni, and Students, and we invite the members of each of these three classes to express their views upon this change through the "Correspondence" column of the *STUDENT*.

The last few numbers of the *STUDENT* have contained some articles of a lighter cast than those heretofore published. We have been somewhat criticized for publishing them. Yet, on the whole, we think they have been well received. At least we propose to publish one or more articles of this stamp in each future number, in preference to essays of a more "solid" character. Our reasons for this preference are as follows:

Although the style of articles previously published, may have more literary merit, yet literary merit is

not the object for which the great majority of the STUDENT readers search its pages. Were they seeking for this, they would look elsewhere. Our readers generally pass by the essays on abstract themes, and read only the lighter articles. Therefore we shall endeavor to supply more of this kind of reading.

Some people, somewhat connected with the College, seem to think that the STUDENT ought to maintain about the same rank as the *North American Review*; and that nearly as many people look eagerly forward to its every issue, to have the disputes of theology, literature, and finance definitely settled. Perhaps these views are correct; but college journalism must be, from its nature, to a great extent, raw and crude; therefore we believe that it should be confined to a sphere proportionate to its merits.

We desire not to convey the impression that the STUDENT does not and should not contain articles of solid worth. On the contrary, we believe that it has contained articles of whose literary merits, as an exchange said, "it may well be proud"; and, further, we are glad to receive and publish such articles. But, owing to the fact that the number of the readers of such contributions is small when compared with the readers of the more "breezy" columns, we think that one or two such articles are sufficient for each number, and that the remainder of the

Literary Department should be filled with something that will be more willingly read.

It is our present purpose to notice the criticisms usually passed upon two classes of students, wherein much injustice is done to each class. Upon entering college a student is generally classed with the "good boys" or with the "jolly fellows," as some are fond of distinguishing them. Although we consider this distinction arbitrary and cannot imagine such a division that every student would be included in one or the other of the parties, for the present, however, we accept this distinction and will speak of the misjudgments of each division.

We have been accustomed to hear such epithets as "pet," "good boy," "Prof," "Faculty sneak," &c., heaped upon the heads of certain students. By an unsparing use of such epithets, by attributing good rank to regular church attendance, and by an abundant outpouring of sarcasm, are some accustomed to sharpen their wit and display their cunning.

These insults are often carried so far as to destroy the peace of him who is the recipient of these offerings. All this is the result not of an honest conviction but of prejudice and envy. The class which thus receives much censure is composed of earnest and faithful workers, young men of good characters and noble aspirations. What honors

they win by merit is often attributed to Faculty-serving. But not one in ten of this class would be so likely to "blow" or say aught of harm against a fellow-student as he who sneers at good standing. They who are accustomed to exhaust their sarcasm upon this party, have more confidence in the judgment and manliness of those they seem to despise than in that of their own numbers. He who is ever crying "plug" to the one who is the most faithful, admires that faithfulness and envies the application which he does not possess. For who is so deep in the ruts of laziness as not to believe in sincere labor? And who does not regard application and faithfulness as the tests of character and the means of success? Although this class of students may not look with much benevolence upon the frivolities of other students, although they may incur the displeasure of others by their unreasonable acts; still they have a right to their opinions and are not in the least open to the criticisms usually passed upon them.

The class known by their careless air and jolly laugh are in turn subject to considerable injustice. A student who, endowed with a great amount of vitality, displays considerable boyishness and frolicsome abandon in exercise, and betrays a fun-loving disposition, is straightway set down by the staid and solemn as one likely to be concerned

in unlawful college scrapes and in dissipated habits. Now we are aware that a lively nature is more prone than a quiet one to yield to temptations, but the evidences of liveliness do not prove the possessor inclined to vices. Often proofs of the opposite are taken as signs of the fault. The lover of exercise can not be dissipated.

The students who exhausts the overflow of animal spirits by exercise is preparing a remedy for natural evil tendencies and forming a defence against low and frivolous things. It is the lazy fellow who inclines to low and sordid tastes. Although the wise and dignified will continue to measure a young man's dignity inversely as the distance he can kick upwards, still we believe that a student who is jovial and fond of sports can be a faithful worker and a worthy scholar. Years of good behavior may fail to convince some wise heads of such students' faithfulness and well meaning; but believe we never can that a laugh at a joke or comical affair is a sign of moral depravity. The outbursts of health are too often taken as proof of a proclivity to perpetrating tricks and furthering forbidden schemes, and even as an indication of a bad character. For our part, we would rather see one wide awake than moping in disgusting laziness.

We have spoken from our own College as a standpoint. The worst

extreme of a college student we have not in our halls. A preacher could not find here a subject with which to lash his congregation, nor could a temperance lecturer procure from our numbers an example to hold up to the horror of his hearers.

No one will deny that the recently organized Christian Association ought to be of especial importance and have a powerful influence among our students. But with meetings so poorly attended as they are at present, the Association will fail entirely of its high purpose. It is for the benefit, not of a few enthusiastic members alone, but of every young man that comes to our College. Its influences should be extended through every class, and help to lay the foundation of characters that will make our graduates noticeable for nobility of purpose and manliness of action.

What can be done to increase the interest? There are numerous reasons for this lack of attendance. Some stay away because they never go to such places; others, because they have received a poor impression of the kind of meetings held previous to the forming of the Association, and think there has been no change; others still (and they are not few in number) do not attend because the meetings are not held in a suitable or pleasant room.

If the first two reasons cannot

be removed directly and at once, at any rate the third can. In the small Chapel, partially lighted, the bare walls, hard floor, dark corners, and vacant seats combine to take away a great part of the pleasure of the most earnest members. How then can we expect the meetings to be enjoyed by outsiders?

A smaller room might be set apart for the exclusive use of the Association. Then if this should be comfortably and pleasantly furnished, we have no doubt that the meetings would be more fully attended, religious interest would be more general among our students, and the Association would have the influence and would receive the appreciation it so surely deserves. Beside furnishing an agreeable place of meeting for all the students, it would serve to bind the members of the Association more closely together. The expense would be moderate, and we think a suitable room could be readily found.

Even if a room could not be spared in Hathorn Hall, there are several in Parker that are not used. If these are too small, two may be made into one. Matting like that on the Reading Room floor would not be very expensive, and would be a vast improvement. A table, a few chairs, settees, and pictures would make the room comfortable and homelike. These articles would cost something, of course, but they are for a worthy purpose, and would

make ample returns in the increased degree of comfort and interest.

Are you tired and dull and brain-weary? Don't throw down your books in disgust, and put on that woe-begone look. See how brightly the moon shines to-night. Get your hat and coat, and come with me. Never mind brushing your hair or straightening your cravat; we are not going to any cozy parlor or brilliant hall, but out of these oppressive brick walls, away from the routine of work, into the freedom of the air and the moon-light.

This way, down College Street. You don't feel like talking? Well, I don't want you to talk or to *think*. Give yourself up to me, and the spell of the hour, and see how quickly the incubus of weariness will vanish.

Main Street is passed and we are turning the corner upon Lisbon. Look out! you will run against somebody if you are not more careful. The gas-light and throngs of people make the street quite brilliant to-night. I see you are better already—you begin to look about you. But don't be turning back for those; they are nothing but factory girls. Here's beauty for you. Which one? Nonsense! I meant this show-window here.

This roar of tongues and feet bewilders me, let us turn down this street. What a change! How weird and solemn the mills seem in their unnatural stillness! For a

wonder there is no disturbance on Lincoln Street to-night. We will go quietly on to the bridge. Were you ever here on the lower bridge before? On a moon-light night it is one of the prettiest places in the city. We are nearly alone, and have nothing to hinder our enjoyment.

See the moon come out from behind that cloud. Through a jagged opening it throws out its light in beams along the water. Ah! your eyes flash; your breath comes quick. You see the dark flood beneath, the path of light beyond, and the shadows along the shores. You mark how accordantly the subdued roar of the city chimes in with the swash of the river against the piers and among the bushes on the banks.

Watch that girl hurrying past us with the cloak held fast about her face. See her stop and, with head leaning on the parapet, look down at the river. Do you suppose those black waters seem inviting to her? The picture is no longer pleasant, let us go. But I see in your very step that you are cured, and will go back to your room and the old tasks with renewed courage and invigorated spirit.

We wish to lay before the students a plan that should, we think, have been put into execution long since. We refer to the publication of an Annual, similar in aim to the Colby *Oracle* and Bowdoin *Bugle*. Since each of the other colleges in

the State issues such an Annual, why should Bates be behind? Certainly we have plenty of talent to publish a first-class sheet of this kind.

The cost need not deter us, for five hundred copies of a forty-page volume—and forty pages is as much as we should need at present—will not cost more than \$75 or \$100. This amount could be easily raised; for if, as we would suggest, '79 and '80 unite in issuing the initial number, the individual expense, should these classes pay the whole, would not be such as to draw very hard on any one's purse-strings. Doubtless, however, many of the Alumni would gladly contribute for its support. This, coupled with the proceeds of its sales and from its advertisements, would make the financial burden for the Annual light indeed.

The Faculty will probably have no objection to such an exponent of the College; for it should be of an entirely unobjectionable character. In fact it would be a real benefit to the College; for it would represent its Faculty, its Alumni, its societies, its students, etc., in their truest light. Moreover, its advent would form another pleasant episode in our now too dull and prosaic life.

We suggest that a petition from the students, for the right to publish such an Annual, be presented to the Trustees at the yearly meeting in June. If this petition is accepted, next fall can then see the advent of the initial number.

We copy the following in regard to the late Benjamin E. Bates from the *Morning Star's* report of the New England Free Baptist Convention, recently held in Boston:

"The Standing Committee recommended the adoption of the following resolutions, presented by Rev. A. Given [Bates, '67]:

That in the death of Benjamin E. Bates, Esq., of this city, the Free Baptist denomination has lost a kind friend and munificent benefactor.

That this Convention expresses its most sincere sympathy with the bereaved family.

That we should endeavor to make the College, which bears his honored name, a fitting tribute to his memory.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, and upon motion of Dr. Cheney, it was voted to forward a copy of the said resolutions to Mrs. B. E. Bates, the widow of the deceased."

EXCHANGES.

One of our latest exchanges is the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*. It has a neat external appearance, and contains much interesting matter. The best articles are, the prize essay upon Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" and a poem read at the 20th anniversary of the Phi Gamma Delta Society. The versification of the poem is melodious and finished.

"The *Hamilton Lit.*," says the *College Mercury*, "bemoans the scarcity of college poetry in its vicinity, and calls upon its poetical friends to 'bestride the steed.' Now, pray don't! but let the dear, harmless

animal flap its long ears in peace. Enough is better than a feast in this case." We fear the *Mercury* does not fully appreciate college poetry, and suspect that poetry is a scarce article with it, as all that appears in the present number is selected. We can hardly place the *Mercury* in the front rank.

There comes to our table from Brooklyn a formidable looking Magazine, under the name of the *Packer Quarterly*. It contains much poetry and more prose. The compositions are all of a high order. The *Quarterly* is exceedingly literary. There is a due proportion of editorial notes, locals, clippings, etc. In its exchange column it reviews everything from the *Illini* to the *Harper's*.

We think the April number of the *Chronicle* the best we have seen. The editorials are well written and occupy quite a portion of the space. The literary articles are exceptionally good. The poem of Schiller's, "The Maiden's Lament," is excellently translated. Some good thoughts are found in the article, "Tempora Mutantur." The writer thinks the time has come when the sciences in our universities should claim the attention heretofore given to the classics. But it might be argued that a university ought to possess facilities for attaining excellence in both branches of study, by allowing them to be optional with the student. The *Chronicle's* columns of clippings and criticisms are well filled.

The first April number of the *Columbia Spectator* bears down quite heavily upon the college authorities for excessive conservatism. This has proved a grievous annoyance to students in various colleges and will probably continue to prove so. It is a disease peculiar to nearly all college faculties, and, though it may be arrested in some cases, it can never be entirely cured. The *Spectator* contains a goodly amount of local news, and its column of other colleges is full to overflowing.

The *Academy Herald*, published by the students of Gould's Academy, is a neatly prepared and creditably written sheet. The Catalogue of the above institution speaks for itself a prosperous condition. We notice among its Alumni many prominent men of our own and other States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

TOLEDO, Ohio.

Editors of the Student:

The advent of the *STUDENT* is always hailed with delight. You little realize how eagerly we turn to the news from our beloved *Alma Mater*, and to the personals and notes from the Alumni. The changes made in the different departments must meet the approval of all, since we now find it what it ought to be, a true college magazine.

You, doubtless, speak of our State as "out West," but all well-bred Ohioans consider their State the center of the United States, and consequently the best part of the world. Men of Toledo, moreover, claim that our city is the *best part of Ohio*.

Our schools are large and well-provided, both with buildings and with teachers. The High School building cost over \$19,000, and our Ward Schools are many of them models of beauty and comfort. Our school property is worth in all about \$700,000. The pupils enrolled in the public schools, for the year, number 7,150, and in the Catholic Schools there are nearly 2,000 more. The corps of teachers numbers 131 in the Public, and 53 in the Catholic Schools. In the High School we have 250 pupils, and, at present, ten teachers.

The history of Toledo is one of thrift and enterprise. Though it is comparatively a new city, yet its wealth and natural facilities have done more for it than many years have done for others. From 3,000 in '50, it has grown to 60,000 in '78. It is strictly a commercial city, and its grain trade—reaching some years as high as 40,000,000 bushels—rivals even that of Chicago. The immense granaries, in which can be stored a million bushels of grain, its fine blocks, well-paved streets, and numerous churches, give it the appearance of a substantial and beautiful city.

Our Opera House will stand comparison with the best theaters in Boston and New York; and the entertainments for the winter have consisted of the best in the country. Booth, Fanny Davenport, Rignold, Raymond, and others have been with us. We have also had opportunity to listen to some of the best concerts and operas.

Our politics are decidedly mixed. The so-called Nationals are in the ascendant, and are carrying things with a high hand at their convention. Solon Chase, a mere pistol in your State, is here, reckoned one of the big guns. The Democratic Legislature, in session at Columbus, have distinguished themselves for almost anything but wisdom and justice. They have passed resolutions of a disgraceful character concerning Sherman and the President, and on all sides are heard cries of "Go home!" "You will kill our party!"

In a recent visit to Columbus, I was especially struck by the beauty of its Public Buildings. The State has spared no expense to make them among the best in the country. They are said to have cost from \$650,000 to \$2,000,000.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum contains, at present, 438 pupils. Through the kindness of the Superintendent, Mr. Fay, we had a pleasant survey of the place. The course of study takes eight years for completion. At graduation, the pupils have some trade, can read and write easily, and

some go into the higher studies. There is also a Blind Asylum, with 156 pupils, and a Lunatic Asylum, with 788 unfortunates. The building for the latter is the largest of its kind in the world. The distance round it is one mile and a quarter. The Idiotic Asylum has 486 inmates, and the Penitentiary has over a thousand. We found the most of the Superintendents and teachers to be men from New England, which perhaps accounts for the excellent management of these institutions.

To teachers that are fortunate enough to find places here, the work would be pleasant and the pay good; but the thirty colleges of Ohio are sending out so many men that applications are thicker than flies on a lump of sugar, or mosquitoes in a Maine swamp. On account of the dullness in business, but few have left their positions during the past three years, and for that reason places are scarce.

Yours, Fraternally,

J. W. S.

LOCALS.

Truthful James has returned.

Ike is funeral orator for the Sophs.

A Junior defined the chewing of the cud as second-hand mastication.

The third and fourth divisions of the Sophomore class are each expected to have a public debate before the close of the present term.

W. H. Judkins serves as Chapel organist during the absence of Miss Pike.

Prof.—“Have you made all up.” Student (thinking of his girl)—“Yes, sir, all made up.”

The Reading Room again looks homelike with its new chairs and other improvements.

A student aroused from sleep by a disturbance in Parker Hall, remarked that P. H. stood for Pandemonium, Hell.

A Senior offers a reward for the apprehension of the rascal who stole his jug of cider. Let us have reform.

We are unable to mention the Orator for Commencement, as we hoped, since he has not yet been procured.

The High School base-ball nine beat the '81 nine, in a game played on the College grounds, May 4th, by a score of 11 to 10.

Persons out of town desiring tickets for Commencement Concert, can obtain them by addressing F. H. Briggs, Auburn, Maine.

The subscribers of the STUDENT who fail to receive a copy at the proper time will oblige us by informing our Business Manager.

The College Choir, by so improving Chapel singing, has had the effect of changing the attendance and behavior of some of the classes much for the better.

Rip and his chum slept soundly on, and had it not been for Rod no bell would have pealed forth a joyful note to dismiss the weary flunkers.

A large lot of trees have been set out on the Campus this spring. A row of elm trees has been placed along the whole front on Skinner Street.

Sophomore coming from Faculty meeting: "I got off all right. They only asked me if I blew horns. If they had said conch, they'd have had me!"

Alumni visitors often speak of the great improvement in the singing at Chapel exercises, since the organization of a choir. Choir, we compliment you.

The Personal column will hereafter follow immediately after the Locals. This charge is made on account of greater convenience both to editors and printers.

The Juniors have completed Zoölogy, and are now taking Chemistry with Prof. Stanley, and Botany with Prof. Hayes. The class was much pleased with the opening lecture in Botany.

At the recent transit of Mercury, several observations of great interest and importance to the scientific world were made by the students, through the telescope—*smoked glass*. The mathematical calculations, when worked out, will be presented in the STUDENT for the benefit of the astronomical public.

First Freshman—"I saw a Junior bisecting a frog and studying Astronomy." Second Freshman (honestly)—"You don't mean Astronomy; you mean Geology." A giggle around the corner.

The College base-ball nine is pretty strong at present, but will play no games until the catcher is in a condition to play. Several games will probably be played before the close of the term.

If any of our readers have the following back numbers of the STUDENT to spare, such a one will do us a favor to send them to us. A fair price will be paid for them. Those wanted are the January number of Vol. I.; and the November number of Vol. II.

The Junior Class may be catalogued as follows: Tom, Mayor or Rip, Father Anchises, Jack, Win, Howd or Potty, Rod or Jo, Kinc, Brudder, Thurs, Mack, Mose, Ote, Perk, Stub 1 or Short Stub, Stub 2 or Long Stub, Mell, Tutt or The Gladiator. Sesh, Mother, Bones, and Mickey have left us.

We have witnessed on several occasions trials at running and jumping, and believe that more interest should be shown in athletic contests. If various contests could be instituted, and an interest thereby awakened, it would not be long before we could have our Field Day as other colleges.

Not long since the penalty for horn-blowing was temporary banishment. Lately, many tried and convicted ones have evaded the punishment. But, behold how great a conflagration a little fire kindleth, and what harsh judgments the lighting of a match calls forth! O Consistency, where hast thou fled?

The Seniors have planted a class tree. The location is in front of Hathorn Hall. Seniors, we wish your tree a prosperous life and a green old age. May it never fall a victim to Tutt's hatchet. We hope that hereafter more attention will be given to planting trees by the several classes, and that appropriate exercises may be instituted.

Those musical extempore concerts on the Campus at twilight are just the thing to "drive dull care away." The strains of "Litoria" wafted over the Campus will cling to the memory of every college boy through the long years of manhood. Then that song of "Going Up" has a peculiarly encouraging significance, although may it not be our lot to go up "on a hyperbola," or "for a contribution." Neither do we wish to ascend "to a Faculty meeting," or in company with "Bain's old Rhetoric," but we will not "trouble" as long as we are borne away from our weariness on the wings of song. Let these occasions be repeated often. Perhaps the Glee Club will favor us with some out-door concerts.

Whence come those noises wild and strange in the halls of Tom's dominion? Of course no upper classmen bear a hand. Among those nightly sounds only one is heard that is music to the ear, and a balm to the mind—the blast of a horn. O ye whistle-blowers, will ye not give those whistles to small boys; and if ye *must* blow, blow the loud-sounding horn?

As a Soph approached the "bricks" at a late hour one Sunday night, he beheld, high above the roof, a being of venerable and majestic mien. With his dread-inspiring eye upon the Soph, he stretched his arm westward, and said, "Go West, young man." The frightened Soph fell upon his knees, and through his horror-choked jaws escaped the gasp, "I'm going right away."

The June number of the *STUDENT* will contain little or nothing in its regular Literary Department, but will be of more than usual interest as it will contain the President's eulogy on Mr. Bates, a fine steel engraving of the latter, and in addition a full account of Commencement. Besides this it will contain the usual amount of Locals, Personals, etc. So far as we know the *STUDENT* will contain the only copy print of the President's Oration. Extra numbers will be printed so that all who desire can obtain the Oration in full.

The Seniors celebrated the 8th of May by a game of base-ball. A large

and appreciative crowd testified its interest in the playing by cheers and howls. The most brilliant play was made by D——, who made a home run in good time, passing a man on second, after being put out on three strikes. The vociferous manner in which he was cheered on, doubtless incited him to this extraordinary effort. Is it not strange that a student who has been here nearly four years has not learned that such fine playing is contrary to the rules of the game? Capt. Peasley's nine won the game and peanuts.

The Polymnian Society will hold a public meeting at the College Chapel, Friday evening, May 24th, and a mock trial Friday evening, May 31st. The Eurosophian Society have voted to hold a public meeting on the second Friday evening of next term. We understand that there is an old agreement between the two societies that each society shall hold a public meeting every alternate term. Let this custom be followed out in the future, and much good cannot fail to result therefrom.

The Sophomore Class were recently deeply afflicted by the loss of one of their members. This is the first visitation of the Death Angel among their numbers and their grief was great. But they bowed resignedly to the hand of Providence. The remains were laid out in state, and exposed to public view for twelve

hours upon the top of Parker Hall. At night-fall the class, draped in habiliments of woe, sorrowfully bore the remains of their classmate to the top of David's Mountain. Here the last sad rites were performed, the body burned, and the ashes committed to "the earth, the air, the fire, and the water." *Requiescat in pace.*

At a meeting of the Bates Base Ball Association, the Committee to select the nines reported as follows: Members of first nine—T. M. Lombard, '79; W. E. Ranger, '79; E. W. Given, '79; A. E. Tuttle, '79; L. W. Perkins, '79; C. P. Sanborn, '81; F. H. Wilbur, '81; H. E. Foss, '81; J. H. Parsons, '81; with H. B. Nevens, '81, as spare man. Members of second nine—W. E. Lane, '79; F. Howard, '79; E. E. Richards, '80; A. L. Woods, '80; O. C. Tarbox, '80; J. W. Nichols, '80; C. B. Rankin, '80; E. D. Rowell, '81; J. H. Godding, '81. A. E. Tuttle resigned the office of Director, and S. C. Mosely was elected in his stead.

The Commencement Concert will occur Tuesday evening, June 25th. Judging from the new arrangement of the Concert and the talent engaged, we think the Seniors intend to give the public a rare musical treat. They propose to make the Concert principally vocal, which we think will be highly appreciated by the public. In addition to the popular soloists, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Miss Ella C. Lewis, who

have been previously announced, they have engaged the Temple Quartette of Boston, consisting of Messrs. Fitch, Fessenden, Cook, and Ryder. They have also secured Kotzschmar as piano accompanist, and are yet to obtain a first-class instrumental soloist, probably a cornetist. With this select talent they will be able to present a most interesting and varied programme.

It appears from a letter to the *Lewiston Journal*, written by one of the College Professors, concerning certain observations at the late transit of our sister planet Mercury, that the Cambridge Observatory time was compared with the "College time." Now this last we confess is too many for us. We are aware that an old clock belonging to the College is kept in the bell-ringer's room; but that, when it happens to run, has to be set three times a day. We have been here three years and this is all the "College time" we ever have heard of. But is this the time by which our worthy Professor makes his astronomical observations? If the celestial bodies should be run by our "College time," we fear that they would soon become hopelessly "mixed and muxed."

Prof. Stanton is giving lectures to the Sophomores upon ornithology, which are proving very interesting to the class. About twenty of the class, accompanied by the Professor,

recently started from the College, about five o'clock in the morning, on an expedition through the neighboring woods for the purpose of learning something about our native songsters. We are not aware that any other college affords a course of lectures upon this very interesting branch of Natural History. The good collection of American birds offers excellent facilities for investigating this subject. We are glad that so many of '80 are taking a lively interest, for one can hardly afford to be shut out from this merry bird world around us, to say nothing of the new fields of literature opened by this study.

We are glad to announce that the Glee Club is at last a reality. The organization is to be known as the Bates Glee Club, with the membership limited to twenty. At a meeting held May 4th, a Constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, B. S. Hurd; Vice President, A. E. Tuttle; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Judkins; Librarian, W. B. Perkins; Musical Committee, F. H. Briggs, J. F. Shattuck, W. C. Hobbs; Organist, F. H. Briggs; Director, F. O. Mower. The interest shown at rehearsals and the evident musical talent of its members guarantee a sure success for this organization. Its importance in keeping up the musical interest in our College, and in lightening student life with college

songs, can not be overestimated. Therefore let it receive all possible encouragement and support from the students.

The order of Commencement Exercises, for this year, will differ from the order heretofore observed. Sunday afternoon the President's Oration in place of his usual Baccalaureate Sermon, and Monday evening the Junior Exhibition, as usual. Tuesday evening the Concert; Wednesday evening the Oration before the Literary Societies; Thursday forenoon, Commencement, and in the evening Class Day Exercises; and Friday evening the Reception of the graduating class, at the President's.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'76.—W. C. Leavitt starts this week for Bismarck, Dakota, where he is to settle for the practice of law.

'76.—J. H. Huntington has secured the position of second editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, both daily and weekly, the leading paper of that city.

'76.—I. C. Phillips soon leaves for Wisconsin, with the intention of practicing law in that State.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway is Principal of the High School at Rock Island, Ill.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is teaching the High School at Lisbon Falls, Me.

'77.—Miss J. R. North and Miss C. W. Warner are continuing their studies at their homes in Bristol, Ct. They make a specialty of German, studying it with a native teacher.

'67.—J. S. Parsons is dealer in agricultural implements at St. Paul, Minn.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood (Bates Theological School, class of '72) is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Concord, N. H.

'68.—H. W. Littlefield resides in his native town of Wells, Me., engaged in farming and lumbering. Owing to ill health he has not been able to lead a very active life.

'76. Rev. F. E. Emrich is pastor of the Congregational Church at Mechanic Falls, Me. He is to deliver the Oration on Memorial day at that place.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has been admitted to the Androscoggin Bar.

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

Only about half-a-dozen Juniors elect Juvenal for this term.

The Freshmen have received a challenge from the Brown Freshmen to play a match game of ball. It has not yet been accepted.

The University nine played a practice game of ball with the Freshman nine, April 18th. The Freshmen played remarkably well, but were beaten by a score of 18 to 0.

HARVARD.

Jarvis Field has been refused the Athletic Association this year, and in consequence there will be no field-meeting.

The following is the crew in training for the race with the Union Boat Club, May 18th: Kessler, '78, bow; Trimble, '80, 2; Parker, '78, 3; Littauer, '78, stroke; Cheney, '78, coxswain.

The nine is at present composed of Tyng, H.; Thayer, S.; Wright, A.; Latham, B.; W. A. Howe, C.; Holden, L.; Thorpe, M.; Fessenden, R.; Hooper and Nunn, substitutes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The University of California has 32 professors and instructors, and 320 students.

Princeton hereafter will give A.M. only to those taking a special post-graduate course.

The long-looked-for Yale Book has at last arrived, in the shape of a dime novel, "The B'hoys of Yale, or the Scrapes of a Hard Lot of Collegians."

President White, of Cornell, has been appointed United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and President Barnard, of Columbia, is Commissioner from the State of New York. Dr. Barnard was Commissioner-General to the Exposition of 1867, Commissioner to Vienna in 1873, and a Judge at the Centennial in Philadelphia.

CLIPPINGS.

Prep., translating in Roman History: "And when they found out who their mother was, and who their father might be."—Insubordination on rear seats.

A Comedy of Terrors: Amiable Freshman, who attends country spelling schools, to beautiful and blushing young lady—"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" Beautiful and blushing young lady—"Please wait, and I'll ask my husband." Curtain drops.—*Plaudant omnes.*—*Dennison Collegian.*

"This man," said the Warden, pausing before the door of Cell No. 89, "was sent here for a most brutal assault on two Freshmen at Princeton, where he was a Sophomore. He is one of the worst characters in the prison. The cell adjoining is occupied by a man who was a Sophomore at Yale. He attempted to poison the entire Freshman Class; all but seven were saved by antidotes. He is in for life. We are obliged to keep him heavily ironed. The next cell, No. 93, contains a Harvard Sophomore, sent up for fourteen years for putting out the eyes of a Freshman with a red-hot iron. These prisoners here, having their heads shaved, arrived from Amherst this morning; it is the party of students that burned the college and tarred and feathered the President last month."—*Utica Observer.*

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 27, 1878.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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Rev. J. Bates

THE
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EULOGY ON THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN EDWARD BATES.

BY PRESIDENT CHENEY.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

The ripe fruit has fallen from the tree. Benjamin Edward Bates, having lived almost his three score and ten years, is dead. He is dead, and yet he speaks.

How do the dead, the blessed dead, speak to us? Certainly, through their lives.

The life, then, of Benjamin Edward Bates is my theme on this occasion. And in order to a clearer statement of it, I shall consider it in three periods—his home life, his life in Boston, and his life in Lewiston—the first period embracing twenty-one, the second eighteen, and the third thirty-one years.

I. HIS HOME LIFE.

Benjamin Edward Bates was born in Mansfield, Mass., July 12, 1808.

He was the third child of Major Elkanah and Sarah (Copeland) Bates in a family of eight children. Major

Elkanah Bates was a man of much dignity of character, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a merchant, cotton manufacturer, and farmer. He owned a store which was the place of general resort for the people of the town, was the agent of two small cotton mills, and had two farms, one of them embracing what is now the central part of the village of Mansfield, and the other being a little out of the village.

In this store, in these mills, and on these farms, Benjamin worked until he was nineteen years of age, with the exception of the time he attended school. His only opportunities for an education were the town school and an attendance for two years—from 1823 to 1825—at the Academy in the adjoining town of Wrentham. In this institution he was not only a pupil, but an assistant teacher.

A gentleman who was a boy with him says: "He was a pleasant, genial, lovable boy, always wearing a smiling face. He was so diffident you could not speak to him without his blushing. He had a natural taste for manufacturing." One of his brothers relates this anecdote of him, illustrating the bravery and presence of mind that he exhibited when occasion required: "He was one day at work on one of my father's farms harrowing with two horses, when some part of the harness breaking, the horses started upon the run, and pulling him down dragged him quite a distance. But he held to the reins and finally succeeded in bringing the horses to a halt. I saw it all; but the thing was done so quickly that I could render him no assistance in his great peril."

Mr. Bates belonged to a religious stock. To go no further back, his father and mother were members of the Congregational Church in Mansfield. In 1838 a division arose in the church on the question of the divinity of Christ; and the result was that those members holding to Unitarian sentiments were allowed to remain in the old house of worship, the other party withdrawing and organizing a new church. Major Bates was chosen one of the deacons of the new church, and he held the office as long as he lived.

He died in 1841, aged 63 years. In the sermon preached at his funeral, by his pastor, Rev. Mortimer

Blake, I find the following words: "I need not praise the dead to the living who knew him well. His life is his eulogy. The confidence so often reposed in Major Bates shows that the public believed him to be a worthy and upright man; and the sympathy felt in his sickness, and now manifested by this audience, shows that the loss is a public one. We shall miss him in the house of God. One voice that joined in the praises of the sanctuary below, is hushed in death. The hands that once assisted in distributing the sacred elements, are now palsied. . . . During his sickness he had a calm confidence in God, and, at times, a joyful anticipation of his final release from this world."

Mr. Bates's mother died seven years before his father. One who knew her, spoke of her, at the time, as follows: "If eulogium of the dead could benefit the living, we should be induced to speak largely in praise of her whose whole life was a pattern of moral virtue; of her exemplary worth in all the relations of life, social and domestic; of her unwavering kindness and benevolence; of her mild and unassuming piety."

I have had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bates for the last sixteen years, and I have not unfrequently heard him feelingly allude to the religious character of his father and mother. The fact that he had "a good father" and "a pious

mother," seemed to fill his heart with gratitude to God, and to be to him the secret of any virtues he might possess, and of any success in his undertakings.

From what I have said of the father and mother of Mr. Bates, it will be readily inferred what was the character of his early home. It was a Christian home. There was in it the fear of God, the reading of the Bible, the observance of the Sabbath, the altar of prayer, the service of song, the discipline of kindness, and the teaching of truth-telling, honesty, integrity, temperance, industry, frugality, benevolence, and love of country.

The Sunday School was established in the old church in Mansfield, in 1820, and Benjamin Bates was one of the first members, being twelve years old. Says one who was a Sunday-School scholar with him: "We used to recite our lessons sitting in the seats in the old square pews. Benjamin grew up under the best Christian influences. He was a good scholar."

The last two years of his minority, from 1827 to 1829, Benjamin Bates spent in Taunton, twelve miles from his home. During his stay in Taunton, he was for a short time "a boy" in a grocery store; but the most of the time he was employed in a dry goods store, in the same capacity.

A gentleman who knew him well while in Taunton, says: "He was always faithful, attending to his business incessantly."

II. HIS LIFE IN BOSTON.

It was in 1829, when Mr. Bates was twenty-one years of age, that he left his home for Boston. As we may reasonably suppose, the two years spent in Taunton were not lost time. Far from this, for the experience he there acquired proved invaluable to him through life. It was in Taunton that he learned that most important of all lessons—to rely upon himself, do his work faithfully, avoid wrangling, *and bide his time*.

Mr. Bates went to Boston with the best recommendations, which had already preceded him, and helped him to a clerkship in one of the first mercantile houses of the city. And these recommendations were not confined to certificates, which sometimes bear upon their face gross falsehoods. They were verbal as well as written. Men who knew him as a child at home, and a young man in Mansfield and Taunton, ran no risk in speaking of him to his new employer as one to be relied upon, and as one fitted for the place he sought.

The house in which he was employed as clerk was the dry goods store, wholesale and retail, of the late Barnabas T. Loring. It was 337 Washington Street, and was at this time the most popular one in the city.

Mr. Bates was in the employ of Mr. Loring as clerk a little more than a year, and during this time he became the very life of the retail department. Mr. Loring, it should

he said, was in feeble health, and was therefore under the necessity of making some change in his business. This change will be best understood from the language of Mr. John G. Davis, a gentleman now residing in Boston, as a retired merchant. Mr. Davis says: "The first I knew of Mr. Bates was in the year 1830, when he was about twenty-two, and I twenty-four years of age. He was a clerk of Barnabas T. Loring. Mr. Loring was one of the first merchants of Boston. I had just returned from the South, where I had been for my health, and meeting Mr. Loring on Washington Street, he said he was glad I had returned, for he had been waiting for me. He said he wanted me to go into company with him—that he had selected one young man and he wanted me as another. 'Step into the store,' said he, 'and let me introduce you to the young man whom I desire to be a member of our firm.' I went in and saw, for the first time, Benjamin E. Bates. There was a great crowd of customers in the store at the time, and he was very busy. I was much pleased with his appearance; and in about a week the firm was organized under the name of B. T. Loring & Co. It would be safe to say that Mr. Bates had, at this time, not over seven hundred dollars. Mr. Loring was a good man, having the highest credit; so that we were as ready to go into company with him as he was to go into company with us."

In a little more than a year after the firm was organized, the junior partners proposed to Mr. Loring to give up the retail department and go into the wholesale part of the city, which was at that time in the vicinity of Kilby and Central Streets. This change was made, although Mr. Loring was opposed to it. Of the success of the firm in Central St., Mr. Davis says: "Mr. Bates was acquainted with a great many men who lived in Bristol County, having formed this acquaintance when he was a clerk in Taunton; and I was brought up in a store that was partly wholesale, so that both of us were widely known among country merchants, and the result was that we did a good business in the jobbing and wholesale trade. We both had wholesale ideas, and his were broader than mine."

In about a year and a half after the firm moved "down town"—that is, from Washington to Central Street—Mr. Loring died, the firm having been dissolved, and a new one formed under the name of Davis & Bates, a short time before his death. He took a deep interest in the junior partners, however, until the last days of his life.

Some idea may be gained of their high standing in the mercantile community, not only of Boston, but of New York and Philadelphia, from the fact that they were able, after the death of Mr. Loring, to obtain letters from eight of the largest and most respectable houses in Boston to dry goods houses in various parts of

the country—among them the house of A. & A. Lawrence, on Liberty Square, the first that sold American goods on commission. These letters gave them universal credit. With them they could have purchased a cargo of tea in China.

Mr. Davis says again: "We had been going on swimmingly in business for six months after the death of Mr. Loring, when John N. Turner came into the store one day and said he wanted to go into business with us. Mr. Bates knew him well; for the two had been Sunday-School teachers together at the Park Street Church."

Mr. Turner, I may say, was a lawyer, and had been a student in the law office of Hon. Samuel Hubbard, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Finding the law "too dry," he gave up his profession and became a merchant. So highly did Judge Hubbard regard young Turner—his honesty, ability, and excellent Christian character—that he put into his hand the sum of ten thousand dollars, one-half as a loan, and the other as a gift. I should say that in after life Mr. Turner returned the entire sum.

Mr. Turner, then, going to Davis and Bates so well recommended, and with money in hand, was at once admitted into the firm, it becoming Davis, Bates & Turner. The firm was organized February 13, 1833.

Says Mr. Davis yet again: "Bates, Turner, and myself were like three brothers. We were always in har-

mony. This pleased Mr. Bates's father very much. Maj. Bates used to come into the store quite often. He was a man of excellent character and straightforward. Every thing went on well with our business until the year 1837."

There are gentlemen present who understand what the panic of the year 1837 means in the mercantile vocabulary. I remember the time well. It was my Sophomore year in college. The relief came in the early part of the autumn of 1837, the panic having begun about a year before. The cause of it, I may say, was not gold, but land gambling. We had, if I remember, not only our Maine bubble, but our Illinois bubble, and our Indiana bubble.

A Boston gentleman has allowed me to pen the following description of it from his lips: "The year 1837 was the time of the greatest panic the country has ever seen. After the war of 1812, business was dull for seven or eight years. The panic in New York in 1873 was more severe while it lasted. But though we are experiencing the effects of it at this late day, yet the direct and terrible pressure of it was soon over. In 1837 the Banks could render us no help, and there were those among the merchants of Boston who walked their chambers all night in complete agony of mind. Almost everybody failed; and Davis, Bates & Turner were several times reported among the list of failures.

What carried them through was their good credit and the law of that time; I mean the law making borrowed money preferred. The men who sold them goods loaned them money.

"That you may know something of the dreadful condition of things while the panic lasted, you have only to know the general joy that was felt when it was broken. What broke it was the suspension of specie payments by the Banks. New York suspended first, in the forenoon of a certain day, and Boston suspended the next morning on hearing the news. Boston received the news from New York by special messengers, the messengers arriving only a few minutes before those sent by the speculators. There was great joy in the city on the arrival of the messengers sent by the New York Banks, and the people gathering quickly in Faneuil Hall, George Bond was called to preside over them. I was present at the meeting and the scene I shall never forget. Men acted more like children than like themselves. They laughed, they cried, they threw up their hands. Some there were, who, to my knowledge, would not speak to each other on the street. But at this meeting all differences seemed to be forgotten. Strangers became acquainted; Whigs were Democrats, and Democrats were Whigs, and there was but one religion. The people were actually wild with enthusiasm. It seems to me but

yesterday, when all this occurred, and yet it was almost forty-one years ago, and nearly all the men that were in that meeting are dead."

I have called your attention more especially to the effects of the panic of thirty-seven in Boston. It was indeed a dark day in Boston, and yet there was light there. The people had confidence in their leaders as enterprising, far-seeing, and brave men. In a word, Boston was at this time full of heroes, and Benjamin Edward Bates, though but twenty-nine years of age, was one of them. Coming out of a meeting of Boston merchants and others, held for consultation at a critical time of the panic, a gentleman is said to have put this question to Homer Bartlett: "Who was the strongest man in that meeting?" "Benjamin Bates," said Mr. Bartlett. "Benjamin Bates was the strongest man there."

In 1840, Davis, Bates & Turner moved from Central to Water Street. In 1845, another change was made. This was to Milk Street.

In this same year Mr. Davis was compelled to withdraw from the firm by reason of poor health, and Stiles Bascom being admitted, it took the name of Bates, Turner & Co. Mr. Bascom was the son of a Congregational minister, and every way worthy to belong to the firm of which he was a member. He died in two years after he came into the firm, and at his death the firm was dissolved. This was in 1847.

One of the short streets running from Washington to Tremont is Bromfield. Fifty years ago it was a little narrow way, called Bromfield Lane. On the south side of this street, on the land where is now located the Methodist Building, was the old Indian Queen Tavern, a plain wooden house, three stories high. It was kept by Preston Shepard. This house was the place where many people coming from the country made their home—farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and members of the Legislature. The stages from Taunton, New Bedford, Newport, and other places, stopped here, so that it was a place of general resort. To this place, Mr. Loring sent young Bates to board, on his coming to Boston, saying frankly that he sent him there to bring trade to his store.

In 1832 the old tavern was taken down, and on the site a large brick building was erected. It was named the Bromfield House. While it was being built Mr. Bates boarded with Mr. Shepard, who resided in Boylston Street, in a house on the site of the Boston Library Building. At the time of the opening of the new hotel, the temperance question was stirring up the people of New England, and a good deal of interest was felt upon it in Boston. Very naturally the question troubled the mind of Mr. Shepard, and he hesitated for some time as to the relation his house should sustain to the great and good reform. He desired to

keep a temperance house, but he was afraid, should he do so, that his old customers might leave him. But Mr. Bates's influence, for a reason that will appear hereafter, had become very powerful in Mr. Shepard's family; and he was not slow to use it on the right side. The result was that the Bromfield House was opened as a temperance house, and it at once became very popular among the Christian people of New England. To it, through Mr. Bates's influence, a large number of young men, mainly clerks in dry goods stores, went as permanent boarders. These young men had but little spare time,—but being disposed to make the best use of the little they had, they organized a literary society, which they named "The Temperance Bromfield Club," Mr. Bates taking an active part in organizing and sustaining it. The object of the Club was social improvement; and its exercises were social entertainments, debates, and the reading of original poems and papers. To some of these meetings ladies were invited. Among the papers known to have been read before the Club was one on France, one on Virginia, and one on Pennsylvania. A gentleman who was a member of the Club, informs me that nearly all of its members are dead.

In May, 1832, Mr. Bates, being not quite twenty-four years old, made a public profession of religion, his Christian experience dating back to the fall before. That he was sincere

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In May, 1832, Mr. Bates, being not quite twenty-four years old, made a public profession of religion, his Christian experience dating back to the fall before. That he was sincere

in taking this important step, is evident from his desires and efforts for the welfare of other men. I need not say that he was especially desirous that his relatives and friends might have a well-grounded faith in Christ. I have in my possession, a letter which he wrote from Boston to a sister at home, under date of Oct. 5th, 1831. In this letter he says: "If we have the love of Christ in our hearts, everything else which is necessary to make us happy in this world and in the world to come, will be added unto us. Go to Christ just as you are and He will give you peace. I hope all my brothers and sisters are engaged in the cause of Christ."

It was under the preaching of Lyman Beecher that Mr. Bates decided to live a Christian life; and it was Dr. Beecher's church that he joined in May, 1832. This was a new Congregational church, organized in 1825, being composed mainly of members from the Park Street, Old South, and Union Churches. The house was on Hanover Street, nearly opposite the American House. Dr. Beecher was its first pastor, being installed in 1826. In 1830 the house was burned, and the following year a new one was built on Bowdoin Street, the church taking the name of Bowdoin Street Church. Mr. Bates left the Bowdoin Street Church at the organization of the Central Church. This church first worshipped in the old Federal Street Theatre;

afterwards in Winter Street; and it now worships in the beautiful structure at the corner of Berkeley and Newbury Streets, largely built by Mr. Bates's means.

During all this time, I should say, Mr. Shepard's family was Mr. Bates's home. Mr. Shepard had three daughters, and the youngest, Josephine Shepard, became Mrs. Bates. Mr. Bates and Miss Shepard were married in 1834; and Mrs. Bates died Dec. 27th, 1842, aged 27 years. "Fragrant in Heaven," is all one reads of her at Mt. Auburn.

Sunday Schools were established in Boston about the year 1820. They were not, however, connected with churches and taught in houses of worship. They were rather independent schools, being taught wherever places could be found for their accommodation. In one of these schools, located in Mason Street, Mr. Bates was a teacher; and after the Sunday School became a part of divine worship, he had a class in the Park Street Church.

And here I must, for want of time, bring to an end what I have to say of the life of Mr. Bates in Boston, simply adding that, residing there until the day of his death, he was connected with various associations,—business, social, and religious,—that made his life there an active, influential, and honorable one. In proof of this and of the relations he sustained to these associations, I have only to refer you to

the resolutions passed by them, on the occasion of his death, and published in the Boston papers.

III. HIS LIFE IN LEWISTON.

By Lewiston, I mean Lewiston Falls—both sides of our beautiful Androscoggin—what ought to be, and what Mr. Bates desired should be, one city as we are one people.

While, then, it is true that Mr. Bates never resided here, it is also true that, in an important sense, for thirty-one years he *lived* here. Very regularly, once a month, he walked our streets, and mingled with us as a people. And then, our desires were his desires; our interests, his interests; our affairs, his affairs. He wanted labor for our laborers, education for our children, places of worship for our worshipers, light for our streets, water for our houses, and a hospital for our sick and our dying. I have frequently heard him say that he would not knowingly do anything against the interests of this people; and that he would sooner invest ten dollars in Lewiston than one dollar in any other place. "I love Lewiston," "I love the College," he was accustomed to say. "Say to the Trustees that I love the College," was a special message he once sent by me to a meeting of the College Boards; and he once wrote me, "I shall be with you in spirit."

It was in the year 1847, the year in which the firm of Bates, Turner

& Co. was dissolved, that Mr. Bates became interested in Lewiston. He was still at the Bromfield House; and meeting there Alexander DeWitt, late Representative to Congress from Massachusetts, he heard through him of our magnificent Falls—and so much was his interest awakened that he proposed to Col. DeWitt that a visit be made to them. One gentleman gives it as his opinion that the first visit of Messrs. Bates and DeWitt to Lewiston was quietly made; the object of it not being known to any parties here. And yet how much was at stake on the decision at which they should arrive! I seem to see them at this moment, now walking the banks of our river, now stopping at the Falls, and ending the travels of a day by an ascent of Mount David, to secure from its summit a better view of our natural surroundings!

And what was Lewiston Falls in 1847? We know what it is to-day,—a place in which nearly thirty thousand people have comfortable and pleasant homes, and in which sixteen millions of dollars are invested. But what was it then? The land was here and the water was here, as the skies and the air are here; and this is about all that can be said of the place. It is true, we had a small cotton mill, a woollen mill, a saw mill, a grist mill, a tailor's shop, a barber's shop, and a store or two; but we had no dry goods store, no hardware store! There was no

street leading out of Main Street, on the southerly side, except Park, which, under another name, extended only as far as the site of the Methodist Church. High Street was not made for it was not needed; there being but one house on the northerly side of the railroad.

It is but doing justice to the memory of Hon. Edward Little, to say that the water power here, and the lands controlling it, were purchased by him at an early day. Mr. Little was a man of noble character and decided ability; and he had believed for years that, at no distant period, a large manufacturing town would be built up by the improvement of our water power; and so he declined to dispose of his purchase until he could make arrangements for improving it with men of like faith with himself, and men, too, having the power to procure the necessary capital. He lived only to see the beginnings of his hopes, but this afforded him great pleasure, and he died believing that in the end these hopes would be realized.

I need not say that he found his men. They were Benjamin E. Bates, Lyman Nichols, George L. Ward, Alexander DeWitt, Francis Skinner, Homer Bartlett, Josiah Little of Newbury, St. John Smith, and others. In the first plans of these gentlemen for the improvement of our water power, a capital of a half million of dollars was thought to be sufficiently large; and it was not

until the spring of 1849 that, after the severest struggles, they were successful in raising even this amount. In the spring of that year, however, they were successful; and their plans being perfected, and their money at call, they were ready, as they supposed, to commence operations; and they came to Lewiston with this intent. But they came only to abandon their cherished plans. These plans were not broad enough, and so they must be exchanged for others. A water power has no value in itself. It pays no dividends. Several large mills must be built, and to commence work with a less sum than one million dollars subscribed as capital, would be to hazard the whole enterprise. By sound reasoning they all reached this conclusion.

And now what shall be done, was the inquiry which arose in the minds of these men. How can we, in these days of small things, raise another half million of dollars? No wonder their faith staggered for the moment under the load they must carry, should they take another step forward. In this condition of things they returned to Boston; but on the suggestion of one of their number, they decided to invite some of the leading capitalists of Lowell, Manchester, and Lawrence to examine their property with a view to co-operation in developing it. These capitalists accepting the invitation, careful arrangements

were made for their reception on visiting our place. A grand dinner was prepared, many of the supplies for the table being sent from Boston. At length the appointed day arrived and these gentlemen came. They came—they saw what we now see, the finest water power in New England. They ate, they drank, they went back to their homes; but they went only to laugh at the plans that had been laid before them, and to ridicule the whole enterprise from beginning to end. Of course they did this, for they were shrewd enough to understand that a large manufacturing town on the banks of the Androscoggin would be simply a competitor of the cities on the Merrimack, in which they were interested.

Now, as we all know, defeats are sometimes victories in disguise. Certainly it is so where men are thoroughly in earnest in what they are attempting to do—and it was so in this case—for the builders of our town were men in earnest. They might be defeated once, twice, and again; but they were resolute and determined men, so that their ultimate success, no matter what discouragements might intervene, was only a question of time. Acting, then, under legal forms as they were, at a meeting properly called, the whole subject matter was referred to a Committee consisting of Messrs. Bates and Ward. In due time the Committee made their report. It

was that application for funds be made to a new class of men, some of larger, some of smaller means—but in most cases to men who had no interest in any manufacturing establishment. The report was accepted, and this plan was, in the main, successfully carried out, and another half million of dollars was secured. This grand success, however, had imposed heavy burdens upon Mr. Bates. He worked incessantly, sparing no pains, and often introducing parties here to examine the property.

One year had now passed—but it was a successful one to the Directors of the Water Power Company—for one million of dollars being at their command, in the spring of 1850 the work which was to prepare the way for founding here a large city was begun.

In regard to this work and Mr. Bates's connection with it, Mr. Ward, who was the General Agent, says: "The first year Mr. Bates visited Lewiston almost weekly to consult with the Agent, watch the work, and advise as occasion required. In calling in money on the subscriptions, it was soon ascertained that many who had subscribed were unable to pay. This embarrassed the company, and threw additional labor and responsibility on the Treasurer, Mr. Bates. Subscriptions had to be procured to make up the deficiency, as our plans were laid out with the view of spending fully a

million of dollars. Mr. Bates never failed to furnish the money. When needed he advanced the money and used his personal credit to obtain it. In four years the work contemplated by the expenditure of the million of dollars was completed, two corporations started, the first mill of each being put in successful operation, and other important improvements were projected."

Mr. Ward also states another fact, which illustrates Mr. Bates's willingness to aid in promoting the general interests of our community. In what Mr. Ward says, there is an allusion to himself; and yet he will pardon me for making public the entire facts in the matter referred to: "It was necessary, in commencing work in Lewiston, to have a Bank, as there was none nearer than Brunswick. Accordingly a charter was obtained, with a capital of \$50,000, one-half of which was to be paid in before the Bank could be put into operation. Of this sum only \$6,000 could be raised in Lewiston. I took \$6,000 and Mr. Bates \$13,000—more than half. This was done by Mr. Bates to insure the starting of the Bank, and at a time when he was advancing largely from his private means to carry on the work of the Lewiston Water Power Company. This Bank, now the First National Bank of Lewiston, has a capital of a half million of dollars; but it probably required more labor to raise the first \$50,000 than the additional \$450,000."

It is unnecessary for me to say that were there time, and were this the place, I might speak of many things done by the men associated with Mr. Bates in laying the foundation of this City that are deserving of mention. I might speak, too, of other men who have assisted in building upon the foundation so well laid. I might call the names of men—of some I see present—sons and adopted sons of this town, who have shared in the good work of building and blessing a city; but all I can say is, in behalf of a grateful people, I thank them.

I come now to the connection of the name of Bates with the Institution of learning located here; for this it is really that calls us together—and, so far as we can see, without this, the name in due course of time would have been forgotten. To the honor of human nature, be it said, men live as they interest themselves in the work of improving the condition of their fellowmen. Things material perish with their using; and stores and cotton mills and banks are things material. Things spiritual never die; and thoughts employed and words uttered and gifts bestowed, with the object to make the world morally better, are things spiritual. The names Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Colby, Tufts, and Bates are immortal, because, provided there shall be no violation of the most sacred pledges by those who are to live after us,

they will always indicate something done in the interests of a true Christian civilization. The latter name, as I know, is a household word, always lovingly spoken, in thousands of families. It is the name that went before me to foreign shores, and secured for me attentions which I should not otherwise have received.

Mr. Bates's first subscription to this Institution was made January 19, 1862, in the sum of \$6,000. One of the conditions to it was, that the Agricultural College should be located here. This condition not being met, and he still desiring to aid the Institution, a pledge of \$25,000 was substituted for the original subscription, so that I regard this sum as virtually his first pledge. There was a condition to it, and I need not say that the condition was met and the pledge redeemed.

His second subscription was made July 11, 1868, in the sum of \$75,000, and the condition to it being met, the securities for that amount were placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the College.

His third subscription was made February 21st, 1873, in the sum of \$100,000. The conditions to it were that an equal sum should be raised within five years. These conditions, as you may know, were met on the 19th day of February last, thirty-eight days after the death of Mr. Bates, and two days before the time expired.

And here I should say that while Mr. Bates placed conditions to his

subscriptions, it was his purpose, as he assured me, to pay them in any event. He annexed the conditions only to secure additional means for the College.

What induced Mr. Bates to subscribe to this College the large sum of \$200,000? This is the question, which, of all others that might be asked on this occasion, demands an answer. That he would have given this money away for some good object, is evident; for he was naturally benevolent, and he saw the danger of being rich. He once said to a friend: "If a man acquires his money rapidly, there is danger of his getting to love it for its own sake; and I know of no better way to prevent this than to keep the channels of benevolence wide open."

The policy of New England in founding colleges, has been to place them under the superintendence of a particular Christian people, the object undoubtedly being by such a policy, to secure for them a more watchful care, and to throw around them a healthier moral influence. "CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE" is the motto of Harvard.

Bates College is the property of the Free Baptist churches of New England. Every dollar contributed to its funds has been given with this understanding; and under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dartmouth College case, I think I am warranted in saying, the College can never pass into the hands of any other

people or party without the consent of these churches or their proper representatives.

The Free Baptist denomination, as you all know, is a small one. And yet it has thirteen hundred churches, thirteen hundred ministers, eighty thousand communicants, a constituency of half a million of people at home, and three millions and a half in India. Their churches have been mainly confined to the country, and hence the number of persons among them of large means is comparatively few. For more than a half century they were poorly supplied with suitable places of worship. When I was a boy, in many towns they held their meetings in private houses, school-houses, and barns. To meet the wants of the people of my native town my father converted a part of his paper mill into a place for the worship of God, fitting it up with rough seats and a rough pulpit; and I recall, to-day, their joy that they were to be so well provided for on the Sabbath. During this time, also, Free Baptist ministers preached without stipulated salaries.

The founder of the denomination I have the honor to represent on this occasion, was Benjamin Randall; and, in justice to his memory, it should be said, he had no more idea of founding a sect, than Washington a Republic. He was simply a Baptist minister in good and regular standing in the Baptist denomination; but fellowship was withdrawn from

him because of his views on the atonement. He also held to the doctrine of open communion. Mr. Randall organized the first church in the denomination, at New Durham, N. H., June 30th, 1780.

Now I have no desire to conceal the fact that, in the earlier days of our history, the prejudices among our people against a special education of young men to be set apart for preaching the gospel, were very strong. So it was not until the year 1832 that the first Academy in the denomination was founded. This was Parsonsfield Seminary in this State. We now have a large number of Academies. Our first Theological School was founded in 1840. It is virtually the School now located here. We now have two schools. Our first College was founded in 1855. It is located in Hillsdale, Michigan. We now have several colleges.

In 1854 our school building at Parsonsfield was destroyed by fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary; and the same year the work was commenced of establishing a new Institution in a more central part of the State. So the Maine State Seminary was chartered March 16th, 1855, the charter giving the Trustees power to locate the Institution. The charter also made an appropriation of \$15,000 to the Trustees on condition that an equal sum be raised; and Lewiston offering to raise this sum, the School was located here.

And here I must ask you to keep in mind that Lewiston was in the infancy of its existence. The four years' work by the Water Power Company, now called the Franklin Company, had but just been completed, and the Company having new plans in view, needed all their means for their own purposes. The means, too, of the people of Lewiston were small; and yet the \$15,000 were promptly raised—the Franklin Company, through their President, Mr. Nichols, leading off with a subscription of \$5,000, and the people following with \$10,000. This latter sum, I should say, was raised through a public meeting called for the purpose of securing, if possible, the location of the School in Lewiston, and through the special efforts of a large number of our leading citizens,—among them William R. Frye, Alonzo Garcelon, Albert H. Kelsey, William H. Waldron, Joseph S. Burgess, John M. Frye, John W. Perkins, Daniel Holland, Archibald Wakefield, and James Lowell.

The School was opened Sep. 1st, 1857; and up to the time of its anniversary in 1863, besides its other work, it had fitted seventy-six young men for college.

It was, then, in the spring of 1863 that the suggestion of establishing a College to be under the superintendence of the Free Baptists of New England, was made to Mr. Bates,—and the suggestion was made with a simple statement of the

facts as I have just related them, in giving a concise history of our people. In other words, the wants of the Free Baptist denomination, especially in New England, in an educational point of view, were laid before him with the request that he would favorably consider them.

To be more particular, there were two things that made a powerful impression upon his mind, and that led him, after mature reflection, to come to that decision which was the cause of so much rejoicing among thousands of our people.

1. A College under our care would do a missionary work at home in opening the way for a large number of young men to acquire a liberal education who would otherwise remain uneducated. In this number there would be many who would enter the Christian ministry.

2. It would do a missionary work abroad by sending many of its graduates to preach the gospel to the benighted.

This is the simple truth in this whole matter. It was never said to Mr. Bates that it was his duty to aid in founding a College here, for the reason that he was the owner of a large amount of property here. It was never said to him that if he would make the first subscription for a College in Lewiston, the College should bear his name. He was never consulted as to the name. He was asked to give money for founding a college in New England in the gen-

eral interests of education, and for the especial benefit of a religious denomination that needed one, and he gave it. This was the whole. Not a word was said at the time as to what name the College should bear. Neither did he know what the name was to be until the question was decided. Then he wrote me these words. They are under date of May 18, 1863: "In regard to the name of your College I can only say my choice is that it should have some more worthy name than the one suggested." And after the Trustees, by a unanimous vote, had asked the Legislature to change the name of the Maine State Seminary to that of Bates College, the next time I met him he said, "I am sorry the Trustees have named the College after me, for now I cannot raise it so much money, as people may think I am asking money for myself—and yet I feel that I have been greatly honored by the action of the Board."

Such, in some of its particulars, was the life of Benjamin Edward Bates. That his end was peaceful, is what might naturally be expected. His death was sudden; yet it would seem, from conversations with his friends, he had a premonition it was near. I visited him, at his house, on Friday evening, Dec. 28th, on business relating to the College, and as I was leaving, the conversation turned upon the subject of religion. Among other things he said, was this: "Were it not for others, I have no desire to live." "How is it

on the other side, Mr. Bates," I inquired, "all bright?" "Yes," he replied, "it is all bright." I saw him the next day at his office. I saw him Sunday at church. It was the last time he attended, and he wrote his friends in New York, the next day, how much comfort he received from the very reading of the text. The text was, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." I met him for the last time on Monday, the last day of the old year, on the stairs near his office door, and stopping a few moments, he spoke most encouragingly in regard to the prospects of the College. He was taken sick the next Friday. Several times, during his sickness, he repeated the hymn,

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."

On the Sabbath before he died, he had one of Mr. Moody's sermons read to him, saying of Mr. Moody, as the reading was finished, "We should have a better world, if there were more such men in it." He was accustomed to go to the Tabernacle to hear Mr. Moody. He died on the 14th of January, 1878. On the 18th, a summer day in winter—a day so beautiful that one might almost be allowed to say, it was made for the occasion, not a cloud being in the sky—his remains were laid away in Mount Auburn.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Mr. Bates was married, August

8th, 1860, to Miss Sarah C. Gilbert, youngest daughter of the late Dea. Joseph T. Gilbert, of Gilbertsville, N. Y. Mrs. Bates survives her husband, as do four children—one son and three daughters—survive their father.

Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the City Council, Gentlemen of the General Committee, and Fellow Citizens:

You asked me to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of Benjamin E. Bates. This invitation I accepted so far as to say that I would speak on this memorial occasion—and what I promised to do, I have endeavored in a sincere and faithful spirit to perform. I have shown you his life; and now, as I feel, there is nothing for me to do but to leave that life to make its own impression on your minds.

As was said of the father at his funeral, so I say of the son on this occasion: HIS LIFE IS HIS EULOGY.

“He being dead yet speaketh.” Benj. E. Bates is dead. Under the sentence, “Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,” he has fallen. What of him was mortal has been committed to the earth from which it was taken. And yet he speaks. From his grave a voice comes, gentle, yet clear in its tones, so that we need not mistake its meaning, telling us of things the purest and the noblest that can enter into the thoughts of a human soul—and such a voice, coming from the grave of the rich man or the poor

man, we always do well to hear.

Mr. Bates's intimate friends were few in number. Yet he had some. There are men living to whom he intrusted his thoughts and plans and purposes, without reserve—and one of them, a gentleman of worth and high standing, I requested a few weeks since, to give me briefly his views of the life and character of his friend. He very cheerfully and promptly complied with my request; and here follows his answer. It is under date of June 11, 1878:

“My acquaintance with Mr. Bates commenced about 1850, and from that time to his death I had been in very intimate association with him, during which time, many circumstances have occurred in our various relations, which have tested his power and his character. He was always, since I knew him, in large enterprises, doing something to advance the interests of society. He was a builder. In all his labors and thoughts, while seeking to advance his own interests, he was working in the direction of the material and moral progress of the community. His hands were always full, either for himself or others. He was thoroughly individual, self-reliant, and hopeful, believing thoroughly in the growth and wealth of his country, and that all laudable enterprises tending to develop its great interests would survive and rise triumphant from the financial cyclones which at times encircled them.

"He was most sympathetic in his nature. An appeal to him, whether to relieve physical or financial distress was always listened to, and relief given where it was possible, and doubtless in some instances when it was unfortunate for him, and no favor to those he assisted. His defects of character, if he had any, were in his strong sympathies and large hopefulness which are to the credit of human nature.

"I have known him for twenty-five years, perhaps, as intimately as any one, and I hesitate not to pronounce him, in my judgment, an able, industrious, honest man, kindly in his nature, seeking to do all in his power for the good of his friends, the community, and society."

I know you will pardon me in saying that in the death of Mr. Bates I have lost a friend. HE LOVED THIS COLLEGE. For this reason, he was my friend. For this reason, I consulted him on every important question relating to its welfare, feeling perfect liberty so to do. And this I say, not only in justice to him, but in justice to myself. Many times he said to me: "Go on as you are going. The College shall not fail. We shall come out right in the end."

In what must be called the great struggle in the history of the College—that relating to its rank among New England colleges, beginning in 1865 and ending in 1869, if I had any strength to stand, it was because he supported me; if he

had any, it was because God supported him.

About a year since, in conversation with him at his Bank Office, he gave me to understand that he had met with heavy losses of property, and should the hard times continue much longer, he was in danger of suffering still more.

And here you will allow me to say there was one thing growing out of my relations with Mr. Bates that had for some time been to me a source of much unhappiness; and so, as a favorable opportunity had presented itself to converse with him freely upon the subject, I improved it, and said: "Mr. Bates, there is one thing that makes me very unhappy." "What is it?" said he. "I sometimes feel," I replied, "that when you are subjected to these great losses of property of which you speak, you feel you have done too much for the College." "Oh, no," said he. "Give yourself no uneasiness about that. I have lost during my life enough to endow two or three colleges, and I only wish the College at Lewiston had it all."

To those associated with me in the government of the College I will say: We have important trusts committed to our hands. Not to mention other gifts from those not connected with the people we represent, we have received \$35,000 from the State, and we are to realize \$200,000 from the subscriptions of Mr. Bates. While, then, in good

faith we have a work to do for the denomination that owns the College, we have also a work to do for this City—for the State—for New England—for the country—for the world.

In a letter to me, dated June 18, 1873, Mr. Bates says: "You know very well that I am not sectarian in my feelings. If I were, I should have left you long since, as much has been said to me on that subject by those interested in other institutions." Equally with the great benefactor of the College, we are liberal in our feelings. The Bates Platform to-day is Soul Liberty for man and for woman. Let it remain what it is. The spirit of the age demands this; and the spirit of the ages to come will only emphasize the demand.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:

In the death of Benjamin Edward Bates you, also, have lost a friend. In the letter from which I have just quoted he says: "I am an advocate of education to the fullest extent, and I intend to do what I can to advance the cause—a most valuable legacy to young men. A liberal education was the early dream of my childhood, but it may be well that I was disappointed in my fondest hopes."

It may be well. It may be well that our gain should come through his loss. Such is the divine plan. Some men must make sacrifices for

the sake of other men. It always has been so, and we have no reason to suppose there will be any change in the plan. And it is because the number of those who are ready to make these sacrifices is increasing, that the world is growing better every day. This is the path our Great Master trod; and this is the one I urge you to walk in through life. That it is your purpose to do this,—a purpose more resolutely resolved upon as you take leave of your *Alma Mater*—I understand very well. God help you to adhere to it.

It was the purpose of your class-mate who fell so early in the great battle of life to walk in this same path. That purpose God has accepted instead of actual service performed; as he always accepts the purpose to do good things whether we live, or whether we do not live to do them.

Young gentlemen, I need not say more. In bidding you farewell, I simply leave with you the life which I have made my theme on this occasion as one after which you may pattern. It is not a perfect life; for then it would not be human—but it is a life, pure, honest, honorable, and consecrated to the work of removing ignorance, bigotry, and every form of evil from the world, thus to bring in the latter day glory of the Lord—a life which the Lord himself will accept when he shall make up his jewels in the day of his coming.

E. H. BESSE.

BY A. L. M., '76.

WHERE gently falls the Pine Tree's shade;
 And Androscoggin rolls away,
 Let noble Besse now be laid,
 Awaiting God's eternal day.
 For God's he was, and he must know
 Why Ariel must haste him so
 Away from sin and earthly woe.

As stands the Pine Tree in its pride,
 As sweeps the river to the sea
 Where with the ocean 'tis allied,
 So he uprose in majesty
 And stood supremest in the land,
 As eloquent and nobly grand,
 In *Alma Mater's* royal band.

His father for his country fell,
 And he was fighting for his God,
 And for that Christ he loved so well
 He in the student's pathway trod,
 And sought to learn how he might wield
 "Sword of the Spirit" in the field,
 And "fiery darts" break on his shield.

But he is dead! We cannot weep!
 Times are when men must feel, not cry,
 Then to themselves their sorrow heap,
 And heart keeps vigil, not the eye,
 Or like some river 'neath the ground
 It presses hard though firmly bound,
 Till lightning stroke cleave up the mound.

"What is the resurrection day?"
 He asked of me one summer night;
 "We'll look it up," said I. Straightway
 We searching went for better light.
 Day after day we climbed the shelves,
 Deep into ancient lore he delves,
 A trio we—God and ourselves.

"For first," he said, "we must inquire
Of God, in earnest, heartfelt prayer,
Since He the holy did inspire
And hidden things through faith declare."
I gazed with awe on that fair cheek,
I listened oft to hear him speak,
I wrote him them as one most meek.

O, Comrade, thou, in Student years!
What of the Resurrection Day?
Come back again and calm my fears,
And teach me, trusting, to obey.
First, thou hast solved this mystery!
First, thou hast gained eternity!
Thine angel send to beckon me.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

BY T. H. S., '76.

A GAIN we've turned to meet the sun,
And silver cloudlets one by one
Come up across the sea;
Their wings spread fragrance everywhere,
As sweet as scented blossoms are,
Upon the tropic lea.

I hear the pine's low whisperings,
And tales the Androscoggin brings
From many a hillset glen:
While out beyond the dusty town,
On Nature's lap I throw me down
Full prone, to breathe again.

O, welcome June! Twice welcome June!
Thou'rt come again so soon, so soon,
Thou Parcae, ever near,
Thou weavest in and out the year,
The saddest, yet of all most dear,
To those who meet thee here.

What shadows these that drift along!
What spirits join my idyl song!
Unburied hopes of yore,
Why come to haunt me at your will?
Inglorious slain, why wander still
Upon this beaten shore? —

The earth is cold, oh! let me turn
My face toward the glowing sun
That warms the winter wind.
And thou return, O Sun, from whom
We oft have turned when thou hast come
Our wildered hopes to bind.

How often thou hast come and gone,
And come again, and lingered on,
To make our hearts thine own;
While some whose hearts last year beat free,
Have turned their noiseless steps to thee,
And left us here alone.

Yet June in fragrant clouds shall come,
With waving green and nodding bloom,
When we in silence lie;
The dewy grass will scent the morn,
The river still will murmur on,
The stars will swim the sky;

The birds will sing the same sweet song,
Then lead away their migrant young,
Across the foamy sea.
But other feet will press these ways,
And other lips bespeak the praise,
Beloved Bates, of thee.

Ah me! 'twould break the bruised heart
If this were all: to meet, to part,
And then to meet no more:
But far beyond the glowing sun,
A thousand years are only one,
And one a thousand o'er.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WEDNESDAY, June 12th, the Class of '79 inaugurated the time-honored custom of celebrating Ivy Day. A shield-shaped tablet, with the figures '79 and an ivy leaf carved upon it, was placed on the south-east corner of Hathorn Hall, and the vine was planted just beneath.

All arrangements had been made beforehand, and at two o'clock the students were ready to fall into line at the word of the Marshal and the sound of the drum. Seventy-nine cannot too publicly or too cordially express their thanks for the readiness and care with which their fellow students formed and marched in procession. The line of march extended down College Street to Main, and back to the Chapel by Main and Frye Streets. On returning, all except the Juniors marched into the Chapel. A few minutes before three, after the audience had arrived and taken their seats, the class marched up the aisle to slow music by the band.

Exercises were opened by a selection sung by the College Glee Club. Prayer was offered by the Chaplain of the class, M. C. Smart, who especially prayed that the exercises might prove a strong bond of

friendship to the class, and that the ivy just planted might be in reality an emblem of trust. After the first ode, by E. W. Given, had been sung, the President introduced the orator of the day, R. F. Johonnett. Beginning by enumerating important holidays of different nations, past and present, the speaker went on to show how much patriotism and love of country depend on these honored customs. He then applied the reasoning to college customs, and showed how much more pleasant the memory of student life is rendered by these ceremonies; and speaking of the day then being inaugurated, he symbolized, in the figure of the growing vine, the intellectual and social growth of the class. In conclusion, he dwelt on the reverence paid such customs, on account of long establishment, and pictured a future Ivy Day at Bates.

A selection was sung by the Glee Club, after which the poem was read by the class poet, C. E. Felch. His theme was the "Model College." Several recent occurrences were humorously alluded to, and it was very wittily told how a college ought to be conducted.

The second ode, by S. C. Mosely, was then sung. The ceremony of planting the ivy was given up on

account of the shower, and the presentations, which were to take place in the grove, were made in the Chapel. After music by the band, and singing of the third ode, written by A. E. Tuttle, the table loaded with gifts was placed upon the stage. W. E. Ranger "presided at the board," and saying it had always been his fortune to make others happy ever since the time when his father used to thrash him "for fun," he proceeded, with appropriate and witty remarks, to make the following presentations:

Looking glass to the handsome man, L. M. Perkins; jackknife to the homely man, E. M. Briggs; moustache cup to the owner of the best moustache, A. E. Tuttle; wooden fork and spoon to the biggest eater, E. A. McCollister; jewsharp to the instrumentalist, F. N. Kincaid; Mother Goose's Melodies to the vocalist, F. P. Otis; doll to the ladies' man, C. M. Sargent; easy chair to the lazy man, F. Howard; pipe and plug to the smoker, C. E. Felch; horse to the ponyist, W. E. Lane; spade to the dig, M. C. Smart; shillalah to the fighter, R. F. Johonnett. Each man had something to say in reply, so that the laughter raised by Ranger's earnest hope that the handsome man's gift would not make him vain, hardly subsided till after the fighter had brandished his ribbon-decked cudgel and taken his seat. Some of the presentations were made in an opposite sense, as that

of the "homely man," and "best moustache"; but most of them were given where they belonged, as those of the "instrumentalist," and "dig."

In spite of the short time in which all preparations were made, the class may well be satisfied with the almost perfect success that attended their efforts. The unreasonable conservatism of the Faculty compelled them to conduct the exercises without even a half-holiday; but it is hoped that this year's success will remove for succeeding classes all discouraging obstacles.

Commencement Week has again come and gone. The College penant has flaunted its "*Amore ac Studio*" before the eyes of admiring Preps; the bouquets have described their eccentric curves through the air, and come to rest in the arms of their happy recipients; '78 has gracefully stepped down and out. Farewell, '78. We have had our little differences; all has not been so harmonious as could be wished; as all children do more or less, we have bit and scratched and pulled each other's hair; but now we must stop playing and be children no more. So, with a hearty shake of the hand and the best of wishes, '79 bids you God speed in the work before you.

Vacation is upon us, and the editor's quill goes slowly. The boys scatter—some go to the mountains, some to the seashore, but most to the old farms—some to return no

more. And so the tide ebbs and flows. As Dr. Holmes says of college life:

"A kind of harbor it seems to be,
Facing the flow of a boundless sea;
Rows of gray old tutors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand.
One wave, two waves, three waves, four,
Sliding up the sparkling floor,
Then they ebb, to flow no more."

The Memorial Services in honor of the late Benjamin Edward Bates took place Sunday afternoon of Commencement Week in place of the regular Baccalaureate Sermon. These services, held in City Hall, were of a very solemn and interesting nature. The Hall was filled with the people of both cities, in testimony of the public loss sustained in the death of Mr. Bates. On the platform were Faculty of the College, Mayor Lyford, the clergymen of the two cities, and many others. Mr. Bates chair, draped in mourning, occupied the center of the platform. Excellent music was furnished by the Auburn High Street Choir. The address by Pres. Cheney we publish in full elsewhere. Below are the other exercises:

1. Invocation by Rev. J. S. Burgess.
2. Reading Scriptures by Rev. W. T. Chase.
3. Hymn. Read by Prof. G. C. Chase.
4. Prayer by Rev. G. S. Dickerman.
5. Memorial Ode by Mrs. J. A. Lowell.
Read by Rev. A. P. Tinker:

Softly, Students, tread to-day,
Softly chant your saddest lay,
For your friend, the noble, brave,
Sleeps within his lowly grave.
In the glory of his years,
Heeding neither prayers nor tears,
Death, who loves a shining mark,
Bore him to the river dark.

Strong of soul, and large of heart,
Walked he in the busy mart,
Casting sunbeams, day by day,

O'er full many a shadowy way.
Thus a useful, noble life,
Pure and sweet amid the strife,
Ever shed an influence bright,
To dispel the shades of night.

All are mourners here to-day;
And 'tis meet that we should pay
Grateful tributes of our love
To the one who's soared above.
Yonder turrets speak his praise:
And with them we'll join, and raise
Thankful hearts, that God has given
Such a friend for earth and heaven.

And while yonder halls shall stand,
While shall meet the student band,
Will we deck, with wreaths of fame,
That remembered, honored name.
Aye, the name of Bates shall be,
As we sail o'er Life's rough sea,
Fragrant as the dewy flowers,
Grateful as the summer showers.

6. Memorial Discourse by the President.
7. Class Ode by Ernest V. Scribner.
Read by Rev. W. H. Washburn. Sung by the class:

AIR—*Rosedale*.

Our Heavenly Father! hear our prayer,
Look down in mercy on us now;
In thy protection let us share,
And teach us at thy feet to bow.

One from our number has passed o'er
The stormy flood of Jordan's tide,
And safe upon the other shore,
Sits calmly waiting at thy side.

The fleeting years glide swiftly by,
The scythe of Time mows quickly down;
O Lord, inspire us from on high
To bear the cross and win the crown.

When all the sands of life are run,
And Death's dark portal comes in view,
May each, in thy redeeming son,
Find strength and courage to pass through.

8. Closing prayer by Rev. J. C. Snow.
9. Doxology. Read by Rev. R. L. Greene.
10. Benediction by Rev. J. Mariner.

Sunday evening the Annual Sermon before the Theological School was delivered at the Main Street Free-will Baptist Church by Prof. B. F. Hayes. The sermon was able and interesting, and was listened to by a good audience.

The Original Declamations, by the Junior class, occurred Monday even-

ing, June 24th. A large and appreciative audience favored the class with their presence. The exhibition was out of the usual order of such exercises, both in the character of some of the parts and in the kind of music furnished. Instead of the usual orchestral music, this part of the programme was filled with vocal and instrumental performances by the best talent to be procured in the two cities. The programme of the declamations was as follows:

1. Galileo. Emory Winfield Given.
2. Triumphs of the English Language. Fletcher Howard.
3. Importance of Little Things. Thurston Merrill Lombard.
4. Democracy and Skepticism. Simon Connor Mosely.
5. The Chinese Question. Elisha Atwood McCollister.
6. Losses of the Present Generation. Charles Morris Sargent.
7. Hannibal. Thomas James Bollin.
8. Importance of Agriculture. Lewis Melville Perkins.
9. A Hero. Rodney Fuller Johonnett.
10. Inanity of Modern Life. Walter Eugene Ranger.
11. Misjudgments of the Puritan Character. Frank Pierce Otis.
12. Absence of Reverence in the American Character. Allison Eugene Tuttle.

We are indebted to the kindness of one of the graduating class for the following report:

Given's part showed a novel treatment and fine conception. The rendering was characterized by ease and dignity.

Howard's subject was one of wide range, and necessarily only partially developed.

Lombard was deliberate in his presentation, and showed complete

self possession. His part was somewhat essayical in character.

The clear-cut sentences and natural delivery of Mosely's declamation were very pleasing. Much originality of thought was shown.

McCollister handled a live question in a practical manner.

Sargent's forcible delivery aided much in presenting present evils and their alarming tendencies.

Bollin's part was biographical in style, as would be expected from the subject; but in it a great life was fully traced.

Perkins took an old subject, but treated it well. His voice was clear and earnest.

Johonnett made a departure in original declamations that is to be commended. The speaker held, throughout, the closest attention of the audience. He gave a character well drawn, and a masterly description.

Ranger's animated manner added interest to thoughts a little out of the usual line. His points were clearly proved.

Otis was excused.

Tuttle has a fine voice, which was in full control.

Tuesday, at 10 A.M., occurred the anniversary exercises of the Theological School, at Main Street Church. Music was furnished by the quartette employed the previous evening at the Junior Exhibition. A small audience was present; but these few were well repaid, for the

parts were of a very high order, in fact they were the best parts delivered during Commencement. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. The Present Life of the Christian a Part of His Eternal Life.
Robert David Frost, Limerick.
2. Comparative Value of the Study of Secular and Ecclesiastical History.
Ashmun Thompson Salley, Madison.
3. The Diffusion of Truth Hindered by its Supposed Friends.
Thomas Hobbs Stacy, North Berwick.
4. The Character and Doctrinal Systems of Arminius and Calvin.
* Hibbert Lockhart, Cornwallis, N. S.
5. Elements of Mysticism in Orthodox Theology.
* Charles Samuel Frost, Manchester, N. H.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

* Graduates.

Tuesday, at 2 P.M., Rev. J. L. Phillips delivered the sermon before the Theological Alumni. It was a most able and eloquent effort. His theme was, "The Pastor's Responsibility under the Lord's great mission, and how that Responsibility may be met." He urged the needs of the idolatrous millions of the East. To present these needs to the church is the duty of the Christian pastor. Where the pastor leads, the church follows. Let the Christian minister labor regularly in behalf of the heathen, and the whole church will soon be alive to send out missionaries with abundant means to evangelize the world.

No one could hear him without becoming inspired with his earnest manner and with the spirit he throws into the work to which he has given his life.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held at the College Chapel Tuesday afternoon. L. G. Jordan, President of the Association, presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. A. T. Salley. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, A. Given, '67; Vice President, H. W. Oakes, '77; Secretary and Treasurer, T. H. Stacy, '76; Orator, C. A. Bickford, '72; Substitute, J. M. Libby, '71; Poet, F. B. Stanford, '74; Substitute, E. Whitney, '76; Executive Committee, J. H. Rand, F. W. Baldwin, A. C. Libby. G. E. Smith and A. Given were elected Overseers of the College.

The Literary Exercises of the Association, took place at the Main St. Free Baptist Church, Wednesday afternoon. Prof. Jordan presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Spooner. The oration, by F. W. Baldwin, was an interesting and scholarly production on "The Relation of Educated Men to Social and National Well-being." He spoke of the intellectual bond uniting the Alumni, the duty of educated men as citizens, and the importance of an educated minority. The poem on "The Prisoned Statue" was well-written and generously applauded.

'78 may leave us with the full assurance that the Concert of Tuesday Eve., the 25th, was a complete success. Those who last year listened in rapt silence to the Orphean strains of the Philharmonics, might

have missed them this year; but for all lovers of vocal music, the Concert was one of the best ever given in our city. The members of the Temple Quartette, with the exception of Mr. Wilkie, if we mistake not, have previously sung before a Lewiston audience. Their highly cultivated voices, possessing great purity and richness of tone, could not fail to produce the most thrilling effect. "Ave Maria" we consider as their best. They were generously encored at the close of each performance. Many remember how Miss Lewis delighted our citizens in a concert given last winter. She sang admirably. The effect produced by her rendering of the song, "O! Loving Heart, Trust On," was manifested by prolonged applause. Miss Cary appeared, the 8th on the programme, and was, of course, greeted with tumultuous applause. Her selection was from Donizetti, in which occurred those passages of melting tenderness which she rendered with her characteristic, powerful pathos. Never can one forget those enchanting melodies. Mr. Brown's cornet solos were especially pleasing. Last in the list, but worthy of our hearty praises, is the pianist, Hermann Kotzschmar, well-known to citizens of Lewiston.

The fitting close of so excellent an entertainment was the sextet "Chi mi Frena," from the "Lucia" of Donizetti. The programme for the evening was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Quartette—"Comrades in Arms." Adam.
Temple Quartette.
2. Romanza—"Celeste Aida." Verdi.
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
3. Cornet Solo—"The Favorite." Hartmann.
Mr. H. C. Brown.
4. Bolero—"Sicilian Vespers." Miss Ella C. Lewis.
5. Ave Maria—from unpublished MSS.
E. H. Phelps.
Temple Quartette.
6. "Oh, mio Fernando." Donizetti.
Miss Annie Louise Cary.

PART SECOND.

1. Duet—"Voga O Tonio." Rossini.
Miss Lewis, Miss Cary.
2. Cornet Solo—"Facilita." Hartmann.
Mr. Brown.
3. Song—"O! Loving Heart, Trust On." Gottschalk.
Miss Ella C. Lewis.
4. Quartette—"I Know a Maiden." Dow.
Temple Quartette.
5. Song—"Let Me Dream Again." Sullivan.
Miss Cary.
6. Sextet—"Chi mi Frena," from Lucia. Donizetti.
Miss Lewis, Miss Cary, Messrs. Fitz,
Wilkie, Cook, and Ryder.

Hermann Kotzschmar, Pianist.

At the meeting of the College Corporation, Wednesday, the President said \$1752 had been expended the past year on the College Campus. The Campus now consists of fifty acres, and has been very much improved. The assets of the College, including Mr. Bates's liabilities, are put at \$496,697; liabilities \$81,945; assets above liabilities \$414,752. Over \$2000 in tuitions have been given. Three hundred and nineteen volumes have been added to the College Library.

The vacancy in the Board of Fellows, caused by the death of Mr. Bates, was filled by the election of Henry B. Hammond, Esq., of New York. Messrs. Samuel Farnham, E. W. Porter, Arthur Given, L. M. Webb, and G. E. Smith were elected

to vacancies in the Board of Overseers.

Pres. Cheney, N. Dingley, Jr., C. H. Latham, A. M. Jones, J. W. Perkins, Samuel Farnham, and L. G. Jordan, were appointed the Executive Board.

The Necrology for the year is as follows: Martin Atwell Way, 74; Alanson Bean Merrill, '77; and Ezekiel Henry Besse, '77.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, By the dispensation of Providence, during the past year, the Hon. Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston, has been removed from his sphere of activity and usefulness in this life, it becomes the duty of this Board to place upon record its appreciation of his character and some evidence of the esteem entertained, and of his memory, by the friends of this Institution; we, therefore, the members of the Board of Fellows and Overseers, in convention assembled, hereby resolve,

First, That by his death, this Institution has lost one of its warmest friends and most liberal patrons.

Second, That in our judgment, from the most reliable information we have been able to obtain, his donations to this Institution were made, not for the purpose of acquiring a name and fame for liberality, but from a heartfelt desire to promote the cause of education and to render essential service to his fellowmen,—and the result of his liberality has been to give Bates College a rank among the foremost institutions of learning in the land, and to leave for himself a name and fame more lasting than monuments of marble.

Third, That we believe the deceased to have been a gentleman of integrity of purpose, an upright merchant, an active and efficient business man, and that his death has created a vacancy in society difficult to fill, and one which will long be felt both in this city and Boston, as well as in the interests of this Institution.

Fourth, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their sore

bereavement, and this the more especially in that their loss is our loss, that their bereavement, save in family ties, is our bereavement, and that we have all lost a wise counselor and devoted friend.

Wednesday evening Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, returned missionary from Turkey, delivered the oration before the Literary Societies. Dr. Hamlin is an able thinker, and presented an interesting lecture to all that appreciate good thinking when not coupled with an eloquent style of delivery. Many interesting anecdotes were told of the customs of the Turks, and of their abhorrence of innovations. Just now, when the Eastern problem of civilization is so prominent in men's thoughts, the lecture becomes of special interest. The audience was very small compared with that present at last year's oration, but those hearing were well repaid. Still, we think that on the whole people expect an oration of rather higher grade than this at Commencement. An orator such as Phillips, Curtis, or Storrs, is one of the great attractions of Commencement Week. We think that the Committee for securing an orator were too negligent of their duties. Let the next year's Committee for this purpose be elected early in the fall, and proceed at once to their duties; then can we present such talent as shall satisfy all classes.

Commencement Day dawned as fairly as the most critical Senior

could desire. At 9.30 A.M., the students, Alumni, College Officers, visitors, etc., formed a procession upon the Campus, and headed by Johnson's Band marched to City Hall. The Marshals' horses pranced, the band struck up its liveliest tune, the Seniors had on their fastest neckties, and the gamins gazed as if the long-expected circus had come to town.

At the Hall a large audience was found waiting, ready to greet the exit of '78. Bouquets were everywhere lavishly displayed. Fair maidens and gentle dames filled the long galleries. Admiring papas and dotting mammas looked on, ready to drink in the inspiration of Commencement oratory. The stage was filled by the College officers of instruction and government, together with many distinguished visitors. Among them were Gov. Connor, ex-Govs. Cheney, of New Hampshire, and Dingley, of Maine, Mr. Wm. B. Wood, of Boston, and others. Conspicuous was the vacant chair of Benj. E. Bates. Below are given the order of exercises and parts assigned:

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

1. Oratio Salutatoria. (Latina.)
Frank Hewitt Bartlett, Lenox, Mass.
2. Dissertatio. The Scholar.
Amaziah Gatchell, Monmouth.
3. Thesis. The Influence of the Copernican System.
Alden Marshall Flagg, Auburn.
4. Disquisitio. Unity of Purpose.
Morius Adams, Bowdoinham.
MUSIC.
5. Thesis. The Evils of National Prejudice.
Delbert Matthias Benner, Monmouth.
6. Thesis. Modern Explorers.
Charles Fremont Peaslee, Augusta.
7. Thesis. Individual Liberty.
Ezra Bonney Vining, Acton, Mass.

8. Disquisitio. The Perils of Thinking.
John Quincy Adams, Bowdoinham.
MUSIC.
9. Thesis. The Relation of Beauty to Culture.
Henry Albert Rundlett, Dover, N. H.
10. Disquisitio. Roman Law and Civilization.
Charles Edwin Hussey, Farmington, N. H.
11. Disquisitio. The World's Deities.
Millard Fillmore Daggett, Athens.
12. Thesis. The Self-Evidencing Power of Truth.
Benjamin Sumner Hurd, Lebanon.
MUSIC.
13. Oratio. The Relation of Moral Progress to Reform.
Clarence Elwood Brockway.
Gilbert's Mills, N. Y.
14. Disquisitio. The Relations of Art to Life.
Frank David George, Augusta.
15. Disquisitio. Chance.
Frank Herbert Briggs, Auburn.
16. Disquisitio. Literature and Morality.
Ernest Varian Scribner, Lewiston.
MUSIC.
17. Oratio. The Historic Spirit.
John Wesley Hutchins, Dover, N. H.
18. Oratio Valedictoria. Thought as a Formative Element of Character.
Francis Oliver Mower, Monmouth.
MUSIC.
Conferring Degrees.
BENEDICTION.

After the graduating class received their diplomas, the degree of A.M., in course, was conferred upon C. S. Frost, H. Lockhart, J. R. Brackett, H. S. Cowell, L. M. Palmer, C. G. Warner, J. Nash, and F. B. Fuller. Also the degree of B.D. was conferred upon C. S. Frost and H. Lockhart, as graduates of the Theological School.

The Commencement Dinner was one to be remembered. Over three hundred guests were present. After dinner, speeches were made by Gov. Connor, Congressman Frye, Dr. Garcelon, Rev. Silas Curtis, P. C. Keegan, M. T. Ludden, A. J. Phipps, and J. L. Phillips. Everybody was in his happiest mood, and the company broke up with the feeling that Bates had seen another successful Commencement.

Thursday evening, City Hall was filled with a brilliant audience, eager to listen to the Class Day Exercises of '78. Johnson's Band furnished music for the occasion. The Class, with Mr. Hussey as President, made a fine appearance. The programme was as follows:

	MUSIC.
Prayer.	Clarence Elwood Brockway.
	MUSIC.
Oration.	Millard Fillmore Daggett.
	MUSIC.
Chronicles.	John Wesley Hutchins.
	MUSIC.
Poem.	Francis Oliver Mower.
	MUSIC.
Prophecy.	Benjamin Sumner Hurd.
	MUSIC.
Parting Address.	Frank Hewitt Bartlett.
	MUSIC.

The oration was well written and delivered, having for its subject "The Ideal Sentiment in Education." From the interesting Chronicles we clip the following class statistics:

Whole number in class, 18; 13 claim Maine as their native State; 2 New Hampshire; 2 Massachusetts; and 1 New York. 5 fitted for College at Nichols Latin School; 9 at City High Schools; 4 at Preparatory Seminaries. Age of oldest member, 30 yrs. 6 mos.; youngest, 20 yrs. 10 mos.; average age, 23 yrs. 11 mos. Height of tallest man, 6 ft. 2 inches; shortest, 5ft. 6 1-2 inches; average, 5 ft. 9 inches. The heaviest weighs 190 pounds, and the lightest, 126; average, 152. In complexion, 7 dark and 11 light. In

politics, 17 Republican and 1 Democrat. In religious preferences, 11 are Free Baptist, 2 Congregationalist, 2 Universalist, 3 have no preferences, 8 are church members. All favor hard money. 9 favor co-education, 8 oppose it, and 1 does not care. None are married; 6 are engaged; 1 does not know whether he is or not; the rest are waiting for a chance. 2 dance, 7 play cards, 5 smoke occasionally, none chew, gamble, or use intoxicants. Average amount personally earned during the course, \$509. Average cost of College course, \$1,292, the extremes being \$800 and \$2,000. 3 have chosen the ministry, 3 medicine, 1 law, 6 teaching, 1 business, and 4 undecided.

The class man was born in Maine; is 431 yrs. 5 mos. and 22 days old; weighs 1 ton and 730 lbs.; is 103 1-2 ft. tall; is a strong hard-money Republican; not addicted to vices. It cost \$23,250 to put him through College, and he has earned meantime \$9,161.50.

The poem was based upon these lines:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

The prophet, revealing the future through his knowledge of astrology, showed the condition of each of his classmates twenty years hence. The parting address by Bartlett, and the singing of Scribner's ode by the class, closed the exercises of the evening. We give the ode below:

Dear classmates! we stand on the shore of life's ocean,

Its broad, heaving billows stretch ever before;
We must launch on its tide with the strength of devotion,

And pass from the scenes that will greet us no more.

Though its waters may threaten us shipwreck and sorrow,

And night with its dangers may seek to destroy,

Yet with hope in our hearts we will wait for the morrow

To bring us glad tidings of safety and joy.

The bond must be broken, it may be forever,

Though firmly cemented and strengthened anew.

And fond recollections forbid us to sever

The ties that unite us in brotherhood true.

Kind Fortune! we pray thee, with unstinted measure,

In generous plenty thy favors bestow;

Let us each reap the harvest of manhood's true pleasure,

Let us each seek the fount whence contentment doth flow.

Then farewell, Alma Mater, in sadness we leave thee,

Our fortunes to seek in the battle with Fate;
May thy name be a charm that forbids us to grieve thee,

A guide and a watchword to old seventy-eight.

May thy light be a beacon on life's stormy ocean,
And when through our troubles and trials we've passed,

While we bless thy loved name with the fondest emotion,

May we meet, all united, in Heaven at last.

Friday evening the exercises of Commencement Week were closed by the reception of the graduating class and their friends at President Cheney's residence. We hear that the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

LOCALS.

A cradle to the first child of a '78 man.

It is probable that the class of '82 will be as large as '81.

Now the Latin School boys rejoice in a base-ball ground.

'81 failed to arrange a game of base-ball with '81 of Bowdoin.

Not so large a number of the Alumni were in attendance Commencement Week as usual.

The final examinations proved highly satisfactory, and reflected much credit upon the several classes.

The first nine, with the manager, have obtained some very fine pictures, taken at Crosby's photograph rooms.

A want of space necessitates the omission of exchange and several other departments in the present issue.

The *Nichols Echo* is a neat and readable sheet. We wish it might come to our table once a month instead of once a year.

Colby has been unable to meet us on the diamond this term. We hope to play with Bowdoin and Colby both next fall.

Colossus and Diminutive have made their exit from the college stage, and these two names will disappear from college annals.

The Freshman nine defeated a picked nine, May 18th, by a score of 10 to 9; also Auburn High School nine, May 25th, by a score of 28 to 6.

The class of '78 have elected the following as permanent officers: Pres., C. E. Brockway; 1st Vice Pres., A. Gatchell; 2d Vice Pres., F. H. Bartlett; Sec. and Treas., J. W. Hutchins.

F. H. Briggs of the graduating class gave his classmates a reception at his home in Auburn, Saturday evening, June 29th. It proved an elegant affair.

Heald, Judkins, Hayes, Purington, Reynolds, and Merrill, with Donovan and Newton as substitutes, have been elected from '80 to participate in the Junior Champion Debate of next term.

The Middle Class of Nichols Latin School held their Prize Declamations at Nichols Hall, on Thursday evening, June 6th. The prizes were awarded to Edmunds and Tinkham. Music was furnished by the Glee Club.

The whole receipts of '78 Concert were \$1134.31; and the whole expenses \$830.50. The profits of the Concert, \$303.81, and \$41.65, made in publishing the *BATES STUDENT* during the year 1877, make \$345.46 to be divided.

Quite a large number of the Juniors visited Bowdoin to be present at the exercises of Ivy Day, June 3d. They met with a warm reception from their friends of Bowdoin, but with a hot reception from the Professor at the next recitation after their return.

On Memorial Day the Sophomores amused themselves by a game of base-ball. Capt. Hoyt's team won the game by a score of 15 to 8, and on the following evening the defeated party produced the peanuts,

and the class had one of their jolly times.

Near the close of the Summer Term Prof. Angell gave the Juniors some very interesting lectures on German Literature. It is to the regret of '79 that its relations of the classroom are finished with this Professor. Prof. Angell's relations with the class have been of an unusually pleasant nature, and he has the greatest respect and esteem of the whole class.

The Sophomore Prize Debates were concluded this term. The debate of the third division occurred Tuesday evening, June 18th; that of the fourth division, Wednesday evening, June 19th. Scott, Richards, Purington, Woods, Davis, and Furguson composed the third division, the two last of whom were excused; Deshon, Newton Hayes, Moore, Donovan, and Goss composed the fourth division, all of whom participated. The prizes were awarded to Purington of the third division, to Hayes of the fourth, with compliments to all disputants. The Senior Quartette furnished music for both evenings.

Saturday afternoon, May 25th, the Junior Base-Ball nine, attended by the remainder of the class and several friends, made an excursion to Lisbon and played a game of ball with the "Our Boys" of that place. The whole affair proved a very enjoyable occasion, and formed one of

those happy events in the history of the class which will be long treasured in the memory of every '79 man. The ride to and from Lisbon, enlivened by college song, was highly enjoyed by all, and the game was of an interesting character. '79 made 22 base-hits, 8 errors, and 21 scores to their opponent's 3. The boys were well received by the Lisbon boys, and the utmost good nature characterized the game.

On Saturday, June 15th, our nine, attended by a large party of students, went to Brunswick and played the first game of the season with the Bowdoins. The nine was hospitably entertained, and the best of feeling prevailed during the entire game. This game, between the two best nines of the State, was a close and interesting one, and resulted as follows:

BATES.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	1	2	7	1	0
Lombard, 3b.....	2	0	9	2	4
Wilbur, l. f.....	3	2	0	0	1
Ranger, 2b.....	0	0	2	1	1
Given, p.....	1	1	1	3	4
Tuttle, c.....	1	1	8	0	3
Foss, s. s.....	1	0	0	2	0
Parsons, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Perkins, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
	9	9	27	9	13

BOWDOINS.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jacobs, c.....	2	1	2	2	4
Records, 3b.....	3	2	10	3	4
Wilson, l. f.....	1	1	0	0	1
Smith, 2b.....	0	0	0	2	0
Phillips, p.....	0	0	0	2	1
Swett, 1b.....	0	0	9	0	1
Gardner, s. s.....	1	0	1	2	1
Spring, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	2
Bourne, r. f.....	0	1	5	1	1
	7	5	27	12	15

Umpire—H. L. Maxey, Bowdoin, '80. Time of game—1 hour 40 minutes.

The Bates played the Portland Reds, Saturday, June 21st, on Androscoggin grounds, and lost their first game for the year. They outbatted their opponents, and until the last inning had several less errors. The game was lost by risky base running and costly errors. Below is the score:

BATES.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	0	2	17	0	2
Lombard, 3b.....	2	1	1	2	2
Wilbur, l. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Ranger, 2b.....	0	0	1	3	4
Given, p.....	0	0	1	4	5
Tuttle, c.....	1	1	5	2	4
Foss, s. s.....	2	2	0	3	1
Parsons, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Perkins, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	1
	5	9	27	14	19

PORTLAND REDS.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ricker, c. f.....	0	0	1	1	1
Doherty, p.....	2	1	1	6	2
Hayes, 2b.....	3	1	2	1	3
Brennon, s. s.....	2	0	0	1	1
Ross, l. f.....	1	0	1	0	0
Ward, c.....	1	0	8	2	5
Corridon, 1b.....	1	0	12	0	1
Dooley, 2b.....	1	3	2	5	1
Hanlon, r. f.....	1	1	0	1	0
	12	6	27	17	14

Umpire—H. W. Oakes. Scorers—Bates, F. H. Briggs; Reds, ———. Two-base hits—Sanborn, 1. Duration of game, 2 hours 10 minutes.

The Bates and Bowdoin nines met for the second time this season, June 26th, on the Androscoggin grounds. The day was fine and the friends of both nines composed quite a large attendance of spectators. The Bowdoins, victorious in several recent games, were confident of success, while the Bates were determined to win the game. The game was one of the closest and most exciting ever played on those grounds—the score standing at the beginning of

the seventh inning 4 to 4. It will be observed by the score below that Bates won by very heavy batting:

BATES.						
	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	6	0	1	13	1	2
Lombard, 3b.....	6	1	3	3	5	2
Wilbur, l. f.....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Ranger, 2b.....	5	3	3	5	1	1
Given, p.....	5	0	1	1	3	2
Tuttle, c.....	5	0	2	4	4	5
Foss, s. s.....	5	2	1	0	2	0
Parsons, r. f.....	5	1	0	1	0	0
Perkins, c. f.....	5	1	2	0	0	0
	47	10	15	27	16	12

BOWDOINS.						
Jacobs, 2b.....	5	2	1	2	2	2
Record, c.....	5	0	1	11	1	4
Wilson, l. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Smith, s. s.....	4	0	0	1	0	3
Phillips, p.....	4	1	1	1	2	5
Swett, 1b.....	4	1	0	8	0	0
Bourne, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	3	0
King, c. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Call, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
	35	4	4	27	8	15

Innings ..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	0	1	3	0	0	0	2	2	2-10
Bowdoins	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0-4

Three-base hits—Tuttle, 1. Two-base hits—Ranger, 1; Foss, 1. Bases given on called balls—Phillips, 1; Given, 0. Struck out—Bowdoins, 2; Bates, 4. Umpire—N. P. Noble, Bates, '77. Scorers—Bates, F. H. Briggs; Bowdoins, H. B. Wilson.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath is pastor of the Congregational Church at New Bedford, Mass. Before accepting his present position, which he has held for two years, he was successful as a preacher at Auburn, Me., and at Providence, R. I.

'70.—Rev. A. L. Houghton, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Lawrence, Mass., has been granted a leave of absence for four months, and will sail for Europe the first of July.

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Farnumsville, Mass.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, one of the first editors of the *STUDENT*, has been on editorial duty in New York and Philadelphia for the past year. Mr. Stanford has been spending a few weeks in this city.

'75.—F. B. Fuller has recently graduated from the Harvard Medical School.

'77.—P. R. Clason has taken to himself an assistant for life, Miss Eliza Tibbetts of Lisbon.

'77.—On the 31st of May, 1878, Ezekiel Henry Besse died at his home in Lewiston. At the time of his death he was twenty-seven years and five months old. His birthplace and boyhood's home was Winthrop, Maine. At one time he began to learn the printer's trade, but finding it unsatisfactory left it after a year's trial. After this he spent a year at the Commercial College, at Augusta, devoting himself especially to penmanship and book-keeping, qualifying himself to teach these branches. On the 18th of May, 1869, he was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Penney, of Augusta, and about this time decided that it was his duty to enter upon the ministry—a course which, for some time, had been urged upon him. He immediately set out to prepare himself for his chosen work, and entered the Maine State Seminary, where, for some time, he gave instruction in writing. When this

Institution became a College, Mr. Besse entered upon the course at the Latin School, and thence went into College with the class of '76. With this class he staid for two years, leaving it then for that of '77, in which class he graduated. After graduation, he entered the Bates Theological School, and had nearly completed one year at that Institution when death overtook him. His little son took the diphtheria and, after a sickness of about a week, died. From him Mr. Besse acquired the disease, and his frame, exhausted by days and nights of watching, yielded, with little resistance, to its power, and after a week's sickness he, too, expired. Of immediate relatives, his wife and mother and an aged grandmother are left to mourn his death. The deceased had hardly finished writing the last notice of his classmate, Mr. Merrill, when his own summons came, and for the third time within a short year from graduation, "Seventy-seven" mourned the loss of a classmate. In his college course he had supported himself partly by teaching and by preaching in the neighboring towns. In his Sophomore year he supplied the pulpit at Lisbon Factory four months, and for nine months after his graduation he supplied the pulpit at Sabattus with excellent success. But the real work of his life had not commenced when he was taken away. All that he had done was in preparation for something beyond. What this would have been we may judge from his character through life. None can doubt that success would have crowned his work. His were abilities above the common order, and they were strengthened by a noble purpose and a lofty Christian char-

acter. In his early death, kindred, friends, and society have met with a great loss, but our loss is surely his gain. Disease and death came suddenly upon him but found him prepared. All his anxiety was for his family—with himself all was peace. When told that his end was approaching he calmly spoke the last words to his family, remembering his classmates and hoping to meet them all in the better world. No words can better tell of his last hours than those of the great poet, himself lately departed on the same journey. When his summons came, he went

"Not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed,

By an unfaltering trust," approached his grave
"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The following resolutions have been adopted by the class of '77:

Whereas, It has been pleasing to Almighty God, in His Divine providence, to take to himself our beloved classmate, E. H. Besse,

Resolved, That we, the Class of Seventy-Seven, of Bates College, sincerely lament the loss of one so highly esteemed as a true friend, faithful classmate, and devoted Christian.

Resolved, That to his bereaved wife and relatives we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this their great sorrow.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be inserted in the *Lewiston Journal*, *Morning Star*, and BATES STUDENT.

O. B. CLASON,

B. T. HATHAWAY,

P. R. CLASON,

Class Committee.

'78.—F. H. Briggs sails for Europe the 20th of July for a tour through Scotland, England, France, and Italy.

'78.—F. O. Mower, formerly editor of the *STUDENT*, has secured the position of Assistant Principal in Oak Mound School, Napa, Cal.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

No. 7.

DEMOCRACY AND SKEPTICISM.

BY S. C. M., '79.

IF you could travel back the highway of time and visit Athens as it was in that refined age of Pericles, and if you should ask the cultured Athenian whether any advancement could be made in the civilization of the age, no doubt he would be surprised to hear such a question, and would answer at once in the negative; or were you to ask the voluptuous Roman of the Augustan era the same question, doubtless he would answer the same. Now, when the Athenian or Roman had answered your question in the negative, if you could by some magical process have shown him plainly our nation as it is at the present, what conception could you form of his surprise? We live in a changed world. Man has outdone himself, and is looked upon by his own species as a prodigy. Wonderful inventions have completely changed civilization. The organization of

our government was an event of so great importance that it forms an era.

Democracy existed in name in ancient times, in reality, only in modern. That form of government which has for its fundamental principle "that all men are born free and equal before the law," originated in our own country. This cardinal idea, the very essence of democracy, would at no time have been applicable or practicable in any of the so-called democracies of antiquity. So entirely different were they from the modern in their form and institutions, that, except in the name, no trace of similarity can be found to exist between them. In Athens, the most democratic of the ancient republics, and at a time when the voting population was largest in proportion to the whole, one in forty had the right of franchise; while in aristocratic England,

at the present time, that right is given to one in twenty. Yet we are not inclined to think that England is very democratic in form. Since the organization of our government the world has witnessed great changes in many of the nations of Europe. Some have been completely revolutionized; nearly all have softened down the rigid rule of monarchy. These tendencies manifested during the present century may be attributed to three causes: The great utility of democracy as seen in the United States; the suicidal tendencies of monarchy as exhibited by the French Revolution; and a course of lessons given to the crowned heads of Europe by Napoleon Bonaparte. The civilized world has been gradually preparing itself to enter upon a broader sphere of liberty.

Democracy is now seen to possess the highest utility for the human race by making all labor for the interest of their fellow-men. It is the spirit of democracy that makes bold independence and universal love of humanity, the characteristics of modern thought. It is democracy that fosters the spirit of investigation, making all men seekers for truth, not from a selfish motive, but from a generous desire to benefit all mankind.

As one of the results of this great progression, our modern system of education is radically new. In a past age the scholar was known as a

person who had mastered the ancient languages and their literatures. Such a system of education tended to create refinement and elegance, and at the same time tended to keep the better part of the mind paralyzed. The present age is, indeed, the Age of Reason. Modern education aims to cultivate to the greatest extent the reasoning powers. The wonderful growth of science and the great attention bestowed upon it, lead the mind to deal with facts. The natural consequence is, that never before have there been so many, so persistent, so noble seekers for truth. Yet many of these are known as skeptics. Doubting is only a negative process of establishing belief. But unfortunately there is much opprobrium heaped upon the skeptic, even though he disbelieves but a little. Those radical, annihilating skeptics are anomalies and exceedingly few. Yet little discrimination is made between those who will not receive any part of the Scriptures and those who will receive them all with some slight modifications. Theology is a science, and as such is capable of growth and development. Those learned in this science studiously prevent its development. Among the clergy free discussion of puzzling questions in Holy Writ is a thing unknown. Bishop Colenso thought he had something new to offer upon certain points of interest. He offered it. Now he is looked

upon by his order as a second Judas. There is always something about the supernatural that excites curiosity and invites speculation. This remark applies itself fitly to the Bible. This has been looked upon by the inquisitive mind as the forbidden fruit was looked upon by Eve; but the wily serpent of modern speculation has tempted beyond resistance, and the deeply religious seem horror-struck at the skepticism of the age. English writers, nursed in aristocracy and envious of the success of all nations but their own, have conjured up in their gloomy imaginations two hideous monsters—Democracy and Skepticism—that are to stalk together through every civilized nation and level all to chaos. But the most noble and hopeful writers of the age laugh at their fears. It is true that the probabilities are that de-

mocracy will at some future time prevail in Europe; and when that day comes, millions will gladly hail it. It is equally true that free discussion upon theological subjects will continue to grow freer. But it by no means follows that Christianity is to be driven out before blighting atheism. Those sacred truths taught by the meek youth of Galilee were never before so potent, so universally believed, so well understood and interpreted.

Our future cannot be doubtful. When we pause and reflect upon our origin and present greatness, our mind goes back to that exiled pilgrim band whose history is, and ever shall be, dear to every American heart. That spirit which laid the foundation of our greatness, still supports the structure. The National heart beats warm with love toward God and Humanity.

AT NIGHT.

BY E. F. NASON, '72.

I COME, beloved, at the midnight hour,
 I Come when the deep'ning shadows, dusk and drear,
 Beneath the spreading branches crouch and cower;
 I come, though dark and sullen storm-clouds lower,
 To greet thee here.

And wilt thou come, by some vague yearning led,
 To this, our trysting-place in days of yore!
 Shall I not hear thy slow and stately tread,
 And feel thy hand rest lightly on my head,
 As oft before?

Shall I not see thy trailing robes of white,
And scent the dewy odors thence exhaled?
With trembling lift my eyes to beauty's sight,
The rare, sweet presence of the summer night
To me unveiled.

What though the rain be bending bud and flower,
And lightning's flash illumine the darkening sky;
Though wind-swept meadows be love's only bower,
I heed nor rushing rain nor tempest's power,
So thou art nigh!

And thou, too, in that dim and distant land,
That holds thee far from him who loves thee so,
Dost ever sigh for earthly tie or band?
Dost ever stretch to earth an eager hand,
Longing to go?

High mountains rise and gloomy rivers flow,
Between my earth and thy far-distant home,
Life's night is dark, and I have far to go,
My strength oft fails, yet well indeed I know
I soon shall come.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

BY M. P. J., '80.

AMONG those leading spirits who, to some extent, molded but more particularly directed the current of political feeling in Massachusetts in her early revolutionary history, the name of Samuel Adams stands forth with marked prominence. Nor were his labors and reputation confined to the State of his birth; his connection with the early history of our nation, renders

him an historic character of great interest to the world.

In order to rightly understand and appreciate the character of this man, a knowledge of the times in which he lived is necessary. For great emergencies call from obscurity into prominence some who would otherwise have lived and died "unhonored and unsung." Illustrations of this principle may be seen in the

lives and careers of Luther, Cromwell, and Grant.

Samuel Adams was born in Boston, Sept. 27th, 1722. He belonged to a family of considerable local distinction which had long been settled there. He fitted for college at the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard at the age of fourteen years. His father's business misfortunes obliged him to leave college before he had completed his course; but his faithfulness as a student was such that the Faculty conferred upon him the degree of A.B. The sudden death of his father, soon after Samuel left College, compelled the latter to give up his chosen profession—the ministry—and follow his father's business. But for business he had neither taste nor capacity. Hence, success, as a man of business, he never enjoyed. Adams was destined to play a more active part in life than that of a plodding merchant. His State, his country, had need of him; and to their peril and distress he cheerfully responded. We find him at an early age acting as leader of the popular party against parliamentary measures.

Boston at this time—though a small city—was yet important as the seat of government for the colony. Here was first exhibited that hatred for tyranny and love for just rights, which, spreading like a contagion, soon drew and bound together the thirteen colonies in one indissoluble union. The character and early

training of the settlers of Massachusetts reveal to us the secret of the conduct and power displayed by their posterity. "They did not," says M. de Tocqueville, "cross the Atlantic to improve their situation or to increase their wealth; it was a purely intellectual craving which called them from the comforts of their former homes; and in facing the inevitable sufferings of an exile, their *object* was *the triumph of an idea*. And when the hand of their sovereign was laid heavily upon his colonial subjects, we find the people of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, true to their character and the motives that had urged their ancestors to brave the perils of the sea.

By degrees, the rights and liberty for which they had endured so much, and which they prized so highly, were being taken away from them. This condition of things aroused the patriots to action; and among those whose warm blood was kindled to a fiery glow, was the subject of this article. A stern patriot, an ardent lover of liberty, a devoted Christian, a valiant warrior for the truth, he found his place, at last, in fighting tyranny, in helping to lay "broad and deep" the foundations of a free and glorious republic.

But Mr. Adams was not a revolutionist, in the general acceptation of that term. What he urged at first, what he labored to accomplish, was not the overthrow of the existing government, but resistance to laws

that would have made the people slaves instead of subjects. Says John Adams of his early endeavors, "He is always for softness, delicacy, and prudence, when they will do, but is staunch and stiff and strict and rigid and inflexible in the cause."

In 1774 his sphere of action was greatly enlarged by his election, as delegate, to the Continental Congress. There he was associated with such men as Joy, Hancock, and Jefferson for eight years, taking an important part in the deliberations of that body. Says Jefferson: "I can say that he was truly a great man; wise in council, fertile in resources, immovable in his purposes, and had, I think, a greater share than any other member, in advising and directing our measures in the Northern war." Gov. Hutchinson testifies to his ability thus, "The most artful and insinuating politician I have ever known." Of like significance was the action of Gen. Gage in excepting Samuel Adams along with Hancock from pardon, in case the colonists submitted to the demands of the crown.

After retiring from Congress our hero assisted John Adams in framing a constitution for Massachusetts. In 1789 he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor, and in 1794 Governor of his native State. Three years later he retired to private life.

In reviewing the career of Mr. Adams we cannot fail to be struck with the strength of his attachment

for and devotion to the liberties of his fellow-citizens. In him the love of liberty and justice amounted to a passion, and did not fail of an expression, even though his head might be endangered thereby. He cannot, with strict truth, be called a statesman, but rather a politician of the highest grade. He had no administrative ability. He not only failed as a man of business, but as collector of taxes for Boston he proved a defaulter—the reason for this being sheer incapacity. Indeed, he could not have supported his family had not his wife been a most economical helpmeet. As a speaker, he was interesting and eloquent. As a writer, he was ready, natural, and pointed. While in his early manhood it fell to him to frame replies to Gov. Hutchinson in the contest between the Governor and the colonial legislature. Later in life his pen was employed in labors more enduring. I have already indicated one direction in which these labors were exerted. While engaged in political labors, which too often blunt the moral perceptions and destroy all religious life, he, nevertheless, maintained his standing as a true and faithful Christian. Says Edwards of his Christian character, "At a time when the new order of things was inducing laxity of manners, and a departure from the ancient strictures, Samuel Adams clung with greater tenacity to the wholesome discipline of the fathers."

PEACE.

BY S. A. P.

WHEN Orpheus touched his lyre divine
The stone of Sisyphus stood still;
E'en Tantalus forgot his thirst
And the Furies dire were moved at will.

So sweet those sounds the wind was hushed,
Was stayed the river's flow,
And, listening 'round him as he played,
Were wild beasts crouching low.

O, that some harp to gentle hand
With note resounding far,
Had soothed the savage thirst for blood,
And stayed the tide of war

Ere moaning wind came in
And blood-red wave that tells
Of agonies, and heart-breakings,
And slaughters, near thee,—Dardanelles.

CAN NEW ENGLAND RETAIN HER RELATIVE IMPORTANCE
IN THE UNITED STATES?

BY F. L. H., '80.

THE preëminence of the New England States in the American Union has hitherto consisted in these five points, namely: Population as compared with territory; political power; wealthy intelligence and general diffusion of knowledge; and morals. In these points New England has, during the last few years been losing her prominence; not necessarily because in these respects

she has been declining, but because she has not kept pace with the other portions of the United States.

Between 1860 and 1870 the only States in the Union that did not gain in population were Maine and New Hampshire. Every New England State but one—and that Massachusetts, which barely held its own—fell in the scale of comparative population. The average decrease of

the six States from 1860 to 1870 was nearly two per cent. Such facts need no comments.

Further, the number of inhabitants required to secure representation in Congress has, within a few years, been increased. The result of this change is that New England is entitled to fewer representatives than before. This fact serves not only to corroborate the proof of the relative decrease in her population, but also to show that a blow has been struck at her political preëminence. One of the chief causes of New England's leadership in politics is her superiority in the dissemination of correct political notions; but these have become so thoroughly broadcast, that in this respect she no longer takes the lead. During our early history New England derived great advantage from Puritan institutions, but these have ceased in many respects to exert any peculiar influence, and even those effects still in operation can no longer be said to be distinctly local.

More than to any other one of the Puritan institutions, except the church, New England owes her preëminence to the school-house, but the time has come when this advantage can be equally claimed by other parts of the United States. In the West, to-day, there is a higher standard of common-school education, and the applicant for a position as teacher is subjected to a more rigorous examination than in the

States of New England. At the recent Centennial Exposition it was a Western State that took the first prize for the best educational exhibit. It is the common-school that is the key to the intelligence of a community, yet it will not be amiss to notice that first-class colleges and universities are no longer confined to the Eastern States.

In regard to the comparative wealth of New England, it requires only that our attention be called to the utilization of the resources of the West during the past twenty years, to show us that in this respect also she must be falling from her former degree of supremacy.

It has for some time been a cause of anxiety to our economists, that the native population is gradually leaving the country, either for the more fertile farm-lands of the West, or for our own manufacturing centers. It is becoming alarmingly rare for the son to remain on the farm that his fathers have tilled. By no means is it exaggerating to say that in many cases whole farms are abandoned and the buildings allowed to go to ruin. Frequently, however, they fall into the hands of foreigners, who are beginning to form a large class of our population. Accordingly, we see that the composition of the people is continually changing, and the old Puritan element, which has been the salt of New England, is fast losing its strength.

Whenever we have caught a glimpse of the dangers threatening us, we have taken refuge in the hope that our religious character, which, as has been already intimated, was the chief ground of New England's superiority, would preserve us from taking a lower position in the scale of importance; but even this hope is denied us. Few New Englanders are prepared for the statement that this portion of the United States is more likely soon to be ruled by a Catholic majority than any other portion of equal extent; yet statistics furnish us with reasons to fear this. In the United States, as a whole, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is as one to seven; but in the New England States the Catholics form nearly twenty-five per cent. of the whole population, and seventy-five per cent. of the births occur in Catholic families. There is, again, a continual immigration of Catholics and a correspondingly emigration of Native Americans. We are wont to sup-

pose that the Catholics congregate chiefly in cities; but statistics show that the foreign population of New England is about equally divided between city and country, and that the number of Catholics going into the country and buying farms is increasing every year. About one-half of the Connecticut Valley, the best farming land in Massachusetts, is owned by Irishmen. It will be readily seen that at the above rate, unless something unforeseen prevents, by the time the generation just born takes the place of its fathers, New England will be largely Catholic.

The tendencies during the past few years indicate what is likely to continue in the immediate future. So plain does it appear that the causes, which have hitherto given New England her preëminence, are either entirely removed or are exerting less and less influence every year, that there seems to be but one answer to the question whether she is likely to retain that preëminence.

GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION.

AN ORIGINAL DECLAMATION BY E. W. G., '79.

TWO hundred and forty-five years ago, in the Convent of Minerva, at Rome, an aged man, charged with heresy and menaced with torture, stood before the terrible judges of the Inquisition. This man was the renowned mathematician, inventor,

astronomer, and philosopher, Galileo Galilei. He has dared to teach contrary to the decision of the church, and *must be silenced*. Sentence of imprisonment, during the pleasure of the Inquisition, has just been pronounced against him. With bowed

head but with strong and manly bearing, he ventures thus to reply :

Revered and Holy Masters,—charged as I am with the unspeakable crime of heresy, it is with feelings of deepest humility and abasement that I dare speak in your dread presence. I wish to appear becomingly submissive to the will of Heaven shown through the decree of this most Holy Order. But, the justice of our Eternal Master is ever attended by gentle mercy. I pray your Highnesses, let also *your* decision be tempered with compassion.

Think not of the whitened locks, bent form, and shrunken limbs before you. Regard not the marks made by seventy long years of hardship and care. But, consider in mercy the dear ones hourly expecting my return yonder at Arcetri. Spare the pious, loving daughter, whose lamp of life is burning low in damp convent walls. Drive not the gentle nun to the anguish of grief and despair! Let not her pure soul pass to the unknown shore, oppressed with the thought that the aged father dies a living death in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition!

I can expect no further lenity? Remarkable mildness has already been shown me? Was it mildness to compel an old man, weak from disease and worn out with constant toil, to make a month's journey in

the dead of winter, over wastes swept by the keen Alpine wind, here to your tribunal? By your lenity I have lain in prison for months, waiting trial. That was a token of your mildness last night when a familiar of the Holy Office, with harsh, insulting words, closing my cell window shut out the starry beauty of the night, my only consolation in trouble.

You have condemned me to imprisonment,—and for what crime? Because I taught what I believed to be the truth! I am “vehemently suspected of heresy,” a charge that a branch of your order, in a neighboring country, deems sufficient to condemn a man to the awful death at the stake. And **THIS**, because the wonders opened up by the telescope have led me to believe that the earth moves and the sun *does not*. You say the earth cannot move because it has no limbs fitted for motion! Shall I believe *you*, rather than the wonderful instrument whose Cyclopean eye scans the mountains and valleys of the moon, and marks the changes and movements of the heavenly galaxies? No! Here in the presence of my Maker, I fear not to say it! From the ceaseless flowing of the tides, from the uniformly changing seasons, from the worlds that people space, I believe “it does move!”

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WELL, vacation has gone by, and once more the familiar clang of the College bell gives hourly warning of the flight of time. The summer months have passed all too quickly in healthful recreation at resorts among the mountains and along the coast, and in appreciation of *dolce far niente* at the "old home"; but the urgent call of duty sounds in every stroke of the Chapel bell, and almost daily some lagard turns his truant steps up the beaten paths.

Seventy-nine has put off the easy independence of Junior year and wears the complacent look and dignified (?) bearing of seniority. Eighty has passed along to eighty-one, the old plug hats and the uncontrollable cane-rushing, horn-blowing spirit that characterizes the second year at college, and with satisfied equanimity turns its attention to the delights of *Ich habe*, and the wonders of "resultant motion." Eighty-one no longer carries a cane by stealth and in the night-time, but openly and in broad day, as if it gladly acknowledged its freedom from the pressure of college custom and of Sophomoric misrule.

And here is eighty-two, strangers now, but not to remain so long.

Here's our hand, companions, and may our acquaintance be long and pleasant. Though we are aware "unsolicited advice is the most vexatious of all the sorts of vice that prevail," we cannot help indulging our editorial propensity and giving the benefit of our experience to those who are where we were only a short while ago. Do not be afraid of thinking too much of your classmates. Foster a class feeling, not of animosity to other classes but of sympathy and brotherly regard for your own. Avoid all class disputes and divisions. Upon the feeling between classmates depends the answer to the question whether the four years at college shall be the pleasantest in the student's whole life or full of bickering and discontent. Let the bond of union be so strong that it will outlast the brief time spent in college walls, and prove a fruitful source of enjoyment *for life*.

As we begin another year of study, doubtless many new and good resolutions are formed by those students who have heretofore been disposed to groan under what they deemed too heavy burdens. They have resolved to study eleven or twelve hours each day. No burden

could be imposed now which they could not easily bear. Whence all this pluck and courage? There has been a long vacation. Books have been thrown aside. The mind has had no care. The body has been invigorated by healthy out-of-door exercise. Now we venture to give a suggestion. Studies are, of course, of the first importance, therefore prepare well each lesson. But resolve that after you have done this you will employ a certain portion of time each day in healthful exercise. There is no sort of amusement that gives so good exercise as base-ball. This is the national game and *the special* game of all American colleges. At our College we have made it a source of amusement, pride, and profit. We have put nines into the field and won victories over every club in the State. At the present time, without wasting one minute of time, we can do the same again. It is needless to say anything to inspire interest in the cause of base-ball. We know every student of the College wishes the nine all possible success. We hope that every member of '82 will become a member of the Base-Ball Association.

To every real student, the Library is the one thing of the many pertaining to our College which he esteems most highly. It is almost the first acquaintance he makes upon entering on his four years' course of

study. He visits it regularly two or three times during the week. It becomes to be to him a counselor, teacher, and social friend.

His acquaintance with it grows more intimate as he advances in his studies. He is interested in its welfare because whatever promotes this directly aids him. Now we do not intend to find any serious cause for complaint. We all agree that there are more books in the Library than we can find time to read. We also know that it is well selected. But there are works published every month that we could read with profit. Standard works in Science, History, and Fiction published during the last two years ought to be within the reach of every student. This is nothing more than he has a right to expect. We think the College cannot afford to let such an essential as the Library get behind the times. Our attention has been called to this repeatedly, and we mention it now simply because we believe it to be attributed to oversight, and that it will receive the Librarian's prompt attention.

We learned from our local papers during the last vacation that Mrs. North, of Bristol, Conn., whose daughter, Miss Jennie Rich North, was the valedictorian of the class of '77, and therefore of newspaper fame, had, with becoming benignity, magnanimity, and generosity, presented to the distinguished Faculty

of our honored institution a clock, the same to be appropriately placed in the College Chapel. What could be more natural than that we should expect upon entering the Chapel for the first time after vacation, to see, in some conspicuous locality, the elegant old-fashioned time-piece. But, strange to relate, there was nothing that gave any evidence that a clock was present, not even so much as the ticking of a watch. Now we know that "*to be*" denotes indefinite future time, but we hazard the opinion that the donor intended that the recipients would immediately place it as directed. At present there is no indication that we shall ever see it. We shall probably bear our heavy disappointment, but it would have been a source of comfort and convenience to have had this time-honored article placed here *pro bono publico*, by which we could have measured those things which have neither breadth nor depth but—length. *Nota Bene*—We don't mean lines.

Heretofore the custom has prevailed at Bates for the classes to elect officers in order of seniority; but this year, owing to the fact that a large number of '79 are absent, the Senior election has been delayed until the last. As necessity will soon force the class to an election, we take this occasion to offer a few remarks concerning it.

College life is a world in minia-

ture and has political "machines" of its own, and wire-pullers anxious to operate them.

From its greater importance and from the greater honor supposed to attend elevation to office in Senior year, this election generally develops an unusual amount of wire-pulling. Often hard feelings are engendered which embitter the remainder of the course and may last for life. Rival societies, personal ambitions, prejudices, jealousies, at these times are made the hinges of class divisions. Not unfrequently the result is a bolt and two sets of officers each claiming to be rightfully chosen—a Nichols *vs.* Packard case—and the consequent struggle for control.

'79, we are sorry to say, has not been altogether free from wire-pulling and wrangles. Yet we firmly believe that machine politics in '79, if they ever existed, are now forever dead and buried. The last year has drawn the class into greater harmony than ever before existed in its midst, and we have ample reasons for stating that as far as possible '79 is now a unit.

Therefore our object in writing this note is not to urge a union of the class, for that already exists, but to call attention to the fact that great care should be exercised in the election of officers. The class has to select men to represent it before the public at a time when the best fruits of its four years' labor

are expected to be brought forth. In the selection of these men the class standing is at stake. More than this a committee must be chosen to make all arrangements for the concert and other class exercises of Commencement Week. Further, this committee has charge of all class expenses and receipts.

In order to fill these positions satisfactorily, attention must be given to the selection of officers before the day of election. We do not mean in the way of soliciting votes for this or that aspirant; but we mean that every member of the class, without regard to any other one's opinion, shall carefully select in advance the men he wants, and then quietly vote for them—a majority of all the votes thrown being necessary for a choice.

In order to accomplish the end in view—the right man in the right place—this selection should be made without regard to society, personal prejudice, or former ill feeling. If every man votes on this basis just the thing intended will be accomplished. Doubtless there will be honest differences of opinion in the election; but if each one willingly submits to the majority, '79's Senior election will be marked by the utmost harmony and good feeling, and a set of men will be elected capable of honorably representing the class and of taking care of its interests. From every indication at present, we feel that the election

will be just what it ought to be; and that '79 will, on next Commencement, step down and out with perfect harmony in its ranks and an honorable record behind it.

If any of the students are particularly anxious to become food for Indian tigers, they will do well to read up on the subject of missions in the following books recommended by the energetic missionary, Rev. Mr. Phillips:

1. *These for Those: Our Indebtedness to Foreign Missions; or, What we get for What we Give.* Rev. W. Warren, D.D., Portland. \$1.50.
2. *Foreign Missions:* Dr. R. Anderson, Boston. \$1.25.
3. *The Great Conquest: Miscellaneous Papers on Missions.* Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, New York. 60 cts.
4. *The Martyr Church of Madagascar.* \$2.00.
5. *History of the Missions of the American Board in India.* Dr. Anderson. \$1.50.
6. *Forty Years in the Turkish Empire, or Memories of Rev. Wm. Goodell, D.D.* Dr. Prime. \$2.50.
7. *Life of Dr. Judson* by Dr. Wayland; 2 vols.
8. *The Land of the Veda.* Dr. Butler.

We are glad to note that baseball, which so far this term has been so dead, is again reviving, and there is now a prospect of a good, lively season.

Saturday, the 28th, our Club goes to Readfield to play the first game of the college year. We are glad that the club is going, but sorry that

it is in no better condition. Three of the nine are absent, Tuttle, Ranger, and Perkins. Their positions will probably be filled by Hoyt, '80, Nevens, '81, and Norcross, '82. The team has scarcely been on the field together; and so, with new men and a nine out of practice, we cannot confidently predict a victory, for the Hill generally puts a good team into the field; but still we believe that the nine, if it keeps cool, will win. But if beaten we think it better policy to show our pluck by playing than to hang off waiting for more practice and the return of the old players. No practice is so good as that derived from regular games, and without the stimulus of games the nine will not do the proper amount of practicing. If beaten now, the club will get into trim to beat next time. Our bad defeat last summer, by the Portland Reds, was owing to the fact that the Club had had no practice in regular games. Further, by playing now we shall get new men ready for the future. The prospects of the nine for the season never looked better, and we hope that a series of games may be arranged with the other college nines in the State.

The funeral day of Mr. Lyman Nichols was observed by the omission of recitations. It is by a strange coincidence that we are again called upon to notice the death of one whose name is inseparably

connected with our Institution. Mr. Nichols, though not so generous a benefactor as Mr. Bates, has, nevertheless, exerted a peculiar influence in building up the prosperity of the College. It was through him, as President of the Franklin Company, that the donation was made which decided the location of the College at Lewiston. He was one of the founders of the business enterprise of the city, and his influence, continually exerted in our favor, has been of considerable importance. Our preparatory department, the Nichols Latin School, received its name from him, thus inseparably connecting his name with the future fortunes of the College.

On the whole we believe no student can afford to lose the privileges that the societies offer him. To the Freshmen we say that the best time to join is now. It generally happens that men who put off joining one year put it off for the rest of the course. The best time to break in is when but little will be expected of one. At least one who does not enter till his Sophomore or Junior year experiences the disadvantage of competing as a green hand with men in lower classes, but with more experience as debaters. Hence, students entering society at a late period of their college course rarely ever take an active part in its work. Especially in this country, the col-

lege graduate is expected to be able to speak in public without hesitation, and this he cannot do unless he has trained himself by practice, which only society work affords. The expenses are not so great as to deter any one from joining; so we hope that '82 to a man will join one of the societies, and grasp the training which they hold out to the faithful worker.

EXCHANGES.

Although we have received a considerable number of exchanges, yet many more of our old acquaintances, whom we are expecting every day, fail to put in their appearance. With the July number of the *Kenyon Advance* the old Board of Editors retire. We think they have done their work conscientiously and well. The last number is not up to the general standard. It may possess peculiar interest for its own College students, but, filled as it is chiefly with Class History and Prophecy, it is not exceedingly entertaining to the disinterested reader. The Prophecy shows toilsome effort for effect, and in some places is as dull as the original text of a Delphian Oracle. We are fully confident that the new Board will make their first number as readable as the one that preceded it.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* opens well with an interesting article entitled "Reminiscences of

College Life." There are some good thoughts in the article "Some Reflections on Collegiate Education," and also in the article entitled "Arrogance of Opinion." The monthly presents a fine external appearance and will repay the reader well for the time spent in the perusal. Perhaps the only criticism that might be passed upon it would be that it lacks some of the distinguishing features of most College magazines.

The literary department of the *Amherst Student* will, of course, escape criticism because it consists wholly of prize essays. The Editorials, Locals, Exchanges, etc., are very good.

There must be a living interest in College journalism at Dartmouth. The publication of such a paper as the *Dartmouth Weekly* means no less than work. The editors never fail to give us something newsy and spirited. The issue for September 19th contains a fine poem under the title of "The Close of Day." There is also a page or more of Foreign Correspondence, Locals in dialect, and a long Necrology of Dartmouth College Alumni for 1887-8. Its column of Personals is full, and it handles exchanges with a coolness and candor which is very commendable.

Our neighbor, the *Colby Echo*, was among the first to greet us upon our return. The *Echo* is steadily gaining ground. We notice first

the poem, "Unhidden," by H. L. K. The initials look familiar. We think this writer deserves well of the *Echo*. His prose article, "A Submarine Adventure," is very good, but we are reminded of Poe at once by the title; and, indeed, throughout there is a similarity to Poe's style of plot and treatment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editors of the Student :

I wish to avail myself of your Correspondence Column to call the attention of the Faculty and students to a matter suggested by an editorial in one of your recent issues. I refer to the plan of fitting up a room for the special use of the Christian Association. It is not necessary to enumerate the advantages to be derived from this arrangement; these are allowed by all, and it only remains to consider the practicability of the idea. It was thought that the room best adapted to the wants of the Association was the one opposite the Mathematical Recitation Room in Hathorn Hall, but that is being taken up as a Natural History Room. Since that is the only unoccupied room in Hathorn, we must turn our attention to Parker. It would, of course, be better to be able to hold the meetings in the other building, but still the advantages of a pleasant, comfortable

room during the winter will more than offset the disadvantages of having a room in the dormitory. Room 39 can be made as large and as pleasant as the Reading Room, and though next to it, is separated from it by a brick wall that prevents the passage of disturbing sounds in both directions. This room can be fitted up with little expense and will be as pleasant as any in the building. This plan certainly seems practical, and I, for one, earnestly hope it may be carried out.

Yours truly, ZATE.

Editors of the Student :

Are we not to have a Glee Club this term? Because we have lost the Quartette of '78 is no reason that we should give up entirely and let the interest already started die out before it has made a trial to live. There is a plenty of musical talent in the College and a little practice will give us an organization we shall be proud to own. A Glee Club, too, will awaken interest in College Songs and make it a little less dull about the halls and Campus. "A word to the wise," etc.

RUFUS Q.

LOCALS.

Who is Limby?

"I shall use you rough!"

Term began August 20th.

The Sophomores are reading Alcestis.

Mayor is on the editorial staff of the *Gazette*.

Nine Juniors have quietly stepped down and out.

Some of the Sophomores went home to vote—of course.

Students are expected to seat themselves alphabetically in Chapel.

A Junior defines quartz as a composition of *mica*, *feldspar*, and *granite*.

The latest rendering of Cicero's "*incidimus linum*" is, "We got upon a line."

The literature of the Institution is about to be enriched by the addition of "Bollin on the Soul."

"What's in a name?" "The Senior Club," for instance, with two Seniors and six or eight Juniors in it.

The wicked Soph hugs himself and grins, because he thinks the Freshmen could elect only four officers.

The editors intend to make a canvas of the students for political and other statistics, to publish in the next issue.

The number of Seniors is so small that, to make themselves visible at prayers, they have to sit as closely together as possible.

W. A. Hoyt, '80, has been chosen Captain of the nine. The regular days for practice are Monday afternoon, Wednesday afternoon, and Saturday morning.

The room opposite the Mathematical Room is being fitted up for a Natural History Room.

Sophomoric matters have been very quiet since the rope-pull, probably in anticipation of the annual game of base-ball.

We offer a nickel-plated gold medal to the man who will invent and introduce a better subject for conversation than the plans and prospects of Greenbackism.

The compositors request our chief to put a mark at the top of his copy sheets that they may know which side up to hold them when they undertake to decipher his hieroglyphics.

A Freshman was slightly astonished at the number of pedal salutes he received on coming out of recitation, but the matter was explained when it was shown that his broad back had borne the sign, "Kick me, please."

Countryman, mistaking a Professor for a student—"New cider! New cider, sir?" Prof., blandly—"No, thank you." And several faces disappear from the front windows to divide into a grin that breaks things.

Prof. to Senior, who is reading a newspaper: "Mr. M., did you ever teach school?" "Yes, sir." "Did you allow your scholars to read in recitation time?" Very quietly, "Yes, sir, I sometimes compelled them to read." Then followed a slight agitation in the back seats.

A few evenings since a Theologue observing a brilliant object in the sky, and after discoursing eloquently on the starry heavens to some young ladies in whose company he was, identified the body as the planet Mars. To the unlearned it was a balloon, direct from the circus grounds, *en route* for the sky.

A party lately inquired the way to the Pomological Fair, and was directed by some one connected with the Colleges to the Driving Park where a shooting match was in progress; and then he was heard to mutter, "Pomology must be scientific for pigeon shooting."

A Senior, called up suddenly, is asked to define the line of the equinoxes. Mac, with customary glibness, goes in for a ten strike. "It is a plane—a—a point—having two sides opposite—passing through the ecliptic—with the equator at right angles." Prof.—"No—No! Not so!"

Thursday, August 29th, witnessed the first rope-pull at Bates. The day preceding, a challenge was presented by '81 and was promptly accepted by '82. At the appointed time both classes assembled in full numbers upon the base-ball field. The bystanders manifested considerable interest in the result, which was doubtful on account of the nearly equal numbers of the two classes. All being ready, at the signal of the Umpire, the

mighty tug began. The rope held for a moment, and then took a hitch Sophomorewards, stopped, and then gradually moved on, until, amid shouts and laughter it was borne past the goal by triumphant '81. '82 pulled well and we are glad to see them so plucky. The Captains were E. D. Rowell, '81, and J. C. Perkins, '82. Umpire, W. E. Ranager, '79.

Isn't it lonesome this term? No practical jokes, no hazing, no hilarity, no concerts on the Campus, no rollicking, uproarious bands of students coming in late at night, no horn tooting, no Faculty meetings, no base-ball, no items for our reporter, no excitement whatever. Our Local Editor wanders around in listless despair, dry quill over his ear, and looks forlornly at the blank pages for the STUDENT. Oh! Sophs, relieve him from his sorrows.

Avoid a Senior, escape him, skip him. If you merely ask him how he is, he will sieze you by the arm, and ejaculate with vacant, staring eyes and panting breath: "My dear sir, by persistent exertion of philosophical consciousness, concentrated by the most strenuous attention, I am able to inform you that the Ego, for which you interrogate, is in complete possession of the usual special faculties, and as soon as I have made accurate observations and comparisons of its coacervation of phenomena, I will endeavor to in-

struct you concerning the individual *corpus* that allows the conscious soul, through the senses, to come into contact with external and alienated objects."

This is the time of the year when elections, political, social, and religious, occupy the attention and call out the votes of Senior and Fresh, Junior and Soph. So numerous have been the elections that it is no wonder the Sophomore in Class meeting 'was bewildered and cast two votes for Wm. P. Frye instead of one for Class Orator.

Thursday evening, the 19th, was the occasion of the semi-annual supper given to the College students by the Main Street F. W. B. Society. After supper, songs, select readings, etc., enlivened the evening. The Sophomore Quartette here made its first appearance before the public and showed talents worthy of training. We hope that it will practice so as to fill the place of the Quartette of '78. The evening passed very pleasantly, and we take this opportunity for extending the thanks of the students to all participating in the arrangements made for our reception.

At the supper lately given to the College boys by the Main Street F. W. B. Society, the young ladies, as usual, centered their charms and attentions upon the Freshmen. Whether they do this in order that the Freshman, being sensitive, as all

Freshmen are, may not feel slighted, or in the belief that his heart is more susceptible to female charms, and that they may thereby be stamping themselves upon this plastic material for the future Senior, we are unable to say; but be that as it may, the Fresh sometimes proves too much for the arts of the fair charmers, as the following incident of the evening will show. An '82 man, having been told that a certain young lady desired to be introduced to him, straightened up and sternly said, in stentorian tones: "Well, no! Didn't come down here to get acquainted with the ladies. Thought I'd just come down and survey the country and look the people over and get something to eat!" (Immense applause by the Sophs.) Oh! Fresh, may the maternal precepts get so strong upon thee through all the years of thy pursuit after knowledge.

The Christian Association has got into working order for the term. There is a marked increase of religious interest among the students, showing that the Association is doing just what we predicted it would do, and that the students are ready to work when allowed to do it in their own way. At present meetings are held only once a week, on Wednesday evening from 7 till 8 o'clock. There is some talk of resuming the Sunday afternoon meetings, but the idea is opposed by

some members. What we most need at present is a special room in which to hold the meetings. We believe that an effort is on foot to obtain and fit up such a room. We hope that it will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

We are glad to be able to report a favorable condition of our Debating Societies. In each a good degree of interest is being manifested. Each has received several new members since the opening of the term, and larger accessions are expected before its close. More than this the two societies are running in harmony with each other. None of that antagonism which so often prevails between rival societies, is seen here. Each holds out hands of welcome to all new comers. The greater part of the time during meetings is devoted to discussions upon topics of the day. The financial issue has received its share of attention. Almost to a man the debates have shown the students to be advocates of hard money doctrines. Wild theories and communistic fallacies excite their merited contempt.

Below we give a list of the members of the Freshman Class:

C. R. Adams.. West Stewartstown, N. H.
F. L. Blanchard.....Lewiston.
H. S. Bullen.....Belfast.
H. Carpenter.....Houlton.
H. H. Chase.....Unity.
W. G. Clark.....Sangerville.
W. H. Cogswell.....Sanbornton, N. H.
Miss C. O. Davis.....Bryant's Pond.
J. W. Douglass.....Gardiner.

R. H. Douglass.....East Dixfield.
G. A. Eastman.....Exeter.
B. G. Eaton.....Hermou.
G. P. Emmons.....Georgetown.
Miss M. E. Farnham.....Auburn.
Miss A. R. Forbes.....East Hebron.
Miss E. B. Forbes.....East Hebron.
Miss I. B. Foster.....East Hebron.
A. D. Gray.....Dover.
C. H. Hall.....Lewiston.
I. L. Harlow.....Auburn.
B. J. Hinds.....Fairfield.
C. E. Lander.....Gardiner.
C. H. Libbey.....Boston, Mass.
S. A. Lowell.....West Minot.
A. W. Manson.....Houlton.
C. E. Mason.....Munson.
L. T. McKenney.....Dexter.
Miss J. S. Merrill.....Auburn.
J. F. Merrill.....Lewiston.
I. M. Norcross.....Winthrop.
C. L. Nutting.....Plymouth, N. H.
A. D. Park.....Mexico.
W. A. Paul.....Auburn.
D. E. Pease.....Phillips.
J. C. Perkins.....Lewiston.
F. D. Record.....Auburn.
E. R. Richards.....Farmington.
W. Skillings.....Norway.
J. H. Snow.....Lewiston.
L. M. Tarr.....Brunswick.
L. M. Thompson.....Mechanic Falls.
O. H. Tracy.....West Minot.
W. V. Twaddle.....Weld.
G. G. Weeks.....Fairfield.
W. P. White.....Auburn.

Below is a list of the officers of different organizations, which may be useful for reference. The Seniors are waiting for a fuller attendance of the class before electing their officers for the next Commencement.

BATES CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Primarius.....Prof. B. F. Hayes.
President.....F. P. Otis, '79.

Vice Presidents.

M. C. Smart, '79; J. F. Parsons, '80; B. S. Rideout, '81; Pease, '82.

Corresponding Sec'y.. W. H. Judkins, '80.
Recording Secretary... W. J. Brown, '81.

Standing Committee.

R. F. Jonhonnnett, E. W. Given, '79; F. L. Hayes, J. H. Heald, '80; G. E. Lowden, W. P. Curtis, '81; J. H. Snow, F. L. Blanchard, '82.

POLYMNIAN SOCIETY.

President.....E. W. Given, '79.
Vice President.....J. H. Heald, '80.
Secretary.....W. J. Brown, '81.
Treasurer.....O. H. Drake, '81.
Librarian.....W. H. Judkins, '80.
Assistant Librarian.....Not Chosen.

Executive Committee.

F. P. Otis, '79; M. P. Judkins, '80; J. E. Holton, '81.

First Editor.....M. C. Smart, '79.
Second Editor.....W. A. Hoyt, '80.
Third Editor.....Miss E. J. Clark, '81.
Fourth Editor.....Not Chosen.
Orator.....R. F. Jonhonnnett, '79.
Poet.....T. J. Bollin, '79.

EUROSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

President.....W. E. Ranger, '79.
Vice President.....I. T. Frisbee, '80.
Secretary.....W. B. Perkins, '81.
Treasurer.....H. S. Jordan, '80.
Librarian.....M. T. Newton, '80.

Executive Committee.

E. A. McCollister, '79; F. L. Hayes, '80;
D. McGillicuddy, '81.

First Editor.....S. C. Mosely, '79.
Second Editor.....C. A. Holbrook, '80.
Third Editor.....W. P. Foster, '81.
Fourth Editor.....Not Chosen.

JUNIOR CLASS.

President.....H. L. Merrill.
Vice President.....A. A. Bean.
Secretary.....Miss E. H. Sawyer.
Treasurer.....E. H. Farrar.
Orator.....W. H. Judkins.
Historian.....A. L. Woods.
Prophet.....M. T. Newton.
Poet.....J. H. Heald.

Odists.....L. W. Harris.
Chaplain.....F. L. Hayes.
Toast Master.....J. A. Plummer.
Marshal.....R. C. Gilbert.

Executive Committee.

C. H. Deshon, O. C. Tarbox, W. A. Hoyt.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President.....H. B. Nevens.
Vice President.....J. E. Holton.
Secretary.....H. E. Foss.
Treasurer.....C. S. Cook.

Executive Committee.

O. H. Drake, W. C. Hobbs, Miss M. K. Pike.

Orator.....W. J. Brown.
Poetess.....Miss E. J. Clark.
Odists.....W. P. Foster.
Toast Master.....E. D. Rowell.
Historian.....C. L. McCleery.
Prophet.....W. P. Curtis.
Chaplain.....G. E. Lowden.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President.....W. H. Cogswell.
Vice President.....L. M. Thompson.
Secretary.....Miss C. O. Davis.
Treasurer.....I. L. Harlow.

BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

President.....S. C. Mosely, '79.
Vice President.....H. E. Foss, '81.
Secretary.....R. F. Jonhonnnett, '79.
Treasurer.....E. A. McCollister, '79.
Manager.....F. Howard, '79.

Committee.

T. M. Lombard, '79; R. C. Gilbert, '80;
C. P. Sanborn, '81.

Directors.

H. L. Merrill, '80; C. S. Cook, '81; L. Thompson, '82.

First Nine.

W. E. Ranger, A. E. Tuttle, E. W. Given,
T. M. Lombard, and L. M. Perkins,
'79; H. E. Foss, C. P. Sanborn, F. H.
Wilbur, and J. H. Parsons, '81.

Second Nine.

S. C. Mosely, '79; W. A. Hoyt, R. C. Gilbert, E. E. Richards, and C. B. Rankin, '80; H. B. Nevens, E. D. Rowell, J. H. Goding, and C. S. Cook, '81.

Hoyt, Richards, Nevens, and Rowell were selected as substitutes for absent members of the first nine.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'73.—Married in Ashland, N. H., Sept. 17th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Prof. A. B. Meservey, Nathan W. Harris, of Auburn, Me., and Miss Manilla H. Smith, of Ashland.

'73.—E. P. Sampson has been elected Principal of Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Me.

'74.—Rev. H. H. Acterian (Bates Theological School, Class of '77) preaches at North Anson, Me.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins has been engaged as Principal of Northwood Academy, Northwood Ridge, N. H.

'75.—A. M. Spear has been admitted to the Kennebec Bar.

'76.—E. C. Adams has secured the position of Principal of Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

'76.—W. H. Adams has been elected Principal of Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Me.

'76.—W. O. Collins, having met with excellent success as Principal of Norway High School, Norway, Me., has engaged for another year with increase of salary.

'76.—Marion Douglass has recently been admitted to the Kennebec Bar.

'76.—C. S. Libby is Principal of the Athens High School, Athens, Me.

'76.—I. C. Phillips has a situation as Principal of the Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.

'77.—C. V. Emerson is meeting with fine success as Principal of the Bowdoinham High School, Bowdoinham, Me.

'77.—H. W. Oakes is studying law in the office of Frye, Cotton & White, of this city.

'77.—A. W. Potter is teaching at Gorham, Me.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, formerly editor of the *STUDENT*, is studying law at Bangor, Me.

'77.—Miss J. R. North has been elected Assistant Principal of the Rockland High School.

'77.—Married in Lexington, Mass., September 7, by Rev. Mr. Wescott, Mr. L. A. Burr and Miss Lizzie A. Dunning.

'77.—F. F. Phillips has been elected Principal of the Rockland High School, Rockland, Me.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has entered the Bates Theological School.

'78.—Moriis Adams is teaching Georgetown High School, Georgetown, Me.

'78.—F. H. Bartlett has been elected Principal of Brewer High School, Brewer, Me.

'78.—C. E. Brockway is teaching and preaching at Wilton, Iowa.

'78.—M. F. Daggett is teaching at West Waterville, Me.

'78.—F. D. George has entered Bates Theological School.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins, former editor of the BATES STUDENT, has the position of Principal of Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Me.

'78.—B. S. Hurd has obtained the position of Assistant in Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me.

'78.—C. E. Hussey is teaching the High School at Milton Mills, N. H.

'78.—A. M. Flagg is teaching in Colebrook, N. H.

'78.—E. V. Scribner has entered the Medical Department of Bowdoin College.

'78.—E. B. Vining is Assistant Principal of Gould's Academy, at Bethel, Me.

'78.—A. Gatchell is teaching in Illinois.

Roberts College, at Constantinople, had 118 students left after the war, out of 230.

Four hundred colleges in the United States; three thousand seven hundred Professors.

Harvard is having a Gymnasium erected which will be the finest in the country, costing \$50,000.

Twenty-six ladies graduated at the last Commencement of the New York Medical College for Women.

The Smithsonian Institution reports that Prof. Watson of Ann Arbor, Mich., announces the discovery of a new planet.

Kennedy, Yale's favorite oarsman, has gone to Chataqua Lake, Canada, where he is to take part in a race which occurs on the 28th inst.

At Amherst, Class Day, J. E. Tuttle of Perry, will be Historian, C. H. Percival, of Waterville, Orator, and C. T. Goodrich, of Warren, Marshal.

The Faculty of Oberlin College have made half an hour's gymnasium exercise compulsory upon the students for four days in the week.

Some practical jokers at Cornell fired off a cannon near one of the buildings. It exploded in the discharge, doing damage, in broken glass, etc., to the amount of \$93.27.

The Library at Trinity contains 18,000 volumes, of which some 400 are duplicates. The library fund amounts to between \$20,000 and \$30,000. The trees on the Campus

OTHER COLLEGES.

Of the 375 members in Congress 191 are college men.

The last graduating class at Oberlin numbered thirty-one.

Yale has 114,000 books in her library, and Harvard 228,000.

The chapel service at Princeton has been changed to five o'clock in the afternoon.

The University of California, Johns Hopkins University and Michigan University, have abolished Commencement orations.

are to be cut down, and the Campus is to be adorned with fountains, walks, and smooth lawns.

A Cornell graduate affirms, in the *New York Tribune*, that the annual expenses while in college were thirty-six dollars and six cents for board, and one dollar and fifty cents for washing.

A scholarship in the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* at Paris, has been allotted to the University of Virginia. The standard for graduation at the University of Virginia is 75 to 83 1-3.

Prof. Loomis, of Yale College, has published "Algebraic Problems and Examples." As it is without a key, the consternation among the Yale Freshmen who use the volume as a text-book, is said to be *sine* precedent.

'78 at Rutgers entered college with 62 members, and graduated with 32; 25 A. B.'s and 7 B. S.'s. The laboratories were open during July and August for special courses in blowpipe, analysis-mineralogy, analytical chemistry, etc.

The debt of the University of Chicago has been reduced to less than \$100,000. President Abernethy resigned, and Dr. Anderson was elected to his place. The only two secret societies there, are the *A. K. E.* and the *W. I.*, but a third is to be started in the fall.

The University of Freiburg has lately received a very important addition to its Ethnological and Biological Museum, in twenty-nine large cases of specimens collected during the last few years in Egypt, by Dr. F. Moos. This is one of the most extensive gatherings of the kind ever brought into one building, as it embraces over 300 skulls of mummies from the graves of Thebes, Dendera, and the Pyramids; seventy to eighty mummies of various kinds; enormous quantities of flint instruments (over 10,000 pieces). Besides these there were various articles of special interest, such as vases, ornaments, etc.

CLIPPINGS.

A Cincinnati paper says: "The latest thing in hose—the feet." Does the man put on his stockings over his head?

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the clothes had been pulled off from him by his wife.

The Freshman, who said that "alumni," when treated on charcoal with nitrate of cobalt, turned blue, must have meant alumina.—*Ex.*

A Prep. closes his patriotic oration in this eloquent style: "Yes, our country shall remain till Gabriel plays his last trump, and orders up the Universe."

Prof.—“What is a Function?”

Junior—“Well, sir (deliberately), a fellow's mark, for instance, is, I think, a function of a fellow's recitation, his behavior, and the caprice of the Faculty.” (Sensation.)

Senior—“Do you know why our college is such a learned place?”

Freshman—“Of course; the Freshmen always bring a little learning here, and as the Seniors never take any away, it naturally accumulates.”
—*Ex.*

A peddler, overtaken by another of the fraternity on the road, exclaimed: “Halloo, what do you carry?” “Patent medicines,” was the reply. “Good! you go ahead, I carry gravestones,” was the rejoinder.

This is the way a Junior talks to his chum who is just trying the good old way of the Sophomore:

Ecce! in media nocte

Quo video te, soci docte?

Cum pulcra puella

Aliique umbrellæ?

Heu! video statu in hoc te!

—*Colby Echo.*

After-dinner Orator: “It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but, on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o'humor, that Dickory gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery

is the humorist, and Dackens is the satarist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackens and Thickens.”

A Sabbath-School teacher tried to further impress upon his class the lesson he had been teaching—trust in God—by calling their attention to the motto on our national coin; so he held up a Bland dollar, and asked: “What is that?” “Ninety-two cents,” said a sharp little fellow. “No, I mean what motto is that?” “In God we trust.” “Right. For what shall we trust in Him?” “For the other eight cents.”—*Colby Echo.*

If you are a medium or low average, but specially gifted student, and you wish to write a heavy article, I will give you an abridged pocket edition of low-stand college boys of former years: Spenser, Locke, Bacon, Blackstone, Burke, Gray, Gibbon, Hume, Poe, Richardson, Scott, Beaumont, DeQuincey, Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, Akenside, Fielding, Milton, Ben Jonson, Hallam, Bulwer, Pope, Steele, Thackeray, Thomson, Wardsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Motley, Barry Cornwall, Southey, Kingsley, Macaulay, Charles Sumner, Goethe, Lessing, Story, Kent, and many whose names, out of respect for their families, I must not publish. Hundreds more, also, of all nations, swell the list.

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REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 26, 1879

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

FRITZ W. BALDWIN, A.M., PRINCIPAL.....Teacher of Latin and Greek.
GIDEON A. BURGESS, A.B.....Teacher of History and Geography.
IVORY F. FRISBEE.....Teacher of Mathematics.
JAMES F. PARSONS.....Assistant Teacher in Latin.
FRANCIS L. HAYES.....Teacher of Elocution and Rhetoric.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

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THACKERAY'S VANITY FAIR.

BY S. C. M., '79.

"VANITY FAIR" is only a sermon preached from the text "All is vanity saith the preacher." Yet it is one of the most popular novels ever written in the English language. This work alone would have placed its author in the very foremost rank of novelists. Why? Do people like to have their faults told to their face? Every one of Thackeray's readers is made the victim of his satire. It is charged (justly in some respects) that the novel is cynical. But how happens it that with these serious faults it attained at once and still possesses such immense popularity? Certainly the book must possess the requisites of the novel in a great degree of perfection. These we will assume to be—Style, Plot, Selection, and Delineation of Characters.

The style of the novel is what

might be termed Serio-Comic. It is intensely humorous but the humor is not of the camp-meeting sort; nor is it tainted with the slang and vulgarity of low life. It has been said by some critic that the style is "Frenchy." It is true the author makes use of French words and phrases very frequently, but when he speaks English it is as pure and strong as that of any other novelist. The style of Willis and Poe is correctly called Frenchy, but Thackeray's is as different from theirs as night is from day. In treating his characters, Thackeray differs from his great contemporary rival.

Dicken's method was to let the characters explain themselves. He did not choose to say much about them.

Thackeray says, "As we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to

introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidently in the reader's sleeve."

This plan is carried out to the letter. When our author steps down from the platform, you may expect either a good-natured talk about certain characters or a quantity of satire with which he amuses you at their expense.

Thackeray's power of description is remarkable. With one sentence Becky is vividly presented. "She was small and slight of person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up they were very large, *odd*, and *attractive*." Yes; if Becky's eyes had not been *odd* and *attractive*, in all probability old Sir Pitt never would have humbled himself before her; the "milk-sop" Pitt wouldn't have had thoughts he didn't dare to express; and Geo. Osborne's conscience would have been clearer as he was hurrying away to Waterloo.

His descriptions of natural objects and scenery are purposely rare. When they do occur, you will find them accurate, vivid, beautiful. One selection will suffice. "Pleasant Rhine gardens! Fair scenes of peace and sunshine—noble, purple mountains, whose crests are reflected in the magnificent stream. Who has ever seen you, that has not

a grateful memory of those scenes of friendly repose and beauty? To lay down the pen, and even to think of that beautiful Rhineland, makes one happy. At this time of summer evening, the cows are trooping down from the hills, lowing, and with their bells tinkling, to the old town, with its old moats, and gates, and spires, and chestnut trees, with long blue shadows stretching over the grass; the sky and the river below flame in crimson and gold; and the moon is already out, looking pale towards the sunset. The sun sinks behind the great castle-crowned mountains, the night falls suddenly, the river grows darker and darker, lights quiver in it from the windows in the old ramparts, and twinkle peacefully in the villages under the hills on the opposite shore."

The plot of *Vanity Fair* is not of the wild, sensational sort, but is simple, consistent, never passing the bounds of reality. The author makes this announcement, "I warn my 'Kyind Friends' that I am going to tell a story of harrowing villainy and complicated crime." And so he does. But you are not aware of it as you progress in the story. The original characters move on through several changes, gradually adding new people to the circle of their acquaintances, till at last, as an inevitable consequence, their affairs get somewhat mixed. Some mistakes have been made in regard to the character of some of their re-

spectable friends—some of their own actions have been very questionable. Trouble arises between father and son—serious differences between husband and wife—an early death casts a dark shadow over the bright prospects of one of our favorites. Everything is perfectly natural. Who does not know of lives that furnish incidents enough for an interesting novel?

And now let us look at the characters that figure in this little drama. *Vanity Fair*, says the author, is a novel without a hero. But has it a heroine? Some might urge Amelia's claim to that title. But (to compare small things with great), if we make Amelia the *Æneas* of the tale, we certainly shall find Becky rather to much of a *Venus*. If Dobbin could express by word or deed, one-half what he felt, he would make a splendid hero. But we very well know his infirmity.

It seems to me to be the most plausible conjecture, that the author meant to picture the lives of two persons, not unlike in "ways and means" or opportunities. These two persons are the two young ladies that left Miss Pinkerton's that morning—one had received the "well done" and the "dixonary" and was rather sorry at parting, and sat in the coach unsuccessfully trying to keep from crying. The other received—well, the "dixonary," certainly, which she flung out of the coach window, and sat down, so

full of righteous indignation at the old woman, that her joy at leaving the school could not manifest itself. Rebecca didn't get along well with Miss P. She was too sharp for her Preceptress. She spoke French too well; in short, she vexed and tantalized her. Therefore Miss P., in her farewell address, had not failed to remind her of these things. Hence Becky's display of her quick temper. From Amelia's conduct at parting, we may judge quite accurately of her deportment in the school.

Now, although we know very little of these too young ladies as yet, we may set this down as a fact: that although they may have the same object in view, and that a worthy one, they will arrive at it by entirely different routes. They meet in due time their counterparts. In fact, Amelia was engaged before we knew her. She has a brother Jos. Her parents are well-to-do people. Her intended husband is George Osborne, whose parents are quite wealthy and friends of the Sedley's. George has an intimate friend by the name of Dobbin. Becky, after two or more adventures in love, meets Rawdon Crowley and becomes his wife. We have now the principle actors; all the others are subordinates.

These six persons, of course, form new acquaintances. In order that Becky may find Rawdon, we must be introduced to old Sir Pitt Crowley, and several other Crow-

ley's. Dobbin has a few relatives that must be mentioned. Still there are not so many characters, but that the reader can keep them all perfectly distinct. The author never allows a subordinate to get above his station. The eye of the reader is kept constantly fixed upon these six persons. He does not dilate upon what happens to others. We hear that Lord Steyne died miserably; but we were not by his bedside to see and hear what might be seen and heard. Old Sedley dies, but we do not go to the funeral. What do we care about the elegant style in which young Bullock lived; or what company Bute Crowley entertained? It is our business to watch the doings of Amelia and George, Becky and Rawdon, Dobbin and Jos. And here I remark, that Thackeray has hit exactly the "golden mean" in this particular, while Dicken's uniformly goes beyond it. Now let us look at the characters separately.

Amelia Sedley has a good character, but a lamentably weak one. She is a great deal like the cypher—has no value when standing alone. She was, as the author truly calls her, a parasite. She needed—she wanted a protector. She had not many brilliant accomplishments to offer, but she would love him with all ardor. Love was, indeed, her "whole existence."

From early boyhood, George Osborne was the one designated by

his parents, and also by hers, to occupy this position. He very willingly acquiesced in the wishes of the parents. Amelia worshiped him. He was to her a light so brilliant, and she had gazed upon it so long and steadily, that when she withdrew her dazzled eyes all other objects looked blurred and indistinct. Her faith in him was so absolute that it did not admit the shadow of suspicion.

But he was unworthy of her love, and unfaithful to her. He was not naturally bad, but his father had sown the seeds of dissipation from the same hand that should have scattered the seeds of manhood. In so rich a soil, the weeds sprung up and choked the plant. George's nature was a frank, genial, generous one. It is shown to good advantage in the dispute with his father relative to Amelia.

Becky Sharp has inherited her versatile talents and also a proclivity to laxity of morals. She knew perfectly well men's weakness and her own power over them. Hence her triumphs over Jos, old Sir Pitt, Rawdon, George, Lord Steyne, the sober Pitt, and forty others. At some grand party, after certain ladies of the *élite* had shrieked and screamed in some operatic air, Becky, being called upon, would sing pathetically some tender little ballad that would win her the favor of the entire company. Her power of adaptation was wonderful. When Rawdon was

hunted from place to place by the bailiffs, her judgment never failed her; she was cool and collected, ready with plans for his escape. It seems as if she actually enjoyed this style of life. There is a time in her history that she almost fascinates the reader. She is brilliant—too brilliant.

Rawdon's passion for gaming (not his indifference to her, for he loved her well,) gave her opportunities which she improved too well. She soon declines; she becomes suspected by the reader. Her unnatural treatment of her child is revolting; and at length we start with a shudder to find her masked, playing billiards with the vilest company. Of this stage of her history the less said the better.

As for Rawdon, he is a notorious rake; fond of all sorts of vices. At the instigation of his wife he makes gaming a means of livelihood. Yet there is one bright spot in his reckless career—his tender affection and care for his boy, and I believe the secret, sacred influence of this child over him was slowly but surely obliterating the many dark spots in his heart.

Jos is the clown of the show. He isn't over-burdened with brains. He is a contemptible coward. He is fond of drink and also of gaming, but isn't sharp enough. Rawdon preys upon him shamefully. Jos is one of those fellows that must eat so much—drink so much—squander

so much—take up so much space—live so long—and that is all we can say about him.

Dobbin is the only one of the six that has a good character. It is impossible for him to wrong anybody. He couldn't be otherwise than good. He suffered much from George, but never thought of abandoning him. When arguing Amelia's cause, he was shamefully abused by old Osborne. But nothing could turn him from his purpose to smooth the hard road that George's widow was doomed for a time to travel. This was his promise to George before the battle, and he showed himself faithful to it till the end.

In this novel there is perfect harmony and consistency in the characters. No ugly Quilp intrudes himself in disgusting contrast with Little Nell; no angelic little Eva dies and is followed even to the portal of heaven. Amelia is good, but it isn't from any great exertions on her part. She is accustomed to see more or less vice; but she seems totally ignorant of its nature and power. She never says anything wise or witty; she never does anything remarkable. Rebecca and Dobbin are unique. As representatives of a peculiar class of their kind, it will be hard to find their equal.

Jos lived and died as such a person should; and it is not strange at all that Rawdon should die beloved.

It would be too great a task to point out all the beauties of this book. They are scattered lavishly throughout its pages. The character of Amelia gives rise to many tender and beautiful thoughts. Speaking of how she lived upon the thoughts of George before their marriage, the author says: "Poor little tender heart! and so it goes on hoping and beating, and longing and trusting. You see it is not much of a life to describe. There is not much of what you might call incident in it. Only one feeling all day—when will he come? Only one thought to sleep and wake upon." But these thoughts occur only when urgently demanded, and then they come without the least apparent effort. He carefully guards himself against becoming too sentimental. I will cite one example. "Oh, thou poor, panting little soul! The very finest tree in the whole forest, with the straightest stem, and the strongest arms, and the thickest foliage wherein you choose to build and coo, may be marked for what you know, and may be down with a crash ere long. What an old simile that is between man and timber." This delicate stroke of humor redeems the simile from triteness and abates a little of the sentimentalism that preceded. What an occasion for sentimentalism is afforded by George's death. But is there anything of this kind? Nothing at all. He is hurried away to the field. We read the graphic description of the battle. Yes;

George was there. No doubt he fought bravely and will be gazetted, and then his father will forgive him and joyfully welcome him and his young bride home. Yet amid this group of happy thoughts stands the dark presentiment, and we read: "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

To be sure Amelia is prostrated with grief at the news of George's death, but she does not weep in public. After a time she comes forth, but with a beautiful babe—her comfort and consoler.

To conclude, I venture the assertion that this novel contains more real wisdom than can be found in all of Dicken's works together, or in fact in those of any other novelist. I remarked at the beginning that it has been pronounced cynical. Admitting that this is partly true, yet "Pendennis," "The Newcombs," "Henry Esmond," ought certainly to dispel the idea that Thackeray was a cynic. To speak in general terms, every parent, whatever his own moral condition, expects that his child will attain to nearly perfect manhood or womanhood. But when we see the wonderful falling off, who can help agreeing with Thackeray, that goodness is often weak and very frequently mixed with a preponderating amount of wickedness?

ASPIRATIONS.

BY S. A. P.

'TIS told that once a sculptor saw,
In dreams, an angel fair,
And delved, and delved, in silent stone,
To carve its beauties there.

'Twas angel-like the gazers thought,
Who ne'er had waked to holy light
Or felt the calm protection
Of those saintly wings, at night.

But the artist felt that he was mocked
And tantalized by vision rare,
As on Sahara's burning sands
The thirsty travelers are,—

When bubbling springs and shady dells
To peace and joy invite.
He wept, in bitterness, and veiled
The statue from his sight.

That night, the angel, bending near,
Softly loosed his weary soul;
But, ere she bore it upward
Toward that longed-for goal,—

The statue quick unveiling,
Like benediction, on its brow
Her lips were pressed;—and beautiful,
And radiant, its features now !

'Twas not mirage the sleeper saw;—
'Twas not to mock and tantalize
The beckoning angel came
From its own paradise;

But, with gentle, heavenly hand
To ope the sleeper's eyes

And, as a helpful teacher
 Bid him have faith and rise.

"Have faith and rise," is the low, breathed voice
 Of angel hovering near,
 "Rise, O, soul, from these earthly damps,
 To that clearer atmosphere."

And, when thy hands are folded,
 Grown weary in the strife,
 The angel, pitying thy work,
 Shall kiss it into life.

AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

I.—A TRIP TO GLEN ELLIS FALLS.

IT had been the great storm of the season. For days the clouds, heavy with rain, had been marching and counter-marching along the great mountain ridge that lifts its rocky peaks in front of the Glen House. When all was ready the forward march began. Rank after rank the clouds pushed up from behind Mts. Adams and Jefferson and rushed down their hither sides until they filled the "Great Gulf"—the name of the deep basin lying in front of the House between Mt. Washington and Mt. Madison. Then they filed down the West Branch, out across the Glen, and up the sides of the Carter Range opposite, until sky and mountain and forest were shut out from view. Then the storm began.

The wind swept the rain in sheets

across the valley and roared away up into the cloud-hidden forests of Mt. Carter. The brooks swelled their volumes and dashed and foamed along their rocky beds. But who can describe a storm among the mountains? For two days and a night it continued.

"At last a sudden night storm tore
 The mountain veil asunder,
 And swept the valley clean, before
 The besom of the thunder."

As is usual after a storm among the mountains, the next morning broke with an atmosphere clear as crystal, and though it was the 14th of September the air was as fresh as in spring. The temptation for a tramp was irresistible.

Four miles from the Glen House on the road leading south through the Pinkham Notch, the Ellis River

tumbles over a precipice forming one of the largest falls in the White Mountains. A workman sent out to repair the damage done to the road by the storm, brought back word that the Falls were "wuth seein'." At all times they are interesting; but now their swollen volume determined the direction of our tramp.

Here we are, then, all ready. Stout shoes, pants belted tightly around the waist, a thin, well-fitting woolen shirt, a walking-stick—this is our outfit. Not a very stylish walking suit, surely; but one that tallies well with the buoyant, almost reckless feeling which the morning inspires.

As we start from the Glen House, on our right, running parallel to the road, the grand peaks of the Presidential Range stand boldly up, with their gray, rocky outlines sharply cut against the blue of the western sky. We stand right at their bases, with their summits three miles distant on an air line; yet so deceptive is the atmosphere that one almost fancies them at the distance of a stone's throw. On the left, wooded with evergreens to its very top, the Carter Range sends out its thin crests, running north and south so evenly as to form nearly a straight line against the eastern horizon. In front, the road runs through the valley toward the Pinkham Notch, whose clearly defined edges are visible in the distance.

In such surroundings, given youth

and health, existence is full. The air acts like an intoxicant. It is

"Palpitant with a divine elixir."

We want to run, to leap, to shout. We feel as if nothing could resist us. We fancy ourselves so light and strong that, had we wings, we could soar away over the mountain tops. But this exaltation of spirits wears away under the influence of our long, quick strides, and our fancied powers get full play with holding our pace up and down the sandy hills. With the exception of the clearing where the House is situated, the road runs through the thick woods.

By the roadside, few flowers are in bloom; but in their place the bright, green mosses, grown over with trailing vines and sparkling with dew, stretch into the gloom of the woods, covering every rock, log, and hillock. If you step aside upon the moss, your foot falls upon an elastic cushion several inches in depth. Your step is as noiseless as that of the hunter stealing upon the timid deer. Far up on the mountain side, the sunlight plays over the tree tops, sharply contrasting the light green of the deciduous trees with the darker evergreens that form the greater part of the forest. As you look at some point, suddenly spiral wreaths of vapor shoot up from among the trees, and curling upwards, grow thinner and thinner until they disappear in the blue sky. One can scarcely help fancying that they are cloud sprites who have slept

too long in the arms of the wood fairies, and have left their elastic moss couches with a bound to rejoin their brothers in the upper air.

For two and a half miles the road follows the right bank of the Peabody River, which to-day greets us with ever changing falls, eddies, and pools. At the end of the first mile we come to Emerald Pool. This is the largest of the pools, being about fifty feet in diameter. The underbrush has been cut away, and rustic chairs set among the trees by the water's side. As we pass, we catch the glint of its clear waters sparkling through the tree trunks and green leaves. A mile further on, along the side of a little stream that comes leaping down to the river, a path leads to Thompson's Falls. These falls consist of a series of small cascades, one called Sylvia's Rest being the largest. They possess no great beauty, their main attraction being the fine view there obtained of Tuckerman's Ravine. But we do not need to visit them this morning for this purpose; for half a mile further on the road brings us in full view of the ravine.

We stand facing a chasm, half a mile in width at its mouth, rent into the side of Mt. Washington. It seems as if the mountain had

"Op'd his ponderous jaws"

to allow us to look into his very vitals. The bottom of the ravine is covered with trees; shrubs creep part way up its sides; but above them for a thousand feet tower the

bare, black rocks. On the left side of the ravine, we catch the light from a snow-white line running from top to bottom. In reality, it is a stream of water falling over the rocks and broken into foam by their jagged points. We cannot catch a sound of its dashing, we cannot even see it move, it is so far away. So far as sound and sight are concerned it might be a vein of white quartz; yet there it is tumbling and roaring for hundreds of feet.

We are now standing right on the ridge of land that separates the waters of the Peabody and Ellis Rivers—the former flowing into the Androscoggin, the latter into the Saco. Just above Tuckerman's Ravine a cliff is in full view, on whose summit three rain-drops may so fall that one shall find its way into the Androscoggin, the second into the Saco, and the third into the Connecticut. Ten minutes' walk onward, the road crosses a branch of the Ellis River which has come down from the ravine. On this stream, half a mile above, is Crystal Cascade, the most picturesque gem in the mountains; but our time is too limited to visit it, so we push on.

Suddenly the road swings around a cliff and the Pinkham Notch is before us. Every minute's walking changes the scene; yet we are impressed with a sense of loneliness. There are woods and waters and mountains in grand variety, but these cannot supply the place of animate Nature. Far overhead an eagle

may be soaring; occasionally a song sparrow flies up before us, and, uttering a sad little chirp, so different from his rich spring notes, gazes shyly at us from a log or bush; now and then a chickadee—to me the dearest of all the birds—will sound his merry *chick-a-dee-dee-dee* among the branches above, and give us a glimpse of his active, black head peering eagerly under the bark for an insect; sometimes a flicker will flash his golden wings across the road; but otherwise all is silence and loneliness.

But here we are at the path to Glen Ellis. We look at our watches and find that we have been only 59 minutes. Pleased at this, we dash off down the path, through the woods, and in a moment stand at the head of the falls. Resolved to catch the first view of the falls from below, I climbed down around the precipice by means of the rude staircases built along its side. I came out upon a flat rock directly at the foot of the falls, but the spray drove over me so violently as to force me to take a position on a large boulder farther down the stream. Right in front a sheer wall of rock stands up 100 feet high. Into this the water has worn a notch nearly 20 feet deep. Sliding smoothly over at first, as if unconscious of the depth beneath, it then came tumbling down as if terrified at the leap. The water in the pool beneath was so beaten that a fine white mist slowly rose to the

very top of the falls, and the heavier spray was violently dashed 150 feet down the stream. Going up farther into the spray, I was much interested in the display of rainbows. Their planes seemed to lie nearly or quite horizontal, though a few vertical bows were seen. Every change of position brought out new beauties. At one time, standing with my back nearly towards the sun, I clearly saw the *whole circle* of a bow perhaps 50 feet in diameter. It was broken only in one place, and that where I stood within its circumference; so that the two ends met upon my body. At last I had realized my childish dreams and stood at the end of the rainbow, but the pot of gold glittered as far away as ever.

Climbing up to the top of the falls, my companion called my attention to the erosive action of the water upon the rock. Lying down with my ear close to the narrow slit through which the river poured, I could distinctly hear a dull grinding sound like that of the breakers upon the beach. Here we lingered for three-quarters of an hour. Before leaving, I stepped for a last look upon a rock that hung directly over the falls.

At the foot of the falls, on the opposite side, a birch threw out over the water, from among its green foliage, a bright yellow branch; at my feet a rainbow glittered in the spray. In front, across the river, and overhanging the valley, with

trees rising above trees to its very top, stood a rocky spur of Mt. Carter,—looking the most inaccessible cliff in the mountains. Up the stream, to the left, glancing up through the narrow opening in the tree tops, made by the bed of the stream, as if through a slit in a wall, the grayish white Ridge above the Half-way House on Mt. Washington, running up at an apparent angle of 35 or 40 degrees, stood out in bold relief against the blue sky. To the right, down the river, and filled with shaggy trees, the valley lay stretched out. A sharp cliff, like the one in

front, projected into the valley and closed the view. This, too, was covered with trees, except at one spot near its summit, where a large black rock jutted out. This rock seemed to take the form of a couchant lion keeping watch and ward over the wilderness. Hoping that for many years this guardian would keep it free from ax and fire, we started on our homeward tramp. In just one hour we stepped upon the piazza of the Glen House, ready to repeat the statement that the falls were "wuth seein'."

R. F. J., '79.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THE Annual Report of the President to the Corporation has just fallen into our hands. It contains many facts of interest. Some of them we give below.

The President in his address calls attention to the cane-rush of last term between the Freshmen and Sophomores. He says:

"The Faculty understand your desire to be that each student, so long as he observes the College Laws, shall have entire liberty of personal action, no other student being allowed to interfere with him in any way. This desire of yours meets with their unanimous approval; and while they would advise all students to avoid giving unnecessary offense, they purpose to protect all in the enjoyment of their right."

The necrology of the year was as follows: M. A. Way of '74; A. B. Merrill and E. H. Besse of '77. All these had chosen the ministry.

Prof. Stanley reports a scanty amount of apparatus in Chemical and Physical Science. Only \$50.00 has been expended the past year for this purpose, whereas \$500.00 were needed. He recommends that the first money that can be spared from the Treasury be put to this use.

The Librarian, Prof. Stanton, submits the following report:

Number of volumes in the Library at the beginning of the year, 5,079.

Additions made to the Library during the year:

By purchase.....226

By donations as follows:

Maine Historical Society.....1

Hon. Wm. P. Frye.....6

Rev. E. H. Hart.....70

State of New Hampshire.....1

Department of the Interior.....9

Pres. Joshua L. Chamberlain, LL.D.....1

Hon. J. S. Pike.....2

American Unitarian Association.....1

Internal Revenue Office.....2

Amount of additions.....319

No. of Volumes now in the Library 5,398

The remarks of the Examining Committee upon the examinations are very suggestive. The Committee speak of the miserably poor spelling which characterized some of the papers. They very correctly state, "It is inexcusable for one college bred to misspell words in ordinary use." They deplore the amount of absences caused by so many students being obliged to teach; but consider it better to go through college in this way than not at all.

Of co-education at Bates they report as follows:

"The lady under-graduates, of whom there are four in College [six more have now entered], seem to have no more difficulty in mastering the curriculum than their male associates; and their apparent health and strength, their lady-like manners, and the gentlemanly deportment of

their fellow-students toward them, seem to us to indicate that some at least of the supposed evils of the co-education of the sexes are imaginary."

Whatever may have been the case elsewhere, it must be said to the honor of Bates's boys that every lady student that ever took a course here, has never had cause of complaint against her fellow-students for ungentlemanly conduct.

They also suggest that the students be given two days instead of one for the examinations. It is very apparent that seven or eight hours in one day is too long to examine students—especially those ambitious to pass well. Such a severe mental strain and excitement might, in some cases, result in serious injury.

The Committee of Finance and Oversight report an outlay of \$1752.59 upon the College grounds. Of this amount Mr. Maney, of this city, contributed \$300.00.

Upon the subject of free tuition we quote the following:

"The giving of free tuition to students has come to be a burden, and should be changed. We find the amount so given the past year to be \$2,016.00 and we recommend that in future this be restricted as far as possible, and that in cases where it is necessary to supply tuition, notes be given by the students to be paid at some future day."

It is evident that the College, in its present circumstances, is not able to give so much. Many students having free tuition would doubtless be willing to give non-interest bear-

ing notes for the whole amount, to be paid so many years after graduation, if by so doing they can obtain the benefit of a college course.

Our readers will remember that in a previous number mention was made of publishing our first Annual. Now that it is decided to make this new departure, a few words of explanation will be in order. For over a year '79 has had this project in view. We had resolved to put it into operation if we did not meet with serious opposition. A committee of the class met the Faculty and stated the desire of '79 in regard to getting up the Annual. The Faculty with commendable frankness, gave their objections, which were in brief,—expense, waste of time, interference with regular college duties. But they allowed the earnest and unanimous wish of the class to overcome those objections.

Our reasons for publishing the Annual are as follows: Nearly every college of note has one. But the reason why we desire the same does not exist in this fact merely, but the fact of itself shows the necessity of these publications. If the four years' history of a group of one or two hundred young men in college does not possess a lively and humorous vein, then it must consist of undiluted laziness, morbidness, brutishness, and an infinite number of other bad qualities which need not be catalogued. It is the plan of all

Annuals to give the history of college boys, *as boys*. They are, indeed, the only authentic record of that semi-ideal portion of our lives. Our habits, tastes, and studies, accompany us through life. But when separated from college halls forever, as students, we never can win back for a single moment that careless, joyous life. We state, then, as our chief reason, that our peculiar conditions demand it.

It will make us more widely known as a college, and will greatly aid in placing our monthly publication at a higher standard. It will tend to unite the class with firmer union, and to promote harmony and good-feeling among all classes.

We answer the objections as follows: The proceeds will certainly far exceed the expectations. It will not interfere with our regular duties, neither will time be wasted, because we have a long vacation in which the chief part of the work will be done.

To prevent any needless misunderstanding in regard to its character, we state positively, that it shall not contain any matter in the least objectionable to any reader whom it may reach.

Our sincere thanks are due to the Faculty for their hearty desire to gratify our wish, and for their confidence in us as manifested by their submitting the case to us for decision.

In order to create a greater interest in debate, Prof. Stanton has

kindly made the following proposition to the two debating societies of the College: That each society shall choose three of its members to debate against each other, upon any question to which the contestants shall agree; that the society whose representatives shall make the best debate, in the minds of competent judges, shall receive a prize of ten dollars; and that the individual upon either side making the best argument, shall receive an equal prize.

It seems to us that a discussion of this character could not fail to produce beneficial results. It could not fail to stimulate both societies to greater activity. Each member would take special pains to see that his society is well represented, and also, we think, to see if he could not be one to represent it. Doubtless the weekly meetings would see a marked increase of effort in debate among the aspirants for the honor of selection upon the prize debate.

We are aware that so far during this term, both societies have shown a thorough interest in the meetings, and the attendance has been full. But too often it has happened that after the fall campaign to gain new members, is over, the meetings the rest of the year lack both number and interest. In many cases they have been discontinued altogether.

Again, almost invariably upper-classmen are the first to neglect society; and as the disputants would undoubtedly be chosen from among

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Again, almost invariably upper-classmen are the first to neglect society; and as the disputants would undoubtedly be chosen from among

their number, this would serve to spur them to their duty, and thus add interest to all meetings. If Seniors and Juniors will do their part of society work, lower classes will do the same; but Sophomores and Freshmen cannot and will not keep up an interest when upper-classmen habitually neglect the work. Moreover, as the College debates are arranged, Sophomores alone participate, for the Junior Champion Debate has for a long time been a dead letter. But this debate would give upper classes a chance to practice before the public.

Doubtless it is now too late for the debate to occur this fall; but we hope that the societies' attention will be called to the benefit accruing from such a discussion, and that the disputants may be chosen this term, so that next term may see the custom inaugurated.

We are glad an effort is being made to establish a base-ball championship among the colleges of the State. Colby and Bates stand ready to enter the list, and doubtless Bowdoin will not be backward. The Manager of the Colby Nine has lately visited Bowdoin and Bates to make the necessary arrangements. Probably no games of this series will be played this fall, as neither Bowdoin or Colby is at present ready to take the field. But we hope that the arrangements will be completed right away, so that each

nine may get ready for games early in the spring. Possibly one game may be arranged between the Bates and Colbys, to be played this fall. Our own team, however, seems to be the only one at present ready to take the field. Colby is weak on account of the absence of some of the nine; and Bowdoin on account of the late opening of the Fall Term has decided not to play any games at present, but to work up a team to take the field in the spring.

The championship games will probably consist of nine—each club to play three with each of the other clubs. The trophy will be a streamer to belong to the club winning two games from each of the other clubs. Although there has been no college championship, we are proud to say that for the past three years the first place among the college clubs in the State, if not among all the clubs, has been conceded to Bates. A series of games played as above proposed, will settle the matter for the coming year.

If we win the championship, we shall have to earn it by hard work. Too many games have been played with each of the other colleges to doubt their ability to put strong teams into the field. As in everything else, the nine that does the best work practicing will win the streamer; and one fact should not be overlooked, that the best kind of practice is found in regular, match games. We believe that our nine

can win, but in the opposite event it is no disgrace to lose.

We expected ere this to be able to announce our successors for the coming year, but for some reason the Faculty have put off the appointments later in the term than usual. As the appointments have not been made, we wish to offer a suggestion in regard to the number of Editors. We do not wish, in any sense, to proffer advice to our superiors; but a year's experience in the actual conduct of the *STUDENT* gives a better chance to judge of the amount of work and the number of men necessary to perform it than could otherwise come to one. It will doubtless be remembered that last year the number of Editors was increased from two to four; and we think that the amount of work performed upon the *STUDENT* shows the change to be a wise one. But spite of this increase, the work has, in some instances drawn too heavily upon the Editors, especially when some have been absent from College. We suggest therefore that the number of the Board from '80 be again increased to five. In this case, the work upon some of the numbers will not be so likely to fall upon one or two; neither will any one be obliged to take so much time from his studies for editorial work. Some complaint has been entered by the Professors, in years past, that this work has been detrimental to the

scholarship of the students conducting the College publication. The addition of another man would lighten the burden of the work so that we believe no one of the Editors, with careful use of time, need to lose a decimal of his class standing. We think that the Faculty would be consulting the best interests of both *STUDENT* and Editors to appoint five men on the next Board.

Senior election has come and gone without bringing any of the evils usually attendant on such actions. Seventy-nine chose its officers and Class-Day representatives almost unanimously, certainly with the best of good feeling. This speaks well for the unity of the class, at all events, and will give the Class-Day speakers an interest in their work, and will make them strive to satisfy the expectations of their classmates. If more interest is taken in Class Exercises than in Commencement Day Parts, whose fault is it? As the custom now is, who among eighteen or twenty speakers can expect to gain even the passing approbation of the public? If citizens and friends can remain in the hall and be bored for four hours by the crude thoughts and turgid eloquence of a parcel of college boys, without saying the whole thing is dull and stupid, we ought to be more than satisfied.

With Class Night, however, it is different. People come in expect-

ing, or at least *hoping*, to be entertained. They will stay till the exercises close, and will give to each speaker as much, or as little attention as he deserves.

The First Division of the Freshman Class held its Declamations in the Chapel, Friday night, Oct. 18th. A good audience was present. The exercises were very fair—each participant showing a thorough preparation. Music was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra. Cogswell and Snow were selected to compete with the Third Division, one week from the above date. Below is the programme :

- MUSIC.
PRAYER.
1. Death of Slavery the Life of the Nation.—*Wilson.* George A. Eastman.
 2. Israfil.—*Mrs. F. L. Mace.* Corinna O. Davis.
 3. Intellectual Power.—*Hammond.* William V. Twaddle.
- MUSIC.
4. The Bridal Wine-Cup.—*Anon.* Joseph H. Snow.
 5. Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Seward.* S. Arthur Lowell.
 6. The Famine.—*Longfellow.* *Isa B. Foster.
 7. Nations and Humanity.—*Curtis.* Herbert H. Chase.

- MUSIC.
8. Mary Magdalene.—*Longfellow.* Avoline R. Forbes.
 9. Joan of Arc.—*DeQuincy.* D. Eugene Pease.
 10. The Black Regiment.—*Dickerson.* Irving M. Norcross.

- MUSIC.
11. Labor and Genius.—*Smith.* William A. Paul.
 12. The World's Progress.—*Anon.* B. Galen Eaton.
 13. Against Flogging in the Navy.—*Stockton.* Warren H. Cogswell.

MUSIC.
Decision of Committee.
Benediction.

*Excused.

The first public meeting of the Eurosophian Society was held on the evening of the 19th. There was a good audience in attendance, and the meeting was a decided success. Each participant showed a worthy zeal in his part. The debate deserves especial praise. Each speaker delivered a candid and carefully arranged argument. In the absence of the President and Vice President, Mr. Howard presided. The Sophomore Quartette furnished appropriate music, consisting of a pleasing variety of favorite selections. The following is the programme :

- Song—"Hurrah for College Days." Quartette.
- PRAYER.
- Declamation—"The Responsibility of American Citizens.—*Story.* W. B. Perkins.
- Song—"Decoration Day." Quartette.
- DISCUSSION.
- Resolved*, That the Invention of Machinery has been beneficial to the laboring class.
- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| J. H. Parsons, { | M. T. Newton, { |
| C. H. Deshon, { Aff. | H. L. Merrill, { Neg. |
- Song—"Rig Jag Jig." Quartette.
- Oration—"Patriotism." C. S. Mosely.
- Paper. Miss L. W. Harris.
- Song—"Evening." Quartette.

EXCHANGES.

We can't forbear to poke a little fun at our pleasant neighbor, the *Colby Echo*. In a recent issue it calls "*Mens sanus in sano corpore*" an old saying. Now, really, we weren't aware that it is old. The editors are too modest, by half. Come, isn't it original with you?

The October number of the *Wittenberger* is the beginning of its sixth

volume, and is the first under its new Board of Editors. The literary department is very good. The article upon "Tennyson" is too brief entirely to give a good idea of the beauties of Tennyson's poetry. We think the poet would be perfectly satisfied with the rank assigned him among English poets.

From the far-distant land of Sunset, there comes a staunch looking magazine of saffron hue, *The Berkleyan*. It is our opinion that the Locals, Exchanges, etc., are put in a decidedly in attractive form.

The September *Hamilton Lit.* is intensely literary. It contains an article entitled "Remorse, as Delin-eated in English Poetry;" also one upon "Shelley," and Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales;" and another which calls forth our hearty commendations, entitled "William Cullen Bryant, and His Pagan (?) Poem." Whoever dreamed while Bryant lived, that when dead his "Thanatopsis" would need defenders and interpreters. We wonder our leading magazines have not taken the subject up and handled sharply the men who dared attach to it the adjective Pagan.

The *Williams Athenæum* for September opens with a sort of general convulsion of all the elements of the universe. It is a sort of compromise between a cipher telegram, a puzzle, and a short piece of very blank-verse poetry, full of stars, clouds, thunder, seas, oceans, celes-

tial realms, and heavenly visions. The title is "Coelum Ipsum Petimus Stultitia." It would have been well had the author written his poem in the same language as the title. We read the prose articles, but our minds were so confused by the production of R. H. S. (Right Honorable Sublimity) that we abstain from further criticism.

LOCALS.

Good-bye Tom.

"Knock wood."

Ques.—"Because why?"

Ans.—"Because for instance."

Both societies are rapidly adding to their libraries.

The Catalogues will appear in about two weeks.

The question now is, "Who hit Billy Patterson?" S. says, "Not I."

From want of space the Correspondence is crowded out of this number.

We are glad to hear that the concert and orator for next Commencement are being talked up.

A return game has been arranged with the Reds. The nine are very anxious to get at them again.

The Freshmen received a challenge from Kent's Hill second nine to play Saturday, Oct. 19th, but were unable to accept on account of the game arranged for the first nine.

The Sophomores, "With solemn step and slow," attended their departing classmate to the depot.

If you see a base-ball man swelling about the Campus, say "Reds" to him. He will shrivel *simultaneously*.

Thursday evening, September 26, the President gave his annual reception to the Freshmen. The occasion was enjoyed by all.

The Sophomores have established a class prayer-meeting which is held in the room of some one of the class every Friday evening.

Enraged Prof.—"Did you throw that pail down stairs?" Student—"No, sir. I kicked it down." Prof., mollified—"Oh, was that all!"

"That Clock" has at last been put up in the Chapel over the entrance. The thanks of the students are due to its donor, Mrs. North, of Bristol, Conn.

The Second and Third Divisions of the Freshman Declamations will take place at the College Chapel, Friday evenings, October 25th and November 1st.

A Professor, coming into prayers early the other morning, found a calf in the Chapel. The animal probably thought he had as much right there as any other calf.

Robert Ingersoll, "hell's sturdy foeman," delivered his new lecture on "Tramps," at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 15th. Quite a number of the students attended.

The sound of the horn has wakened the midnight echoes, and now the Soph wanders about the halls singing,

"What shall I do to be saved?"

M. T. Newton, from the Eurosophian, and W. H. Judkins, from the Polymnian, are the committee to arrange for the coming prize debate between the two societies.

"They say" one of our Freshmen has had the offer of a fifteen hundred dollar school. That is all well enough, but the report that he refused it is what astonishes us.

The debating societies have voted to accept Prof. Stanton's proposition for the joint debate spoken of among the "Notes." Probably the debate will occur in the spring term.

The Bowdoin Sophomores have accepted the challenge from our Sophomore nine. We understand the game is to be played at Brunswick at the earliest convenient date.

The conundrum now going the rounds is: "Why is an elephant like a brick?" "Dunno!" "It's because he can't climb a tree." We've seen bricks go up a tree about apple time.

Each of the societies have procured an organ and formed a quartette. The weekly meetings are now enlivened by singing, and the increase of attendance and interest is marked. The Polymnian Quartette consists of Hobbs, Goding, and Gilkey, of '81; and Blanchard, '82. The Eurosophian, of Jordan and

Gilbert, '80; Foss and W. B. Perkins, '81.

One of the Sophomores has been vacated—for what no one knows. Considerable indignation is felt among the students in regard to the seemingly unjust course of the Faculty.

It is rumored that some of the Sophomores have such a propensity for hooking apples that Prof. Rand, when out surveying with the class, is obliged either to pay tribute to the farmers or to treat the class.

The December STUDENT will contain a history of the debating societies. We hope every graduate that has an interest in his society will forward us all the information he possesses of its origin and growth.

Where's our Glee Club? We hope that the success it met with last year will induce its members to re-organize. If a benefit is gotten up for the Base-Ball Association next term, the Glee Club will be indispensable to its success.

The nine went to Kent's Hill on the mixed train, and one of them, finding nothing else to do, got out on the car roof and started a clog solo. He wilted, however, when the conductor blandly said, "Can't you keep those trunks still up there?"

The Seniors are allowed five minutes to get into recitation. If you see a Senior tearing along to the north-west recitation room with his slippers on, his coat and vest unbut-

toned, no collar on, and his hair all over his head, keep cool, its all right,—he is neither crazy nor after the doctor, only trying to be on time.

Prof. Rand and a band of devoted Sophomores have sat up late on two different nights, to establish a meridian by means of the stars; but, owing to clouds or other hinderances, have been unable to fix one. If meridians are such shy and elusive things as this we should prefer to hunt them by sunlight.

When one of our Professors was in Paris, a few years ago, he expressed to the lady of the house a desire for the apple pie of his native land. He described the ingredients and method of preparing, but forgot to say anything about the size. Imagine his amusement when his pie was served, baked in a ten quart pan!

Chemistry Room: Prof.—"What is an element called that replaces another atom for atom?" Senior—"It's called—it's called—a—a—" Prof.—"Univalent." (Laying great stress on the second syllable.) "Now what is an element called that replaces two atoms of another with one of its own?" Senior (promptly)—"Bivalent."

In a recent lecture in Chemistry, the Professor started to show the burning of oil of turpentine in a test tube; but the stuff took fire, burst the tube, and blazed up fiercely over the wooden apparatus. Sub-

duing the fire after a few frantic efforts, the Professor quietly remarks, "That shows the flame sufficiently. We will pass to the next experiment."

Pres. Cheney, together with ex-Gov. Dingley, recently set sail for Europe for a stay of several months. It will be remembered that he was recalled prematurely from his first visit by the death of his son. At last accounts the party had safely landed. The President intends to visit Egypt and Palestine before returning.

One day the Professor in Astronomy was illustrating how the moon keeps the same side to the earth at all times, by siting in a chair and carrying a globe (representing the moon) around him, turning his head to keep pace with the motion of the globe. After he had twisted his head nearly around, one of the class said, "If you had a light instead of that globe, Professor, that would exactly illustrate the way they kill owls down in Aroostook County."

The Seniors held their election Monday, Oct. 14th. The following is the result: President, F. P. Otis; Vice President, E. A. McCollister; Secretary, F. N. Kincaid; Treasurer, F. L. Buker; Chaplain, M. C. Smart; Orator, R. F. Johonnett; Prophet, S. C. Mosely; Poet, E. W. Given; Historian, W. E. Ranger; Odist, C. E. Felch; Toast Master, W. E. Lane; E. M. Briggs was chosen to deliver

the parting address; Executive Committee, F. Howard, T. M. Lombard, T. J. Bollin; Business Manager of the *Garnet*, A. E. Tuttle; Editors, Mosely, 1st, Otis, 2d, Johonnett, 3d, Given, 4th, Felch, 5th, Sargent, 6th.

The societies are now very evenly divided as to numbers, the Polymnian having 49 and the Eurosophian 46 active members. The following persons have joined the Polymnian this term: Bean, '80; Lowden, Davis, and Robinson, '81; Libbey, Record, Blanchard, McKenney, Bullen, Tracy, and Tarr, '82. The following have joined the Eurosophian: Foster, Baker, and Wilbur, '81; Chase, Adams, Eaton, J. C. Perkins, Clark, Merrill, Lander, Emmons, Misses Davis, A. R. and E. B. Forbes, '82.

The nine have to express their thanks to H. L. Merrill, '80, and W. B. Perkins, '81, for the handsome suits being made for them. These gentlemen deserve a good deal of credit for the energy with which they have put this matter through. The suits are to be of white with trimmings of garnet, the College color. The caps are of white flannel, and of the same shape as the Boston's, but having garnet about the edge instead of red; the shirts, of white flannel with "Bates" in garnet letters across the shield on the breast; the "pants," of white duck with a stripe of color up the seams; and the hose, clear garnet.

It is well known to every one in College that a secret society has recently been organized here, and that it is the duty of every member, whenever occasion requires, to wood up, or in other words to knock wood. The punishment inflicted upon any member who, under any circumstances, shall refuse to wood up, when properly notified, is severe in the extreme. Until recently it was supposed that this was the initial chapter of the society; but upon one occasion in recitation, when the class had been obliged to wood up, to the surprise but merri-ment of the boys, the Professor immediately followed suit. Society members now think that the order must have had its origin in the early history of American colleges, and that the Professor belonged to a former chapter. No fears are entertained of his letting out the secret.

Saturday, October 5th, the annual game between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played on the College grounds, resulting in an easy victory for the Sophomores, by a score of 36 to 4. Good feeling prevailed throughout the game. We are glad that the Freshmen did not use the chance given them, by the engagement of several of the Sophomores upon the College nine, to force the Sophomores, at the time arranged for the game, to play without some of their best players, or else to back out. Such a proceeding as this would have disgraced the class in

the eyes of the whole College. A defeat,—no matter how bad—provided the game is squarely played, is no disgrace. The class of '82 have good material for a nine, and we hope that it will take a thorough interest in base-ball, and work up players to take the place of those graduating. Their motto should be to keep the Bates nine ahead. If every class take this ground, we shall always be ahead.

Saturday, September 28th, the nine made its annual trip to Kent's Hill, and played a match game with the Pine Trees of that place. This was the first game played by the present team, but the new men did good work in their positions and will, no doubt, fill the places of the absent players with credit to themselves and to the nine. The students at the Hill put into the field a stronger nine than they had last year; and the game, as may be seen by the accompanying score, was one of unusual interest. The nine speak in the highest terms of their hospitable entertainment and of their gentlemanly opponents.

BATES.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	2	2	11	0	1
Lombard, 3b.....	1	1	1	2	3
Wilbur, c. and l. f.....	1	1	7	1	0
Hoyt, l. f. and c.....	0	0	0	1	1
Given, p.....	1	1	0	9	2
Norcross, c. f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Foss, s. s.....	1	1	2	1	0
Parsons, r. f.....	2	2	0	0	0
Nevens, 2b.....	1	0	4	3	2
	10	9	26*	17	9

* Runner hit by a ball from the bat in the 6th inning made the 27 outs.

PINE TREES.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	1	2	5	2	6
Littlefield, s. s.....	1	0	0	4	0
Chase, 1b.....	0	0	14	0	2
Whittier, p.....	0	0	0	4	1
Bragdon, 3b.....	0	1	1	1	2
Pettengill, r. f.....	0	1	1	1	1
Byrne, c. f.....	1	0	1	1	0
Underwood, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	1
Packard, 2b.....	0	1	4	4	1
	3	5	27	17	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	0	0	0	0	3	2	0	4-10
Pine Trees.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3

Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.
 Umpire—R. W. Soule of Kent's Hill. Scorers—H. L. Merrill of Bates; F. L. Andrews, Kent's Hill. Struck out—Pine Trees, 5; Bates, 0.

The nine from Kent's Hill came down Oct. 5th, and played the return game with our team. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning, so as to allow the visitors time to reach the train. Particulars of the game may be gathered from the following score:

BATES.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	1	2	7	0	0
Rowell, c. f.....	1	1	2	1	0
Wilbur, c.....	2	1	7	0	4
Hoyt, l. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Given, p.....	2	1	0	6	0
Norcross, 3b.....	3	1	2	3	1
Foss, s. s.....	2	2	0	0	2
Parsons, r. f.....	2	2	0	0	1
Nevens, 2b.....	1	1	3	4	1
	15	12	21	14	9

PINE TREES.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Doe, c.....	1	2	7	2	4
Littlefield, s. s.....	2	1	1	0	1
Chase, 1b.....	0	0	6	0	1
Whittier, p.....	0	0	1	4	2
Bragdon, 3b.....	0	0	3	2	4
Pettengill, r. f.....	0	0	0	1	1
Byrne, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	2
Reed, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Packard, 2b.....	0	1	3	1	2
	3	5	21	10	17

Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.
 Umpire—F. Howard, '79. Scorers—Bates, H. L. Merrill, '80; Pine Trees, F. L. Andrews. Struck out—Bates, 3; Pine Trees, 5.

The nine went to Skowhegan Saturday, Oct. 12, and were badly beaten by the Reds of that place. The boys rode up on the night train, and some of them went into the field without having had any sleep. This, no doubt, was one reason for the disastrously poor game that they played. Below is the score:

BATES.

	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	1	0	6	1	4
Lombard, 3b.....	0	1	2	3	3
Wilbur, c.....	1	1	10	1	3
Hoyt, l. f.....	0	1	3	0	1
Given, p.....	0	0	1	7	4
Norcross, c. f.....	1	0	0	0	2
Foss, s. s.....	2	1	3	6	2
Parsons, r. f.....	1	1	1	0	2
Nevens, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	2
	6	5	27	20	23

REDS.

	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
McFarland, 2b.....	2	1	1	0	3
Whittier, c. f.....	2	0	1	0	0
Eagan, c.....	1	1	11	3	5
McNealy, 1b.....	2	0	7	1	1
Tantiss, s. s.....	3	2	1	0	0
Bragg, l. f.....	4	3	2	0	0
Lumsden, 3b.....	1	0	1	1	3
Lambert, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
King, p.....	1	1	3	8	3
	16	9	27	13	15

SUMMARY.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates.....	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	2-6
Reds.....	7	2	0	3	0	1	1	2	0-16

Umpire—F. Howard, '79.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'69.—Miss Mary W. Mitchell has opened a school for "Young Ladies and Children of both Sexes," at 34 Worcester St., Boston. The course comprises a fit for the Sophomore year of college. English, French, German, Natural History, Music,

Drawing, Painting, etc., are also taught. A Kindergarten department is to be connected with the school.

'70.—Rev. A. L. Houghton is now stopping in Rome. He will return to his pastorate about the middle of November.

'73.—E. A. Smith, of the *Morning Star*, Dover, N. H., has returned from Europe, and has resumed duties on the above-named paper.

'73.—The *Providence Journal* says that Miss Haley has been very successful as an evangelist in Rehoboth, Mass.

'75.—A. T. Salley (Bates Theological School, '78) is supplying the pulpit of Rev. A. L. Houghton, '70, at Lawrence, Mass., during the Pastor's stay in Europe.

'77.—N. P. Noble, has commenced the study of Law at Phillips.

'77.—Miss Warner is teaching at Mechanic Falls.

'78.—F. H. Briggs is expected to arrive home from his European trip Tuesday, the 22d of October.

'81.—Miss Clark is at present teaching in the Rockland High School.

chasing a mural tablet for the College Chapel, in memory of President Stearns and his two sons, William and Frazer.

COLUMBIA.

President Barnard will sail for home on the 19th, by the steamer Bothnia.

Professor Peck's collection of astronomical apparatus has been increased by the addition of several instruments, among which is one for the illustration of the earth's motions, and the plane of the ecliptic. This last is an invention of Christopher Allen of the class of '23.

HARVARD.

Freshmen number 220.

Prof. A. S. Hill is at present Dean of the Faculty.

One hundred and thirty-nine courses of lectures are given in College this year, the most popular ones being Prof. Morton's, in Fine Arts.

TUFTS.

Total number of students 110—10 less than last year.

Prof. Shipmore delivered an address on Elocution at the State Convention of Universalists at Princetown, September 25th.

The Russell Lecture was delivered by Prof. H. Leonard on the first Sunday of the College year, September 22d.

YALE.

\$3,652.72 were raised last year for boating alone.

It is reported that Prof. Sumner

OTHER COLLEGES.

AMHERST.

The Freshmen have contributed \$100 to the Athletic Association.

The College Church contributed \$70 for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers.

The Alumni have been invited to give one dollar each toward pur-

will have an article in one of the coming numbers of *Scribner's*, on "Greenbacks."

The Senior Astronomy optional class contains two men.

Over one hundred Freshmen still out on conditions.

It is said that Prof. Sumner will be a candidate for the next Congress.

The Faculty have notified the Sophomores that any man caught hazing Freshmen or offering them any indignities, will be immediately dropped into the Freshman class without regard to standing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two Japanese girls are students at Vassar College this year.

One hundred and six students at Queen's College, Kingston.

Magill College has a Library of 16,000 volumes.

Victoria College, at Coburg, claims to have sent forth one-quarter of all the graduates of the Province of Ontario.

Ohio State University at the last meeting of Trustees fixed the salary of President at \$2750, and that of Professors at \$2250.

CLIPPINGS.

"George, what does your father do for a living?" "He's a philanthropist, sir." "A what?" "A philanthropist, sir. He collects money for poor benighted Africans and builds houses out of the proceeds."

Scene, Library: "Where shall I find Darwin's works?" Librarian—"What do you want with Darwin?" Freshman—"I want his 'Origin of Species' so as to find something about this finance question."—*Ex.*

"There is lots ov people in the world who ar like guideboards at the forks ov the road. They kan pint out the right way for uthers to persew, but they don't foller it themselves."—*Billings.*

Vassar College girls have a secret society, called "The Vassarians," and any member who forgets her dignity and slides down the stair-railing is fined thirty-one peanuts and a stick of gum.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bobby Ingersoll is a "bowld, bad boy" to slander the memories of Milton and Dante, and uphold Robbie Burns—so we Senior professors think. We should like to see Bob perform in the College Church.—*Dartmouth.*

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend and excused himself by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave, the pitying damsel said to him: "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

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Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMPARATIVE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF SECULAR AND
RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY A. T. SALLEY, '75.

HISTORY is the philosophy, narration the photograph of human life. History explains, narration records what is unexplained. In other words, history is the philosophy of narration.

Once it was a mere chronicle, often enlarging the mole-hills of incident into mountains, and enveloping the mountain ranges of causes and forces in clouds of utter misapprehension. Narrative makes Luther the soul and body of the Reformation. History makes him the right hand which a deep, pervasive, and intelligent spirit of reform thrust out through the darkness of his times.

But history is more than philosophy. It is *development*.

All life springs from germs. There are no exceptions. Rolled up in each tiny seed is a parchment from the eternal Architect, on which is drawn a plan of the plant's subse-

quent life, growth, and development. The unrolling of this parchment constitutes the true botanical history of plant life. Therefore in living nature, development is the very essence of history. But what is true of a plant, so far as growth and development are concerned, is acknowledged to be true of a man; and what is true of a man is true of a nation. Human history, therefore, is both philosophical and progressive.

But to understand it in its different departments another thought is required.

For the ultimate sources of all phenomena in organized bodies we must look to the powers of the human soul. These are the avenues through which proceed all responsible action, the nuclei around which gather and organize the abundant material of all time. These are the nimble weavers who stand beside

the vast web of the world's record, cast its shuttles, and determine its numberless shades.

In instituting a comparison between religious and secular annals, we are forced to confess that the contributions of the former to our knowledge of philosophy are infinitely more abundant than those of the latter. The present never furnishes data sufficient to found a philosophical system. We must have recourse to the past. The broader forms of speculative thought, which seek an explanation of the origin and present condition of the universe, usually ascribe its existence to God and characterize its aim as moral, a fact which renders them part and parcel of religious history. Even that thought which is wholly or in part materialistic is so associated with the moral sentiment of the age in which it exists as to fall within the same department.

The world's philosophies have been largely the product either of faith or atheism. These systems, with their mutual conflicts, belong exclusively to religious history.

Passing from philosophy to science, we find the materials afforded by religious history to the study of philology invaluable. In India it was the stock of spiritual devotion that blossomed into the rich Sanscrit literature. In Egypt, a misguided faith cut living characters in the solid rock and preserved for us her mysterious language.

The earliest literature of the race records the story of an awakening spiritual life. For the window which the soul first opens looks heavenward. It was the piety of Zoroaster that embalmed the Zend, and the pen of holy Ulphilas that transmitted the earliest fragments of the Germanic tongue.

But not alone to the science of philology does this department richly contribute. A complete explanation of the rise, growth, and perfection of architecture is impossible without recourse to its sources of abundant information. When the ascending sun looks forth from the sand clouds of Arabia, the first to greet him is vocal Memnon and the sepulchral monuments of a faith that lived and stirred in men forty centuries ago. To-day the rock-hewn temples of India afford the same retreat as when thronged by devotees in ages long since past. During those dark periods, when in hovels of poverty the crimson hand of war rocked the cradles of hope, and in palaces of luxury adjusted royal diadems, when the white hand of peace was never seen, religious zeal found expression in one of the noblest forms of architectural beauty. The Gothic spires of Europe constitute a chief feature of her monumental record. The religious fervor of the early church crystalized in the magnificent structures of Santa Sophia, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedral of Cologne.

But what is true of architecture is true of sculpture. The Grecian artists stand unrivalled in the matchless productions of their chisels; and yet Grecian art was born of her theism, and from thence drew her best ideals. Since the days of Phidias, no sculptor has dared wholly to disregard the prevailing faith; for to be truly natural in art, is to be deeply religious.

We may claim still more. The religious records of our race propound stupendous problems. Even the enigmas of statesmanship fade away before the deep mysteries of the City of God. They also present man in the sphere of his highest development. The growth and significance of man's moral nature are

themes of transcending interest. For they involve all that is divine in human existence. Religious history records the slow but sure infusion of the divine spirit into the chaos of human life. And as the seal of its mighty scroll is broken, there stretches out before us a wild sea of turbulence and blood, out of which slowly rise the lengthening coast lines of clear religious thought, and the distant back-ground of stable institutions. On the horizon still rest the massive clouds of superstition; but they are arched by a bow from the rising sun of progress. And we clearly see how

"Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns."

THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THOU brooklet, silver-bright and clear,
Thou hastenest ever past me, here,
Upon thy bank. I wonder how
Thou camest here? Where goest thou?

"From the bosom dark of the rock came I;
O'er flower and moss my course doth lie;
Hovering upon my mirror true
Is the picture of the heavenly blue.

Therefore my mind is free as air;
It drives me forth, I know not where,
But, he who called me from the stone,
He ne'er will let my way be lone."

C. M. WARNER, '77.

A RAMBLE AND A REVERIE.

BY W. E. R., '79.

ONE Saturday morning the train left me at the depot of the little town in which I was to teach the fall term of school. That day's afternoon was bright and beautiful; Nature's invitation to a ramble could not be resisted. I quitted the village, and choosing an apparently little frequented road, I walked on, with my thoughts as bright and joyous as that day of sunshine. Out upon that solitary road, in the edge of a forest, which skirted the road and extended over a long range of hills, I came to an old and much dilapidated house. One or two shutters hung loosely, as if waiting to be rattled by the wind. A tangled mass of rose bushes nearly choked the path leading to the door. Not dreaming that this isolated building was inhabited, I approached and peered in the window. At a table, partially covered with books, sat a man gazing upon the picture of a woman. He showed the ravages of grief rather than of age, and in his intellectual face was written such deep, unutterable sorrow, that I started back in fear and pity. As I withdrew from the yard and proceeded along the road, my mind was filled with questioning thoughts, for one glance into the face of that strange man, showed that noble thoughts, tender joy, blasted hope,

and bitter grief had left their traces there. Thus men, in whose brain has gleamed the light of lofty thought, and in whose heart has throbbled the purest emotions, live voluntary exiles to the sympathy of man, and regarded by him as retired and unsocial. How little we know of the inner life of each other!

I turned from the highway; for there one feels not alone, he may meet some traveler. I wandered through a grove of pines to where I could enjoy the sunshine together with the company of the trees. This spot was a favorite haunt of mine on Saturday afternoons, during that autumn. In a ramble one does not experience the richest enjoyment, unless he carries in some favorite secluded retreat. Trees, like pleasant friends, seem dearer the longer the acquaintance. Allured by the dreamy spirit of the place, I reclined upon earth's faithful bosom. The sunlight, softly stealing through the pine above me, fell upon my face. The trees caught the music of the gentle wind and whispered it unto me. The chirping of a squirrel seemed not discordant with the songs of the birds. In Nature's choir there is no discord. The sighing and murmuring of a summer brook proceeded up the hillside pasture, decked with clumps of evergreens. Soon

the separate tones of the birds, trees, and brook vanished from my senses, and their united harmony faded into a low, sweet melody like the strains of far-away music. The spirit of reverie was upon me.

I stood in a distant town. From the door of a rural school house, familiar to the memory of many a country-bred lad, I saw a band of children hurry forth. In that group of bright and healthy children I saw but one, in whose eye even now gleamed the fire of genius, and alas! in whose face, too, appeared Melancholy's own mark. I followed him as he left his mates and turned homeward by a broad and gently flowing stream. I watched him as he loitered by the dark water, and listened to the whispering of the stream to him: "Come away, thou gentle lad, come away from the rush and noise of man's life, from his deceit and selfishness, and live peacefully and dreamily as I." Oh, that he had heard the language of the same stream when it turned the mills in the town below. He hears the falls above, and soon he sits near where the waters tumble over the steep ledges and send their roar down the valley. Even as the turbulent current are his thoughts. Why is he tormented by the dark pictures of a naturally gloomy spirit? Sad that the light of genius is often shadowed by dark melancholy.

Years had passed. The boy walked a youth in college halls and

nobly won the highest honors. I often saw him among his fellows, gay, brilliant, the recognized child of talents. Anon, the old look of discontent would come back, and I saw that his life was still tormented by the blue Demon.

Again I saw the youth, on the day he bade farewell to college life, but he was changed. Something whispered to me the cause: He had learned to love a true and noble woman; and in the new life that began with that love, he had experienced a greater change,—a change that is always a miracle—the dedication of his soul to God. Actuated by his new born faith, he has chosen the sacred calling of the ministry.

I sat within a large and splendid church at the evening services. The young preacher had riveted my attention to his glorious theme. He painted the higher life in so bright a picture that every listener yearned for its beauty, purity, and happiness. And as he uttered the words of his text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," methought I saw the light that would direct many a poor soul to the gates of heaven. As I passed out among the throng, I saw many a countenance lighted up by a divine purpose and a peaceful joy. I lingered at the entrance for the preacher to come out, and followed him even as I had followed him in days ago, to his

home—a home that a poet might love—with its walks and trees and flowers without, with its taste and wealth and love within. There I saw the angel of his life, the joy of his heart and home; and there I saw his greatest gift from God—a child. Surely this man, so richly blessed, will never waver in his trust and faith!

Years again have passed. In a plainly furnished room I see a man and woman. She is dying. His face is familiar, but the language of anguish has been written thereon in characters which shall never be effaced. Wealth has flown. The grave holds his child. There sits Death about to take away his dearest treasure, the beloved wife. At the sad, sad sight I turn away. My eyes are filled with tears, my heart with pity.

Sunset had found me beneath the pine, and the chill air of evening urged me homeward. I passed the house in the forest, but saw naught of its solitary inhabitant, whose mystery was a mystery no more.

A few years afterwards I went back to the little town dear to me as my home for one brief autumn. I inquired for the inhabitant of the house in the forest. During my absence he had been missed for some

time, and then the house was entered. There were found a few books of poems—his poems. My reverie had been no reverie. His was a life glorious in its opening, but blighted ere its close. That last affliction—the greatest sorrow that ever comes to man—had overpowered his spirit, and left him a victim to his own *morbid fancies*.

Again I went to the pines in the pasture. Again the spirit of reverie fell upon me. In a lonely churchyard, lighted by the stars of heaven alone, I saw a man by two graves. Long, long he lingers, lying there in an agony of despair as if there alone in the wide world he cared to remain.

Now I stand by the side of a broad and gently-flowing stream. Its waters look dark and cold. I peer into the depths, into which a handsome boy gazed years ago. Deep in the gloomy stream I see an upturned face—well-known and ghastly.

Thus many a man is the victim of dark, grim Melancholy. Oh, that such would resist the gloomy power, and think on the beauty and nobility of life! Happy is he who, amid the trials and sorrows of life, sees only its blessings and the love of God.

AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

II.—THROUGH THE NOTCH AND TO THE SUMMIT.

AT 7 o'clock of a clear, cool September morning, the writer and a College classmate left the roaring fire of the Glen House office for a stage ride to Glen Station on the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad. There we intended to take the cars for Crawford's and Fabyan's and thence to the summit of Mt. Washington, a total distance of 51 miles, although by the direct road "The Summit" was only 8 miles distant from the Glen. For the first four miles our route lay over the road described in my previous sketch.

As the stage rumbled away, the great semi-circle of peaks to the west, from Madison to Washington, were flashing and glowing in the warmth and beauty of sunrise; but the Carter Range to the east, clothed in gloomy forests, threw its dark shadow over the Glen and far up the flanks of the opposite mountains. Frost lay upon the bridges and logs by the roadside. The forests were still in full foliage, but the sharp, clear air had in it that indescribable something, a kind of mournful whisper, which foretells the fall of the leaves and the long sleep of plant life. The woods through which we passed were cold and gloomy. Emerald Pool was black and sullen. The effect of the morning was to make every one feel out of sorts.

The stage was open at the sides, with a covered top, and had seats for a dozen passengers. On the back seat was an old gentleman with a tall hat and umbrella. In front of him sat a newly married couple. The road was rough and the seats often slipped back and forth. Suddenly hind wheel strikes a rock. Old gent bounces up out of his seat and knocks his hat against the top of the wagon. Comes down just in time to meet the seat going up again. Bounces up a second time and jams his hat over his ears. Young couple laugh. Old gent looks injured. Going up a hill young couple's seat slides back and strikes his knees. They apologize, but he is grouty. Soon his turn to laugh comes. Fore wheels drop into a deep rut and are quickly jerked out by the horses. Forward passengers, one after another, shoot up and down like so many "Jacks in the Box." His seat slides forward and drives his umbrella nozzle into the back of young lady in front. Old gent smiles and is pacified.

By and by the sun begins to stream over the mountain tops and down between the gray trunks and branches of the spruces hung with long mosses. Ladies begin to chatter and gentlemen to laugh. Meanwhile we have been riding up and down the hills that skirt the base of

Mt. Washington. Here and there, through breaks in the trees by the roadside, we catch glimpses of lovely valleys with their green meadows and winding streams, shut in by rugged cliffs.

Half way to Glen Station we came out from the hills and forests among little farms at the head of the valley. Here, for the first time since leaving the Glen, we saw Mt. Washington from base to summit. The Summit House, reflecting the sunlight and set against the deep blue of the sky, shone white as alabaster. This is one of the few points whence Mt. Washington can be seen in its majesty. The mountain is so set around by hills and protected by ridges, its summit in the distance so retreats behind plateaus and inferior peaks, that only from a few of the points near its base does it show itself as the "monarch of the mountains."

At Glen Station we stand among broad meadows and cultivated farms. Thence to Upper Bartlett the road passes among high ledges bearing a scanty growth of dwarfed birches through which the gray rocks look out. Here we take observation cars for the ride through the Notch. Soon the hills on each side grow into mountains, the mountains with their dark forests draw closer and closer until base reaches base, and we are fairly in the great Notch. This approach to the Notch embraces several points of interest. Nancy's Brook, a little stream that comes leaping down to the Saco,

has a pathetic interest. Here, just one hundred years ago, a young maiden in pursuit of a faithless lover was caught at nightfall in a snow storm. She pressed on through storm and darkness, till chilled with cold, worn out with hunger and exhaustion, terrified by the horrors of the place, she could go no farther, and was found dead near the brook which now bears her name. Half a mile beyond this brook is the Old Crawford House where Abel Crawford, "The Patriarch of the Mountain," lived and died. Farther up the valley are the "Giant's Stairs," two huge flat-topped cliffs rising one above the other. Past these, looking up the Mt. Washington River Valley, we ride for three miles in grand view of the majestic Washington. To travelers who cannot take the difficult tramp up Mt. Madison nor climb Wild Cat Hill from the Glen, this is undoubtedly the most imposing view that can be gained of the "Sovereign of the White Hills."

Farther on, at the foot of the Frankenstein Cliff, but on the side of the mountain, the railroad crosses a deep ravine spanned by iron trestle-work. This trestle-work is 500 feet long and 85 feet above the bottom of the ravine. Standing on the platform of the car, below, with nothing between but iron rods that far beneath look like fragile reeds, are the rough rocks of the wild gorge. On one side is the black, precipitous Frankenstein Cliff, whose

beetling brow far overhead directly overhangs the road and threatens destruction; on the other, the mountain flanks run abruptly down into the valley, tree top below tree top, until we catch the sparkle of the Saco far beneath. Rounding the Frankenstein, we are fairly within the Notch. Of this approach, Starr King, in his "White Hills," says: "The gradually darkening pass through Bartlett, and the pathos of the story murmured by Nancy's Brook, prepare us for the impression of mountain wrath and ravage when we reach those awful mountain walls whose jaws, as we enter them, seem ready to close together upon the little Willey House, the monument of the great disaster of the White Hills."

We stand between parallel walls 2000 feet high. On the left is the fatal Willey, well wooded to its summit. In front the rocky Mt. Willard closes the valley. On the right frown the precipitous walls of Mt. Webster. Its sides are seamed with rifts and gashed with chasms, where earth, water and rocks have ploughed deep furrows. The *débris* at its foot has buried whole meadows and blocked and turned the course of the Saco. Here the Notch looks like the abandoned battle-field of the Titans.

In the widest part of the valley, at the foot of Mt. Willey, which is not nearly so steep as Mt. Webster, stands the famous Willey House. The Saco runs some ways below it,

and is a small brook; but on the night of the disaster, when a "horror of darkness" fell upon the Notch, when the mountains rocked in their places and fell into the valleys, when that ill-fated family were surrounded by

"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain,"

the brook became a torrent that swept rocks and trees past the very doors of the cabin. The train stopped upon the track of the famous slide, but its place is now covered with trees. We drove on past the cascades on Mt. Webster, through the Gates of the Notch, only 22 feet wide, up to the Crawford House. Here I left my companion and walked up the carriage road two miles to the summit of Mt. Willard.

At the top I came suddenly out of the woods upon a large flat rock which overhangs a sheer fall of 1400 feet. For a moment I recoiled; but

"When once the shrinking, dizzy spell was gone,

I saw below me, like a jeweled cup,
The valley hollowed to its heaven-kissed lip,
Brimming with beauty's essence."

The Notch shut in by steep walls stretched below me in a bold curve. Every line of contour blended in harmony. Toward the farther end of the valley stood the Willey House. The Saco wound through the dark evergreens like a silver thread. The trestle-work of the Willey Brook bridge, directly beneath me, looked like children's play-work. The rush of the cascades opposite on Mt. Webster, so narrow is the gorge, was

plainly heard; eight miles to the east stood Mt. Washington. South and west the horizon was broken by blue hills, and above all were the

“Lucent floods

Poured from the golden chalice of the sun.”

Overstaying my time I started back on the run. The road was very steep and crooked and covered with loose pebbles. My body seemed bound to keep ahead of my feet. I took enormous strides to catch it. It was a case of accelerated motion. I shot around curves and doubled corners at a speed which threatened to send me off in a tangent. My legs tried to keep opposite sides of the road. The pebbles rattled for rods before and behind me. Breathless and considerably shaken up, I regained my equilibrium at the foot of the mountain, one and three-fourths miles, in just seven minutes.

Upon reading the proof of the last statement, I can imagine how some very good and credulous people may think it contains some mistake; but if there is a mistake any where, it lies with the man that measured the distance. And as I ran down in the honest belief that it was one and three-fourths miles, a mistake of a half mile or so by a paltry surveyor ought not to detract from the credit due me for the achievement.

From Crawford's to Fabyan's, thence to the base of Mt. Washington, where we get into the single car in front of the comical little engine, for a ride to the summit. The train moves

no faster than an ordinary walk; but no wonder, the little engine with its rattling cog-wheels is pushing us up one foot vertically every three feet of advance.

Up we go, above the trees, past the edges of fearful ravines, up among stunted spruces, up where every thing is covered with bright moss, up among the brown, dry grasses, and up at last where alone are jagged rocks covered with gray lichens. Meanwhile the sun is setting. A cold wind sweeps the mountain top. Below, far extended, lie farm and forest, lake and mountain. An express train is creeping through wood and hamlet. Little ponds reflect the sunlight. White mists begin to shroud the valleys and creep up the mountains.

The red sun sank out of sight. The rosy hue of the hills changed into purple, the purple to black. Lights came out here and there in the valleys. Darkness reigned. We were at the summit.

The grandest sight from the summit is a sunset. That we saw, with the exception of one element. That element is the one most impressive. It is the shadow of Mt. Washington. As the sun goes down it stretches away over hill and valley, across whole counties, beyond the New Hampshire line far into Maine, until on the horizon its phantom peak stands clearly painted against the sky. Upon one side of you is darkness, on the other rosy light.

After supper two railroad hands

slid down the track to the base. They sat upon a board about a foot wide, fitted by a groove to the cog-rail, and controlled by brakes. Several men have been killed by this mode of descent; yet railroad men often use it. They often slide the three miles in four minutes. "Last night," one said, "on account of the darkness we *went slow. We were six minutes.*" This night was dark. "Good night." A flash in the darkness, a rattle far down the track and they were gone.

By and by the moon rose. The mountain tops were islands rising above white, fleecy clouds. We are filled with wonder; we look up. Above are stars; around is immensity. Above cloud, mountain, stars is God. *We* are only above the clouds. We retire to feel that we are "lying in the fore-top of New England, while our planet ship is scudding twelve hundred miles a minute over star-islanded immensity."

R. F. J., '79.

A WINTER-LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ECKELMANN.

NOW sleeps the earth! With a veil of white
The winter has concealed her;
She is not dead, but sleeping, hushed,
Till spring again shall wake her.

As the little child, without a fear
Lies clinging to its mother's breast,
So, hidden on the breast of earth,
Lie the flower-children, lulled to rest.

And there they dream of breezes mild,
Of warm sunshine, of sparkling dews;
Entranced with odors sweet, they see
The woods, the meads of many hues.

They listen, and hear what the birds are singing,
And what the waves on the brooklet say;
They prattle with the butterflies,
The bees hum by, and say: Good day!

The flowers stretch themselves on high,
To see the splendor far and near;
The beautiful dream has vanished now,
And see—the spring is really here.

C. M. WARNER, '77.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THE pleasant days of autumn are past, the bleak winds and driving rains of November have put an end to out-door sports. No longer is the afternoon nap of up-town people disturbed by frantic shouts of, "That's a good one!" "Go your second!" "Home it!" and other characteristic phrases of the base-ball diamond. For a long while, the football goals have reared their *useless* shapes like ghostly relics of a barbaric age. Soon the whole flat will disappear beneath its wintry covering; but shall we on that account give up our daily exercise? Shall we gather about the coal stove and mope and grow round shouldered? The healthy manhood that is characteristic of our students should forbid this waste of time and energies.

We have a good Gymnasium supplied with a reasonable amount of apparatus, and it is our own fault if it isn't put to a profitable use. A few of the students do take a regular amount of work in the Gymnasium; but this matter of daily exercise ought to be considered of importance by more than two or three. "There isn't much fun working down there all alone in the cold." Yes, and that is just the point we are driving at. Why should you go alone or with, perhaps, a single

companion? In a certain college we know of, where the best physical, as well as mental, culture is obtained, each class, by an agreement with the others, has the Gymnasium entirely to itself for a certain time each day. The class chooses a leader or director, and under his guidance practice a number of exercises in concert. Frequently, at the end of the spring term, prizes are offered to be contested for by the classes and by individual performers.

Perhaps we cannot get up interest enough to go so far as that, but we can, at least, get together as many of our classmates as would enjoy gymnasium work, choose a director, and begin regular exercise when we get back next term. With very little trouble, one of the second-hand stoves lying about Parker Hall might be set up in the small east room of the Gymnasium, and thus remove the danger of taking cold from standing in a draft or from going out into the wind directly after exercising. We have always thought there was more good in the Gymnasium than students generally get out of it, and this plan of exercise by classes will test the truth of our supposition.

Our readers are well aware, no

doubt, that the Base-Ball Association is in debt. This condition of things has existed for a long while, and it is high time something was done to remove this burden. Several plans have been suggested for raising the necessary money to pay this debt, any one of which might be made available. A paper might be circulated among the students that each might give what he felt able to spare. The objection to this plan is that the regular term tax is as much as the members of the Association care to contribute, while those outside of the Association have not enough interest in our college game to help pay up its debts. For the reason already given it would not be advisable to increase the regular tax now assessed each term.

What, then, can be done? There is but one way left, and that is to conduct in the interests of the Association some sort of public entertainments. Amherst has a course of lectures. Other colleges get up profitable entertainments, musical or dramatic, with home talent. We do not want this debt continually hanging over us. Then why not show a little energy and remove it? There is to be no regular course of lectures in the city this winter, so that if we should start a good one it would, doubtless, be well attended. Or, if the profits from a lecture course are too uncertain, we have in college abundance of material for an excellent dramatic company, which might

bring out a very creditable performance. By making use of the excellent scenery belonging to any one of the halls in the city, and by taking a play that would require very little expense for costumes, we think quite a respectable sum might be secured.

Either of the last two plans can be carried out by the students alone, but side friends will coöperate. Something like a fair, with supper and literary-musical exercises, might be profitably conducted. We have no definite plan to offer farther than this, that an energetic committee be appointed to consider the matter of conducting some sort of public entertainments in the interests of the Association.

For the first time for four years Bates has to acknowledge itself beaten by a Maine club. Single defeats by State clubs have happened within this time; but in every case they have been quickly retrieved, and in such a manner, too, as to leave no doubt of our superiority. But now we have been defeated twice by the same club, and further have not defeated them once. Previously our nine has been so successful that many of the other clubs in the State, especially the other college clubs, have ascribed it to luck. If it be luck, then our luck seems to have changed. However, we disagree with this idea and believe that our success has been due to the

superior muscle of our nine and to their earnest, faithful practice. Although we think that during the present term scarcely so much time has been devoted to practice as is necessary to success, it is not our purpose to find fault with the nine. That is uncalled for and would do no good now.

The first game with the Reds was undoubtedly lost through the inexcusable loose playing of the nine. So confident was the Association that we could win a second game that \$30.00 were easily raised to bring the Reds to this city. But here again, to our surprise, the Reds won. During the two weeks elapsed since the first game the Reds had evidently been at work. In fact, they had played nine regular games. This was the secret of their success. As we said before, just this regular kind of work will insure success for us in the future.

What we want to do is to show the friends of our Base-Ball Association that we are not dead yet, and that we can suffer several more such defeats before we come to that pass. Let an entertainment be got up this winter, or some other means be taken to clear off our debt; let twelve men be chosen at the beginning of next term; let them work regularly in the Gymnasium, and another season we can put a nine into the field that will show that we have only been roused to greater exertions and will win victories as desir-

able as any we have won in the past.

The Second Division of the Freshman Class held their Prize Declamations in the Chapel, Friday evening, Oct. 25th. The speaking was considerably better than in the First Division. All the parts were well committed and delivered. Of all it can be said that they tried. This is more than can be said of every class at their Freshman Declamations. Blafchard, Nutting, Tracy, and Perkins especially excelled. The two latter were selected by the Committee to compete with the Third Division for the prize. We want to compliment the Division upon the new departure they took in procuring music. They engaged the services of the Schumann Quartette, consisting of Miss Bumpus, Soprano; Mrs. Robie, Mezzo Soprano; Mr. Lothrop, Tenor; and Mr. Adams, Baritone. To the great majority of the audiences at our College Exhibitions such music is preferable to any instrumental music that is within our mean to procure. This was the first appearance of this Quartette, although its members have long been thoroughly known to the lovers of music in both cities. The rendering of Longfellow's translation from Heine, entitled "The Sea hath its Pearls," was especially fine.

Below is the programme of the evening's exercises:

QUARTETTE—"The Smith.".....*Schumann.*

PRAYER.

RESPONSE.

1. Extract from Phillip Van Artavelde.—*Taylor.*
Edmund R. Richards.
2. Centennial Address.—*Strong.*
Willis Skillings.
3. Eternity of God.—*Greenwood.*
William G. Clark.
- SONG—"A Warrior Bold.".....*Adams.*
T. J. ADAMS.
4. An Empty Theatre.—*Talmage.*
Frank L. Blanchard.
5. Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs.*
John C. Perkins.
6. Daniel Webster—Extract.
Olin H. Tracy.

QUARTETTE—"The Sea hath its Pearls."....*Pensuti.*

7. Virginia and Massachusetts.—*McDowell.*
Lewis T. McKenney.
8. Character of Aaron Burr.—*Wallace.*
C. R. Adams.
- TRIO—"O, Memory.".....*Jesie.*
9. The March of Mind.—*Milford Bard.*
Leonard M. Tarr.
10. Responsibility of American Citizens.—*E. C. Gannet.*
Chalmers H. Libby.
11. Change is not Reform.—*Randolph.*
R. H. Douglass.
12. Injustice of the Electoral College.—*Anon.*
Clarence L. Nutting.

QUARTETTE—"Good Night.".....*Schumann.*

Decision of Committee.

Benediction.

The Freshman Class completed its labors on the Prize Declamations Friday evening, Nov. 1st. The Chapel was crowded. The heart of every competitor throbbed in suspense agony. As each bowed himself off the stage the young ladies patted out their plaudits, the fathers and mothers, with breasts swelling with pride, nodded complacently, and the Sophs, the wicked, unregenerate Sophs, actually wood-ed up. The speaking of this Division was fully up to that of the second. But it is not necessary for us to say anything in its praise.

We suppose each one, long ere this, has heard the annual professional puff, "The best declamations we ever had." Seriously, however, the class may congratulate themselves on the excellence of all the declamations. '82 has shown that it has members that will make a valuable addition to the speaking, writing, and debating talent of the College. We feel that it is due to Tracy, Perkins, Cogswell, and Snow of the last Division to say that their declamations were the finest of the evening. The Schumann Quartette furnished the music. "Mice in Council" was encored and answered with "Grandfather's Clock." The prize was awarded to Miss E. B. Forbes. The following is the evening's programme:

QUARTETTE—"In this hour of softened splendor."
Pinsuti.

PRAYER.

QUARTETTE—"Morning Prayer."....*Mendelssohn.*

1. Labor vs. Capital.—*Ruskin.*
Henry C. Hall.
2. The American Flag.—*H. W. Beecher.*
George P. Emmons.
3. Miantowona.—*T. B. Aldrich.*
Eleanor B. Forbes.

DUET—"Come my loved one."....*Campana.*

MRS. ROBIE, MR. LOTHROP.

4. Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music.
—*Dryden.*
Jennie S. Merrill.
5. Statesmanship.—*Phillips.*
Florian D. Record.
6. American Nationality.—*Choate.*
John F. Merrill.
7. Daniel Webster—Extract.
Olin H. Tracy.

QUARTETTE—"Mice in Council.".....*Filly.*

8. Pericles to the People.—*Kellogg.*
Howard Carpenter.
9. Poetry and War.—*Robertson.*
Irwin L. Harlow.
10. The Bridal Wine-Cup.—*Anon.*
Joseph H. Snow.
11. Against Flogging in the Navy.—*Stockton.*
Warren H. Cogswell.

SONG—"Milkmaid's Marriage Song.".....Keller.
MISS BUMPUS.

12. The Legend Beautiful.—*Longfellow*.
Henry S. Bullen.
 13. Paul Fleming's Resolve.—*Longfellow*.
Lewis M. Thompson.
 14. Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs*.
John C. Perkins.
- QUARTETTE—"Good night, Good night, Beloved."
Pinsuti.

Decision of Committee.

Denediction.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, the College Chronicle of the *N. Y. World* enters upon its third year. The second page is devoted every Monday to college interests, and takes notice of all athletic sports and other matters of interest at all the American colleges, and also reviews the college publications. This Chronicle forms a valuable compendium of college news. All interested in such matters cannot do better than subscribe for the *World's* Monday issue. Price \$1.50 or 50 cents for four months. Address "The World, 35 Park Row, N. Y."

EXCHANGES.

Across the "great puddle" comes to our table the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates Journal*, a heavy, awkward, uncut sheet, printed in very fine type. About two-thirds of it is devoted to the publication of sermons preached by members of the College Faculty. Its tone is much heavier than that of American College Journals. From an editorial giving advice to Freshmen, we quote the following:

"Were we asked to name the three principal rocks on which a Freshman's career is most frequently wrecked, we should reply, in imitation of Demosthenes, Procrastination, Procrastination, Procrastination. And the moral to be drawn from this answer applies to Trojan as well as to Tyrian, to the hare no less than to the tortoise. The stupidest fellow that ever boggled at Responsions would have passed easily enough if he had previously read steadily for three hours a day for a year; and everybody who gains a scholarship at any tolerably good college, would be certain to get a first-class in "Mods."—if he would read steadily for two hours a day, from the hour of donning his scholar's gown. Two hours a day is perhaps too much. One hour a day would be quite sufficient, so miserably scanty is the subject matter required in that wonderful examination; and yet many and many a scholar through sheer procrastination, fails to do more than get a second."

Besides being very good advice this shows about how much reading is necessary to pass those "wonderful examinations."

The Harvard *Crimson* and Columbia *Spectator* are, as usual, filled up with athletic sports, fall rowing regattas, foot-ball games, etc. The *Spectator* bemoans Columbia's defeat at the Harlem Regatta, and hits the rowing men severely for allowing the victor of Henley to be represented by a scratch crew.

The *Crimson* is enthusiastic for sending a boat crew to England next summer. While acknowledging that Cornell is the champion of American Colleges, it says that Har-

vard has had for the past two years the best crew ever sitting in a Harvard boat and thinks that, champion or non-champion, the crew has the same right to row Cambridge and Oxford as had Columbia. The *Crimson* farther seems to hint that if Harvard can effect a race with Yale, Cornell, and Columbia, she can send a crew to England as the champion of American Colleges.

The Yale *Record* is not so entirely absorbed with athletic sports as the *Crimson*. The *Record*, however, can't let an opportunity pass for kicking Harvard. This number goes it in the following manner:

"What will the religious press say now? For Harvard, fair Harvard, the home of "general" culture and broad erudition, the great and only American University, has actually descended so low as to participate in a vulgar and brutal Town and Gown row, and that, too, almost within the limits of the great Athenian Metropolis! But that was not the worst. For not only did these utterly abandoned and depraved Harvard *stoodints* try to violently disturb a meeting of the patriotic and "horny-handed sons of toil," who were agitating the claims of that disinterested though unfortunate patriot, the Widow Butler, but truth compels us to reluctantly state that they actually allowed the aforesaid noble citizens, euphemistically known as *muckers*, to actually drive them in confusion into the sacred precincts of the yard! Where was the puissant nine which, almost intact, has upheld Harvard's glory at the bat for the last decade? Where were the mighty Bancroft and his gallant crew who, we learn, have kindly consented to devote

themselves to the glory of their university for a few more years?"

To disinterested parties this looks decidedly like sore-headedness.

The following extract from a letter purporting to be written by a Yale student in 1900, although something in the same line, is, however, a capital hit on Harvard. The letter reports a game of ball between Harvard and Yale in the above-mentioned year, and says:

"The strong points of the Harvard team are the pitcher, catcher, and second baseman. Their pitcher, Ernst, is a stalwart, handsome, conceited man of about forty-five years of age. He graduated in '76, and since then he has been through the law, medical, scientific, musical, and theological schools, and is now taking a ten years' course in the art school, which was established by the Faculty for his particular benefit. Tyng and Latham, the catcher and second baseman, are also very fine players, especially the former. Tyng was also in the class of '76, and has played on the Harvard nine ever since, except two years in which he caught for the champion Bostons. Mr. Latham graduated in '77, and has been on the nine since then. The rest of the nine is made up of members of the professional schools, with the exception of the third baseman, who is a Senior. Some of my classmates find a good deal of fault with Harvard, too, for allowing these graduates to play year after year, and even go so far as to suggest that Yale should hire a professional nine and put them in the law school. However, for my part, I am decidedly opposed to it, as I have no doubt that Harvard, if there was anything unfair in allowing these men to play so many years in succession, would certainly put a stop to it."

The *University Herald*, from Syracuse University, begins its seventh year with the November issue. Several changes have been made in its form. Its editorials are good. Among them we notice a good plea for Chapel Orations. The *Herald*, however, has one failing which we hope it will guard against in the future. It publishes a poem of seventy-eight stanzas. Its supreme wickedness in inflicting us with seventy-eight stanzas like the following will be apparent to the reader:

Jf1

"See! waves, like wolves, their white teeth
gnash,
And on the frightened vessel dash,
While grim and graun their green eyes flash.

"Lionel sees—a moment's pause
Above the storm-beast's angry claws
He hangs, then sinks into the billow's jaws."

The November number of the *Brunonian* is a very neat, readable sheet. From an article on "The Language of Students" we clip the following sensible remarks:

"As a dog will express pleasure or pain, want or satisfaction by a wag of his tail, so many students seek to express all ideas through a few common-place phrases which mean nothing and are worth nothing. One great evil of this is that poverty of language inevitably produces poverty of thought. Superficial thinking is the natural result of superficial talking. We want no display of erudition. But there is such a thing as a terse, elegant, and yet common sense use of language. To say a good thing in a good way will make a man famous; while the noblest thoughts thrown into hackneyed expression fall like flowers into the mud, and are passed in contempt."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—Eds.]

Editors of the Student:

While thinking of the fact that the course of '79, thus far, has been marked by innovations and improvements, I asked myself this question, which I now ask you, Can this class not make the next Commencement-Day Exercises an improvement on any that Bates has ever seen? I think it can. Not by any superior ability which it possesses over previous classes, is this to be done, but by being taught by the experience of other classes, and avoiding their mistakes. I deem it a mistake sadly diminishing the public attendance upon our Commencement Exercises, to compel the audience to sit four or five hours and listen to all the way from fifteen to twenty skeleton speeches, consisting of a few statements, a few conclusions, and no reasons.

Evidently, then, the task of improvement for '79 is simply this, Let there be only a limited number of speakers chosen, and *these* the best ones the class can afford. Then will the interests of both College and class be best subserved, and due honor received by both. Let every one consider that what is for the best interest of the class is for his best interest, and act accordingly.

A SENIOR.

LEIPSIK, GERMANY, Oct. 21, 1878.

Editors of the Student :

There is something laughable and often something very exasperating in the notions prevalent here with regard to American society. Here is an item that appeared in a recent Leipsic newspaper :

"There is a class of pious people in North America who look upon the use of spirituous liquors, beer and wine for example, as the greatest possible sin. They call themselves temperance people, but their temperance is mere hypocrisy and bears the worst of fruit. It has long been known in select circles that large quantities of opium are employed as stimulants in the place of malt liquors by both sexes, and that, especially, converted whiskey-drinkers, who have abjured the demon, Alcohol, are addicted to the use of opium to an incredible extent. The knowledge of this state of things has been more widely circulated of late through declarations of druggists and apothecaries. The number of "ladies and gentlemen of society" who are accustomed to become intoxicated with opium, is legion, and many of these worshipers of the morphine and laudanum are disciples of the temperance preacher Murphy, who condemns every one that solaces himself with a glass of beer or wine. In the fashionable world other stimulants are also common. There are few ladies of fashion that do not try to make themselves "interesting" by means of a glass of cognac before they go upon the street."

German pessimism is at no time more rampant than when it is sweeping through the social and political life of the United States. It can look with some complacency upon a

mob in London, but a railroad strike in Pennsylvania furnishes the text for a long discourse on the dangers connected with Republican institutions. It is of little use to declare that all these notions are false. They do not stop to consider that it is only extraordinary sounds that can be heard across the ocean. They take the rare phenomena of American life for every-day occurrences, and so are misled in a very natural way.

It is not all the fault of the Germans, however. One of the Professors of Philology was called upon not long ago by an American, who represented himself as an agent of a New York publishing house. He wanted to know if any likeness of Aristarchus were extant, as his firm was making a collection of the portraits of distinguished language scholars with the view of offering them to the public. On learning that no such portrait is in existence, he remarked : "Oh, it's of no consequence ; we'll simply get one up."

Nearly every German has read Cooper, which may account for the wide-spread notion that Americans are all red Indians. Bret Harte is also widely known. Longfellow is greatly admired, and Bayard Taylor is honored for his interest in German literature as well as for his own literary productions. I have never met a German yet who knew Hawthorne, though "The Marble Faun," under the title, "The Transforma-

tion," appears in the Tauchnitz edition of British (?) authors.

The average German confesses to a little uncertainty on matters of American geography. He only knows that Chicago is in South America, and that Mexico, the little Maine village where my eyes first saw the light, is a great Empire. Whether New York is the capital of Texas or not, is a matter of some doubt. Respectfully,

GEORGE H. STOCKBRIDGE.

LOCALS.

Credit '81 with a cut.

Term closes November 22d.

Adams, '82, has left College.

The catalogues are at last out.

'79 has probably lost two men.

The pedagogues are getting numerous.

Donavan, '80, has gone to Bowdoin.

'79 has committed another misdemeanor.

To-day's student is to-morrow's school-master.

A Freshman wants to know how many constitute a quartette.

Our nine are not so anxious as they were to play the Reds.

In this issue we present a change from the usual class of Clippings.

Many of the boys have already commenced their winter schools.

Blanchard, '82, auctioneered the recent sale of the R. R. A. papers.

The latest translation for "Non-dum laureati" is "Not yet scalped."

The *Garnet* will be issued next term. It receives its name from the College color.

We refer the attention of '79 and '81 to the news from Trinity under Other Colleges.

The Freshmen have chosen lavender for their class color, and γάλην for their motto.

The catalogues show 45 Freshmen, 44 Sophomores, 22 Juniors, and 16 Seniors; Theologues, 17. Total, 144.

The Prize Debates of the Sophomore class that were arranged for this term have been put over until the spring term.

A scholarship named in honor of the late Rev. Flavel Bartlett has been endowed by the Main Street Freewill Baptist Church of this city.

Garnet, our College color, is again in fashion. Now that the difficulty of obtaining it is removed, we hope that more of the boys will sport the ribbon.

Prof. in Chemistry—"What is the atomic weight of barium?" Senior (with the utmost assurance)—"It's 159." Prof.—"Wouldn't you take off a *little* from that? Senior—"Well, I don't know but what I would take off a hundred or so."

On account of some little misdemeanors of some of the Sophomores, the Faculty have sent away two Sophomores, and further developments may any day occur.

A slight change has been made in the Sophomore course. Tacitus is changed from the fall to spring term, and the Prometheus of Aeschylus substituted for the Electra of Sophocles.

The expense of getting the Skowhegan Reds to this city was \$20.00. The receipts of the game \$13.00. The entire College voted a tax of twenty cents upon each member to cancel the balance.

At a recent meeting of the Polymnian Society, the business of furnishing more room for its Library was discussed. Means for the necessary enlargement were voted. A vote was also passed allowing each member to take out five books during the coming vacation.

Since our last issue the following persons have been admitted to the Polymnian Society: T. M. Lombard, '79; I. L. Harlow, Howard Carpenter, G. A. Eastman, C. H. Hall, W. A. Paul, and D. E. Pease, '82. The Eurosophian Society has received E. R. Richards and S. A. Lowell, '82.

One of the Seniors was observed the other day to set the celestial globe with great care. After examining it closely for some time he said, "This globe ain't good for much, it don't give the planets." Another

Senior having Jupiter pointed out to him wanted to know if it is a fixed star.

The College Choir as made up this fall, consists of Shattuck, '81, and Blanchard, '82, Soprano; W. B. Perkins, '81, Alto; Hobbs, '81, and Foss, '81, Tenor; Tuttle, '79, and Gilkey, '81, Bass. Organist, Miss M. K. Pike, '81; substitute, W. H. Judkins, '80.

A laughable incident occurred a short time since when the place of Chapel Exercises was changed from the Upper to the Lower Chapel. The change was not publicly announced; so some went to one, some to the other place. The Profs. did the same, and one set had prayers above and the other below.

The cost of the new suits for the Nine was \$54.00. This being raised by subscription. \$30.00 was paid at the time of their delivery. The suits are not proving so substantial as they should. Three pairs of the breeches have already been torn. If they are not made good, a large discount ought to be made.

At the last Freshmen Declamations the Sophomores stole the evening programmes. The Freshmen were at first much non-plussed, but recovered in season to surprise the Sophomores with a new set of programmes, struck off in time for the evening's exercises. On the whole we think the matter stands about even.

Quite an effort has been made to have a College rope-pull, the Seniors and Sophomores to pull against the Juniors and Freshmen. Such a division would be very fair and would no doubt have made an interesting pull; but for some reason the plan failed. Can the pull not take place in the spring or summer terms?

The Prize Debate has at last been settled. The question is as follows: "Are Monarchical Institutions more favorable to Morals than are Republican?" The Eurosophian Society, represented by S. C. Mosely, '79, F. L. Hayes and M. T. Newton, '80, will argue the affirmative, and the Polymnian Society, represented by R. F. Johonnett, '79, E. M. Briggs, '79, and W. H. Judkins, '80, will argue the negative. The debate is to take place the second Friday of the summer term, and will doubtless constitute the event of the year. Prof. Stanton, the founder of the prize, desires the Societies to issue printed invitations to the debate. Doubtless they will gladly accede to his wishes.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, the return game with the Reds was played on the Androscoggin grounds. Everybody went down with the expectation of seeing the Reds handsomely whipped, but everybody got disappointed. The nine made their first appearance in new suits. Quite a large number of ladies were in at-

tendance. A large number of errors were made by our club; yet their fielding was better than these would seem to indicate. The second inning was a give away for Bates. Most of the errors were then made. The reason of our defeat was very evident. Although noted as a heavy batting nine, the boys could not get on to King's pitching. The Reds are not nearly so good fielders as the Bates, but they had nothing to do in the field; while they batted very heavily. This accounts in part for our boys' errors. We give the Reds the credit of being the best batters our nine ever played against. Below is the score:

BATES.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b.....	1	2	11	0	2
Lombard, 3b.....	1	0	1	2	1
Wilbur, c.....	0	0	7	7	9
Hoyt, l. f. and 2b.....	0	0	5	1	5
Given, p.....	1	1	0	6	6
Norcross, c. f.....	1	1	1	1	0
Foss, s. s.....	1	1	0	3	0
Parsons, r. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Tuttle, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
	5	6	27	20	23

REDS.					
McFarlane, 2b.....	1	0	1	1	1
King, p.....	2	3	1	7	2
Eagen, s. s. and c.....	0	2	1	0	4
McNeely, 1b.....	0	0	5	0	0
Whittier, c. f.....	1	0	5	0	0
Tantiss, r. f. and s. s.....	2	1	1	0	0
Bragg, l. f.....	1	2	0	0	0
Lynch, c. and r. f.....	1	1	11	3	6
Lumsden, 3b.....	1	1	2	0	1
	9	10	27	11	14

INNINGS.										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—5
Reds	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	—9

Two-base hits: Bates, Norcross 1, Sanborn 1; Reds, Bragg 1. Time of game 2 hours. Struck out: Bates, 5; Reds, 4. Scorers: Bates, H. L. Merrill, '80; Reds, E. E. McNeely. Umpire: O. B. Clason, Bates, '77.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'73.—F. W. Cobb has graduated from the Yale Theological School, and has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Union Evangelical Church at Three Rivers.

'75.—F. B. Fuller since graduating from the Medical College has entered upon a Post Graduate Course at Harvard.

'75.—F. L. Washburne and Geo. Oak have commenced the practice of law in Boston.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is Principal of the Academy at Francistown, N. H.

'75.—F. L. Evans is studying law at Salem, Mass.

'75.—F. H. Smith is expected to return from California this fall.

'77.—Many of our readers will doubtless be interested to learn of the birth of a boy, on October 18, to the widow of the lamented E. H. Besse. The child has received his father's name, Ezekiel Henry. Mrs. Besse is at present residing at Brunswick, Me.

'77.—Miss C. M. Warner has accepted the position of Principal of a Boarding School at Washington Depot, Conn.

'77.—J. W. Smith, late Principal of the High School at Toledo, Ohio, has resigned his position there to accept one in the Grammar School at Newark, N. J.

OTHER COLLEGES.**COLUMBIA.**

Rose, '81, with a handicap of 11 yards was the winner of the 100 yard race in the recent Manhattan Club sports. Time, ten seconds.

The Senior studies for the coming year are as follows: Physics, two hours per week; Chemistry or Psychology, two hours; Higher Physics, Latin, or Political Economy, two hours; Calculus or Greek, two hours; Astronomy, two hours; Geology, one hour; Constitutional Law, two hours.

DARTMOUTH.

'81 has been increased by five.

Contributions to the yellow fever fund have amounted to \$200.

There are sixty-three Freshmen in the Academical Department and only six in the Scientific.

James T. Fields lectured in the College Church upon "Fiction, old and new," and its eminent authors.

At Dartmouth the terms will be divided this year as heretofore—with four weeks vacation at Thanksgiving.

HARVARD.

The vacancy caused by the drowning of Stacy Baxter, Prof. of Elocution, at Cape May last summer, is filled by Geo. Riddle.

At a meeting of the Boating Association the following new officers were chosen: President, Walter Trimble, '79; Vice President, Warren N. Goddard, '79; Treasurer,

Richard Trimble, '80 (re-elected); Secretary, F. H. Allen, '80 (coxswain of the crew); all but the last named being residents of this city. The treasurer's reports showed that the receipts of the year were \$4,275, of which \$2,661 came from undergraduate subscriptions, \$425 from graduates, \$602 from concert tickets and the remainder from rents, sales of boats and miscellaneous sources. The expenses were \$4,205, of which \$2,908 went for last summer's crew, and the balance of cash on hand was \$70. In recognition of last summer's victory, it was voted to give the crew who won it a complimentary supper. The existing club system was discussed at considerable length.—*Spectator*.

TRINITY.

The Freshmen at Trinity built a bonfire in front of the College and danced around it to the accompaniment of horns, etc. Being interviewed by the President next morning, they all confessed, and received their punishment as set forth in the following edict of the Faculty:

"Considering all the extenuating circumstances the Faculty have made your punishment as light as they consistently could.

"1st. Each member of the class who was concerned in the bonfire is reduced fifty marks, conditional on good behavior for the rest of the college year.

"2d. Each member of the class

who took part in the bonfire is required to pass an examination on the first Phillipic of Cicero, November 2d.

"3d. Each member of the class who blew a fish-horn is suspended, conditional on good behavior for the remainder of the year.

"4th. All who hold scholarships forfeit them, conditional on good behavior until the end of the year."
—*Amherst Student*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Dr. May, of Chicago, is appointed to the post of Professor at Vassar College.

Freshmen of Vermont University number twenty. Freshmen of Middlebury College, twenty-two.

The Trinity boat house will cost about \$450, and a series of dramatic entertainments will be given for the benefit of the club.

Prof. Geo. H. Hooper, a graduate of Princeton, has been made Professor of Greek and Modern Languages in Syracuse University.

Prof. H. H. Sanford, late of the chair of Latin language and literature at the Syracuse University, has accepted a call to the same chair in the University of Chicago.

Columbia boasts of an endowment fund amounting to \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins has one of \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Cornell, \$2,000,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000. Yale's endowment amounts to only \$350,000.

Miss Grace C. Bidd has been appointed a member of the Faculty of the State University, at Columbia, Mo., at a salary of \$2000. Women are slowly getting to be somebody.

Recent statistics show that there are more than four hundred colleges in the United States, and about three thousand and eight hundred professors. The North Western University claims the largest number of instructors. Harvard claims second place.

The friends of Syracuse University are urging upon the Methodists of New York the necessity of further work to place that institution in the rank for which its founders intended it. The Library contains only 5,000 volumes. It has expended only \$4,000 for apparatus and Natural History collections. They deem it necessary to enlarge the Faculty by engaging some person of equal attainment with other men in other colleges.

CLIPPINGS.

"What shall it profit a Sophomore if he puts a Freshman to bed, yet loses all chances of finishing his college course?" asks the *Amherst Student*.

"I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh;
And I thought as I tumbled that editor's nest
How easily editors lie!"

—*College Transcript*.

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulder the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity. One belonged to his girl. —*Argus*.

"We don't know everything," remarked the Professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the Sophomore class." —*Ex*.

Conscientious Greek Professor, remonstrating with Sophomore for creating disturbance in the classroom, lays his hand insinuatingly upon the refractory one's shoulder, and says: "My dear young man, the devil has hold upon you!" —*Ex*.

The following explains itself:

"WILLIAMSPORT, Sept. 14, 1878.

"*Dear Argus*: Please tell the members of '76 that Ben has been, and gone, and started a singing school. It opened September 7th. They call it Mary. It has eyes like its father's. Ben has vowed a "hecatomb of bulls" to the gods, and a big dinner to the class. Let all be on hand in June. "CARRY."

—*Argus*.

A Sophomore went to his class-officer to be excused for his absence at church. He stated that he was out walking and when the church bell rang was so far from College that he could not reach church in time, so he went to the village church. "And who preached?" asked the Prof., curiously. "I don't

know," he answered, "some stranger."
 "Indeed," said the amused Prof., "I
 am surprised that you did not recog-
 nize me."—*Amherst Student.*

Riding in a buggy
 On a summer night,
 Sat a Harvard Junior
 With a maiden bright.
 Maiden very timid,
 Student very bold
 (Maid a little prudish
 If the truth were told.)
 On the seat behind her
 Lay the student's arm,
 Maiden in a flutter
 Feared she'd come to (h)arm.
 Suddenly horses started—
 "Take both hands, for I've—"
 Student interrupted,
 "Some one's got to drive."

—*Crimson.*

The following may interest some
 of the Auburn fair ones :

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

"Write me a letter, love," he said,
 "Each night before that darling head
 Sinks on its guileless pillow;
 And as I burn the midnight oil,
 Your words will gild and lighten toil,
 As dawning gilds the billow."

Dear girl! Her fancy nightly drew
 Pictures of cares that student knew;
 The dreary room he sat in;
 His aching brow; his pallid cheek;
 She shuddered as she thought of Greek
 And all that "horrid Latin."

And "O, my love! you'll surely kill
 Yourself," she wrote, "I know you will—
 You're far, far too ambitious;"
 And then bewailed, in piteous plaint,
 Her own sad state in such event—
 And signed, "Your darling precious,"

* * * * *

That night—I mean at four A. M.
 With wavering steps that student came,
 A brief hour's rest to borrow;

He bound his head with towels wet,
 He smoked a final cigarette,
 And sighed, "'Twas jolly!—but, you bet,
 I'll have to flunk to-morrow!"
 —*Besom.*

HABET.

He was a Senior, grave and staid,
 She was a guileless Vassar maid.
 Brown were her eyes, and passing fair
 The sunlight played on her golden hair.
 Now thus spake he, in accents low,
 Designing chaff to pass her:

HE.

"Ya-as, pretty place but awful slow;
 So little going on, you know;
 And girls of course can never row
 Up there, you know, at Vassar!"
 A blush suffused her neck so white,
 To gaze whereon, an anchorite
 His very soul would barter,—

SHE.

"Why, how you talk! It may be *slow*,
 But please don't say we never row,
 For we have at Vassar,—don't you know—
 Each morning, a re-garter!"
 The Senior fled with a wild, weird shriek,
 As the blush died out on the maiden's cheek;
 But she still smiled on, while passing fair
 The sunlight played on her golden hair.
 —*Acta Columbiana.*

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INORGANIC.

Oh! come where the cyanides silently flow,
 And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below;
 Where the rays of potassium lie white on the
 hill,
 And the song of the silicate never is still,
 Come, oh, come!
 Tumti, tum, tum!
 Per oxide of soda, and urani-um!

While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
 And no chemical change can affect manganese:
 While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
 My heart shall be constant, sweet science, to
 thee!

Yes, to thee!

Eiddledum Dee!

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No. 10.

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BY E. A. SMITH, '73.

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of society. The one was patrician and the other plebeian. No police could have assigned people according to their dress, manners, and social position, much more exactly to these out-of-door resorts, than the spirit of caste does of its own accord.

Another significant sign of the caste spirit impressed me in the Paris Exposition while walking up and down the French department, amid the various styles of carriages and coaches. There were the stately conveyances into which two or three persons are put, and then, all around and over the concern, seats provided for half a dozen other people to drive and to wait upon the two or three inside. No matter how artistic and magnificent, there was not one of them which did not look lumbering to an American. The carriage I specially noticed had seats for two only, and approached the nearest to what a common man might be supposed to own and to drive off in. But alas for my democratic notions! half of the seat in this carriage was raised some four or six inches above the other half, so that the driver should be distinguished in position as well as in dress from the one being driven. It fairly made me homesick to think that the common people had no light carriages that they could step up into, and, taking the reins in their own hands, have a drive with their families.

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HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES."

BY F. L. B., '82.

THERE lives to-day, in a quiet village of France, an old man whose hair has grown gray beneath the frosts of many winters, but whose heart is as fresh and buoyant as when, a youth, he trundled his hoop over the pavements of Paris. This man, known to the world as Victor Hugo, has done more toward the elevation of the modern novel, than any other writer of the past fifty years. His works have been translated into nearly every language, so that the student in the German University, the monk in the Italian monastery, or the humble mechanic of an American manufactory, can alike enjoy the splendid productions of his genius.

Hugo's masterpiece, "*Les Miserables*," was first brought before the public in 1868. Its success was assured from the outset. Each edition was exhausted almost before the ink had dried. The historian, the psychologist, the student of human nature, the philanthropist,—all, found material for study, in this new book.

Perhaps no clearer idea concerning the object of the work can be obtained, than by reading the author's preface. On account of its brevity and force we give it entire:

"So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemna-

tion, which in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age,—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless."

"*Les Miserables*" is the history of Jean Valjean, a released convict. As the story proceeds, however, other characters, some of them not less interesting, are woven into the fabric of the plot. Part first, "*Fantine*," opens with a description of the character of Monseigneur Bienvenu, Bishop of D—. He was a man whose life partook of the divine. Casting aside every selfish motive, he strove with all the intensity of his nature, to perform his holy ministrations in such a manner, that he might exemplify to his people the life of our Saviour.

One evening there was a loud knock at the door of the parsonage. On being invited to come in, a fierce looking man pushed open the door and entered the room. He wore upon his shoulders a coarse woollen blouse, and upon his feet a pair of hobnailed shoes. He was a dan-

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HUGO'S "LES MISÉRABLES."

BY F. L. B., '82.

THERE lives to-day, in a quiet village of France, an old man whose hair has grown gray beneath the frosts of many winters, but whose heart is as fresh and buoyant as when, a youth, he trundled his hoop over the pavements of Paris. This man, known to the world as Victor Hugo, has done more toward the elevation of the modern novel, than any other writer of the past fifty years. His works have been translated into nearly every language, so that the student in the German University, the monk in the Italian monastery, or the humble mechanic of an American manufactory, can alike enjoy the splendid productions of his genius.

Hugo's masterpiece, "*Les Misérables*," was first brought before the public in 1868. Its success was assured from the outset. Each edition was exhausted almost before the ink had dried. The historian, the psychologist, the student of human nature, the philanthropist,—all, found material for study, in this new book.

Perhaps no clearer idea concerning the object of the work can be obtained, than by reading the author's preface. On account of its brevity and force we give it entire:

"So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemna-

tion, which in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age,—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless."

"*Les Misérables*" is the history of Jean Valjean, a released convict. As the story proceeds, however, other characters, some of them not less interesting, are woven into the fabric of the plot. Part first, "*Fantine*," opens with a description of the character of Monseigneur Bienvenu, Bishop of D——. He was a man whose life partook of the divine. Casting aside every selfish motive, he strove with all the intensity of his nature, to perform his holy ministrations in such a manner, that he might exemplify to his people the life of our Saviour.

One evening there was a loud knock at the door of the parsonage. On being invited to come in, a fierce looking man pushed open the door and entered the room. He wore upon his shoulders a coarse woollen blouse, and upon his feet a pair of hobnailed shoes. He was a dan-

gerous looking character, but the Bishop welcomed him cordially, and listened to his story. How, upon entering the village, he had sought food and shelter at the inn, but had been driven forth into the street, when the landlord learned that he had shown the yellow passport of a released convict at the mayor's office. How, driven by hunger, he had offered a large sum of money to several villagers for a crust of bread, but had been refused again and again, and threatened with arrest; how, almost despairing, he had ventured to knock at the Bishop's door. Would he give him food and protection for the night?

The good Bishop orders another plate to be placed upon the table, and invites the stranger to eat supper with him. Hesitatingly he accepts, for he can scarcely understand how such a great man as the Bishop, can allow him, a released convict from the galleys, to sit at the same table with himself. After a hearty supper, he is conducted to a chamber adjoining the Bishop's, and left for the night. He throws himself upon the bed and falls asleep. When the clock strikes two, he awakes. At first he can hardly remember where he is, but soon, the experiences of yesterday return vividly to his mind. The silver had been placed the night before in a little cupboard at the head of the Bishop's bed. Why should he not take it and steal away in the darkness of early morn?

Conscience reasons with him, but he will not listen. At last self conquers, and creeping noiselessly into the Bishop's chamber, he takes the silver from its hiding place, opens the outer door, and flees away into the night. Early in the forenoon he is arrested by gendarmes, who caught him stealing away with the Bishop's silver. They drag him before the Bishop, thinking they would receive the Bishop's thanks; but judge of their surprise, when requested to let the prisoner, Jean Valjean, go free. Taking him aside, the Bishop placed two silver candlesticks in his hands, and whispered these words in his ear: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God!" These words changed the whole current of his life, and the next morning, before Aurora had lit up the eastern sky, a stage driver saw him kneeling upon the pavement before the Bishop's door, in the attitude of prayer.

For many years, nothing was heard concerning Valjean. Some thought him dead; others that he had gone to America. In the year 1815, a man arrived at the village of M——, who was destined to make a revolution in the manufacture of jet work jewelry, the chief occupation of its inhabitants. By substituting gum lac for resin,

and by bending, instead of soldering the ends of the metallic clasps, he reduced the price of the raw materials enormously, and gave a new impetus to the whole business.

He soon had control of all the manufactures of the village. The demand for this class of jewelry became so great that he was obliged to build an immense building to accommodate his continually increasing force of workmen. This man, through his generosity and upright character, won the name of Father Madeleine. In three years he had made his fortune, and in five years was appointed Mayor of the town. Who was this Father Madeleine? He was Jean Valjean, under an assumed name. His character had been recast on that eventful morning when the Bishop breathed those solemn words of truth into his very soul. In order to forget the past as far as possible, he changed his name and directed his mind to a new channel of thought. He had been successful in whatever he had undertaken, and now stood at the height of prosperity. One day he was startled by a report that a former galley slave, known as Jean Valjean, had been arrested and was to be brought before the next Court at Arras. Should he allow this innocent man to go to the galleys and suffer in his stead? Would it not be better for this worthless fellow to have the discipline of prison life, than for him, the proprietor of all the manufactories in M——, to be

dragged back to his old life, and endure an existence worse than death? Knowing full well that to allow this man to be sent to the galleys, would be a crime against his conscience, and that to confess that he alone was the convict sought, would ruin his own prospects of success in a worldly point of view; knowing all this, he stands up in the midst of a crowded court and declares, "I am Jean Valjean!"

We have sketched thus minutely the character of Jean Valjean, in order that the reader may be impressed with something of the interest which centers in this strange man. It is, of course, impossible for us to follow him in his subsequent life—how in fulfillment of a promise he had made to a dying woman, he found her child, Cosette, and retiring to a secluded part of Paris, henceforth devoted his life to the task of making her happy. How, hunted down by the police, he found refuge as gardener in a convent where Cosette could be educated; how, in after years he risked his liberty for Cosette's sake, and went back into the world; how again, for her sake, when Cosette, the only being that loved him, his all, fell in love with Marius, he sacrificed his own place in her affections to another; how, at last, he saved the life of Marius by allowing himself to be arrested, in order that Cosette's life might not be darkened; how, in short, this poor galley slave,

groping in the darkness of ignorance and sin, and all alone, through suffering and sacrifice, through patience and self-conflict, at last found the light, and striving to atone for the sins of his past life, and to follow in the steps of the child Jesus, became, as we believe, one of "that innumerable company" "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

One cannot read a half dozen chapters, without feeling that "*Les Misérables*" must have been the production of a giant brain. There is material enough in this work alone, to furnish half a dozen ordinary writers with "stock in trade" for two years. No writer, except Hugo, would think of embracing so many and varied topics in a single novel. It seems to be the tendency of many, when engaged in preparing works of fiction for the public, to make them so thin and diluted, that the shallowest brain may find no difficulty whatever in following out and interpreting the varied phases of the plot. Not so with Hugo. He starts on the supposition that he is writing for men who *think*; for men who are educated; for men who want something deeper and more instructive than the general run of "trash."

Hugo's style at once captivates us. The short, crisp sentences, full of thought and meaning, are quite refreshing, after one has studied

some of our well-known, though exceedingly prosy writers. His simple, straightforward manner of conducting the conversations is far more agreeable than the "around Robin Hood's barn" style, so often found in representative works of fiction.

Hugo is an artist. By a few rapid strokes of his pen, he throws upon the canvas of the reader's imagination, the picture of Waterloo, wreathed with the smoke of a hundred cannon; or if he is in a more genial mood, the interior of the old wooden house, in which Gavroche puts his little wards to bed and covers them with an old piece of wire netting, to keep the rats from eating them up. In no chapter does the descriptive power of his genius display itself more advantageously, than in those portraying the night session of the Court at Arras, and the betrayal of Valjean to the accomplices of Thénardier. These two scenes fasten themselves as indelibly upon the brain, as if they had been painted with a brush of fire.

The characters of "*Les Misérables*" are so real in their personality, and our acquaintance with them continues so long, that almost before we are aware of it we are thinking of them as *actual living beings*. Charles Dickens affirmed that some of the characters of his own novels, seemed, at times, to step down from the world of imagination, and assume the tangible form of

human beings. They spoke to him. They pursued him like the demons of a drunkard's dream. They tormented him with their hateful faces and angry threats. Physicians tell us that this very strange phenomena often occurs among those whose mental labors have been carried too far. But is it not equally true, that there are some writers, who have the power to throw this spell of actuality over their readers, either through the vividness of their style, or through their ability to touch the secret springs of the human heart? Hugo, it seems to us, possesses this ability to an unusual degree. Placing him by the side of Scott he is Scott's superior.

When we had finished "*Les Misérables*," we closed the book with a feeling of satisfaction. No work

has brought before us, with such minuteness and grandeur, the workings of the soul in hours of trial and agony. The author has given us, in connection with the story, a few chapters of French history; an account of convent life fifty years ago, and an excellent description of the great sewers of Paris. The introduction of such topics into a novel, is a happy method of teaching fact with fiction.

As Hugo has undoubtedly reached the age of life when the brilliancy of genius begins to pale beneath the flood of years, we cannot hope to receive any other great work from his pen. However this may be, he has already won a reputation which is second to none, in the literary firmament of French authors.

AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

III.—OVER THE RIDGE.

AT 5 o'clock in the dim gray of the morning succeeding the events related in the preceding sketch, with overcoats buttoned to our chins, we were pacing the broad platform of the Summit House awaiting the sunrise. Charles Lamb said that he never saw a sunrise; but, then, he never slept on Mt. Washington. Here the impressiveness of the surroundings weighs upon you even in sleep. Long

before sunrise a vague unrest stirs in the veins; an impulse to action, a feeling of strength, thrills the nerves and forbids sleep. Outside the "shrewd and nipping air" only adds to the buoyancy of feeling.

The mountain tops that lay scattered confusedly around and yet below us, dimly outlined in the morning twilight, and rising out of the spectral mists that shrouded their bases and concealed the valleys,

seemed like the huge, dark tents of night monsters who had encamped on a plain beneath. Gradually the faint outlines of the distant mountains became distinct; light filled the dome of space above; narrow streaks of bright colors appeared and widened in the eastern sky; the leaden clouds above took on a purple hue; the purple changed into rose, the rose into crimson, the crimson into golden, and once more we rolled out of the earth's shadow into the sunlight.

You get a notion of immense scope and power. The horizon sweeps away in a curve a hundred miles distant. Nothing is above to break the vision; all is below. The eye sweeps from the Atlantic to Mt. Mansfield, from Katahdin to Monadnock. As soon as the sun rises high enough to dart its rays into the valleys, immediately the ranks of fog that have lain so still there, as if frightened at the discovery of their hiding-place, begin to heave and surge and break up into flying squads, that roll up the mountain sides, tumbling over one another, as if hurrying to find another hiding-place.

Soon they vanish in the air. Then, as far as the eye can see, are turbulent land waves, sharp, isolated peaks, serrated ranges, long, thin ridges, precipitous cliffs, dark ravines, valleys sweeping away in stately curves. Three great rivers roll for miles in full sight. Forty lakes reflect the sunlight.

Facing northward, let us take a more definite view. At the right, we look down three-fourths of a mile into the narrow gorge of the Glen, trending north and south. Its large hotel and stables cover only a hand's breadth. Directly north, across an immense mountain amphitheatre, Mt. Madison rises in graceful outlines, 4000 feet above the Glen. Farther north, we catch the glint of the blue Androscoggin. Swinging westward from Madison, and then returning to Washington in a magnificent curve, tower the other mountains of the great Presidential Range—the sharp, symmetrical pyramid of Adams, the stout, square-shouldered Jefferson, and the dromedary humps of Clay. These peaks, with their connecting ridges, lie far above the region of trees, and afford the grandest views to be had in the White Mountains. Our proposed tramp lay across this ridge.

To take this tramp is to do in the White Mountains what in the Alps is to scale Mont Blanc. All the way is covered with rough, sharp-pointed rocks, is a continual scramble up steep cliffs and down into desolate ravines. The distance from Washington to Madison is said to be ten miles, but is, I think, somewhat over-estimated. Arrived on Madison, it is six miles more down the mountain and through the woods to the Glen. Of the 20,000 people that yearly visit Mt. Washington, not over half a dozen attempt the

trip. During this season, only two persons had made the trip. They started from the Glen, reversing the route, starting in the forenoon and arriving at the summit at nightfall nearly exhausted, having faced, for the last four miles, a wind blowing seventy miles per hour.

The fatigue is such as to exclude all but practiced walkers. Every step is fraught with danger from the rough rocks. The weather is treacherous. You start when all is pleasant. A half hour later, a cloud drives over the ridge; the mountain peaks, all landmarks, vanish. The cloud thickens; you cannot see a rod ahead. You press forward, and find yourself on the edge of some yawning chasm; you turn back, and the bare, hard rocks mock your efforts to retrace your path. If you are on a peak, you know not on which side lies the precipice; if you are in the gaps between the mountains, you know not where is the peak. Perhaps you have no compass. The rocks grow wet and slippery; your feet slip on treacherous masses. You bruise yourself on the jagged rocks. You rush this way and that; here a vertical wall, there a chasm. A false step, a slip, and you are gone—you exist no more. There you are; around is nakedness, desolation; above is despair. You call; only the precipices hear. You beseech; the mountains are inexorable. Exhausted, you drop down. A guide

could not find his way out. You can only crouch in some nook in the rocks, and wait for the cloud to drive over.

It may hang over all day; may change into rain. Cold winds sweep the mountains. Night comes on; no food, no fire. The wet, sharp rocks are your bed. Hunger knaws. The cold chills your bones; the rocks pierce your flesh. The storm makes unearthly sounds. The darkness encloses you. The wind is blowing perhaps eighty miles an hour. You attempt to rise; it hurls you back. The horrors of the place seize upon you; the abysses call to you. You imagine yourself falling from fearful heights, crushed by enormous rocks; you see pictures of bleaching bones.

Nor are these dangers wholly imaginary. Too many white headboards, telling of the fearful death of some unfortunate traveler, already gleam in the moonlight around the rocky ridges of Mt. Washington, and add a melancholy interest to its most desolate scenes.

Perhaps this description is sufficient to awaken an interest in the undertaking. This day was unusually warm, but a haziness in the atmosphere betokened a storm; we waited for further developments. At 9.30 A.M., without the slightest warning, a blinding cloud drove over the summit. In an hour it had vanished, and we determined to start. At 10.40, with matches and an am-

ple lunch in our pockets, and an Alpine stock in our hands, we set out, purposing to reach the Glen by nightfall. We passed the Lizzie Bourne monument—a pile of rough stones commemorating the death of a young lady that nine years ago perished in a snow storm, not twenty rods from the Summit House. Before reaching Clay, we passed by the head of a wild gorge perhaps 2000 feet deep; at the bottom lay a black pool forming the head of West Branch. Withal, it is the coldest, gloomiest ravine in the range.

Clay is only a long, arching ridge connecting Washington and Jefferson. As we gain its summit—the only place where the Mt. Washington Railroad can be seen from top to bottom—four trains, at short distances apart, were creeping up its steep track. Here we found a beautiful flower, the only one seen for the day. I tried to keep it for subsequent analysis, but unfortunately lost it.

The ascent of Jefferson was the beginning of fatiguing work. Here we began to feel the assistance of our stocks in aiding our balance on the slippery rocks. In fact, a person is not safe without one. At the summit of the mountain we sat down in silent admiration. We sat enthroned half way between the two grandest peaks of New England,—Washington on the right, Adams on the left. In front, directly at our feet, but 3000 feet below us, hem-

med in by this magnificent circle of mountains, lay an immense basin, called the "Gulf of Mexico," or the "Great Gulf." Behind us, the country, dotted with hamlets and farm-houses, lay out-spread like a picture. Not a sound of their activities reached us. "They are slumbering," we said. The atmosphere was filled with a soft, indistinct haze which gave an air of dreaminess to the scene. The silence was profound. We seemed to have stepped into another and higher world. Man, with his petty cares and strifes, was below. We were surrounded by awful majesty,—were face to face with the Infinite.

But time was precious, and we must push on. With a glass we carefully scanned the sides of Adams, and marked out a path for its ascent. Letting ourselves down several hundred feet, through the clefts in the rocks of the precipitous sides of Mt. Jefferson, we came out right at the head of the "Great Gulf." Looking up at the towering peaks around us, and then down into this vast amphitheatre, was sublime. Its floor and sides, covered with an unbroken wilderness of giant trees, lay bathed in the mellow light of the dreamy atmosphere. In front, three miles distant, under the dark sides of Mt. Carter, we saw, through the gap in the mountain wall, the white Glen House. Over the office floated a bit of something which we knew and loved as the Stars and

Stripes. Everywhere brooded an ineffable hush, broken only by the faint gurgling of the brook far beneath.

Reluctantly we turned to the ascent of Adams. Here we began to realize the deceptiveness of the atmosphere. What from Mt. Jefferson, even with the glass, looked to be boulders, were huge peaks. As we climbed on, peak developed behind peak, until, after traveling a mile and a half, the summit actually appeared farther distant than from Jefferson. This was the hardest pull of the day. We had left the rocky ridge and sought a little plateau covered with shrubs and dwarfed spruces a foot or two in height, but so dense as to be almost impassable. After half an hour's struggle through this, we gladly regained the rocks. On this plateau we found a little pool, whose waters were very cool and pleasant.

The cone of Adams is the sharpest in the range, and is piled up with great boulders as if dumped from an enormous cart. While clambering up among these rocks, creeping through their crevices as best I could, being in some advance of my companion, there, almost 1000 feet above any green thing, I found a grasshopper chirping away as merrily as you please. Some might suppose that he was prospecting for next year's field of labor, but I think he was there enjoying the scenery.

A few minutes more of climbing

put me at the goal of a two years' ambition. I stood upon the needle-like summit of Mt. Adams. The view is as grand as from Mt. Washington. In some respects it is grander, for we have that lordly mountain itself in sight—from base to summit. Below the cone on which we sat, was a large plateau sloping off to the "Gulf," on whose brink stood a pile of stones such as are thrown up to mark the spot where some traveler has perished. Doubtless this was such a pile, and there some one on the same trip, perhaps, as ourselves lost his way in a storm and, exhausted by cold and hunger, miserably perished.

On the summit is a flagstaff, and in a crevice of the rocks at its base, we found some glass bottles, tightly corked, and containing papers recording the passages of previous travelers. We desired, after so much exertion to reach the summit, to leave our names but could find no pencil. Imagine the state of my self-complacency next day at finding a pencil in a forgotten pocket of the coat I wore. Many papers contained interesting notes. One, dated six years before, had only this, "We are here in a storm." It was signed by several young men. To us this was very significant.

While here, the haze seemed to change into a thin, white mist that swayed to and fro with a ghostly movement. I experienced a feeling new and indescribable. Everything

seemed, phantom-like, to be shrouded in a mystery. I doubted where I was and whether I saw the real. The surface of the plateau below was strewn with the gnarled roots and trunks of dwarfed spruces, dead and fallen. Whitened by long exposure, they gleamed through the spectral mist like the bleaching bones of a mighty army. It veritably seemed that

"Land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again,"

where King Arthur fought his

"Last dim, weird battle of the west,"

and upon which

"A death-white mist fell,"

and

"A dead hush fell,"

for

"No man was moving there,
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen!"

With this feeling of isolation from the world came an oppressive sense of insignificance. We were in sight of the world, and no one could see us. We might shout, and no one could hear. The mountains blow their breath upon us, and we are lost. They hurl their rocks upon us, and we are crushed. Desolation is supreme. Breaking off from these fancies, which I have written out simply to show the feelings that the mountains inspire, we began the descent of Adams. On its side we found a wild, lawless-looking cliff, which Starr King, when here, called Mt. John Quincy Adams. Here we made our first serious mistake of

the day in our route. This led to quite an exciting incident. We decided to take the shortest cut to Madison. This led down the steep eastern side of the cliff, which was here covered with a dense growth of spruces only two or three feet high. A narrow shelf of rock brought us around and under the brow of the cliff and then stopped. Below, the wall shot vertically down 100 feet or more. We had either to go back or run the risk of getting down here. I decided to go down. Hand over hand I descended safely to the base, but found it so difficult that I shouted to my companion to go back and try the other side of the cliff, meaning the western side. Making my way into the valley, and waiting there some time, I began to work round towards the western base of the cliff. Occasionally I hallooed. No response. Upon reaching the western side he was not in sight. I shouted until Mt. Madison, over half a mile distant, echoed. All else was silent as the grave. Thoroughly convinced that he had slipped and fallen, I began the ascent. Every moment might be precious. The minutes seemed hours. I strained every nerve; I gave no heed to my footing; the rocks rattled below me. Panting and exhausted, I threw myself flat on the summit. Still nothing but silence. I searched among the rocks. I shouted and heard a faint sound. Looking down, there he stood in the

valley, waving his cap, looking like a pigmy. He had taken another path, and not finding me at the bottom had been, in turn, frightened for me. Rejoining him, we pressed on with lighter hearts.

At 4 o'clock we were on Madison. The view was the finest we had so far seen. In fact the views grew grander and grander throughout the day. We stood at the horn of this great mountain crescent. Across the "Gulf," Mts. Washington, Clay, Jefferson, and Adams were visible from base to summit. The carriage road on Washington wound upward like an enormous serpent. The Half Way House was a dot. For the first time I felt the superiority of Mt. Washington. Heretofore Adams had always looked more imposing. Starr King truly says: "Mt. Washington is the sovereign dome of New England; but it is very hard to make him behave as such." But from here, for height, for strength, for contour, for majesty, Mt. Washington is incomparably superior.

Northward the dark woods, yellow corn-fields, bright green meadows dotted with orchards, and snug

farm-houses lay out-spread like a checker-board. The blue Androscoggin wound its sinuous course through the plain. The white church spires and dwelling houses of Gorham glittered in the rays of the declining sun. The ravines below began to darken. Every step down Madison seemed to lift the mountain range higher and higher into the sky. When we reached the woods the sun was just setting behind Mt. Adams. It was such a scene that Scott must have seen when he wrote:

"The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak each flinty spire
Was bathed in floods of living fire,
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below."

Four miles through the thick woods, while the shadows gathered and deepened, brought us to the opening in the Glen. The stars were just coming out. We looked back upon those massive forms, assuming grander proportions in the clear starlight, and wondered. All night we dreamed of finding wondrous caverns, of looking into vast abysses, of falling through immense depths and clutching at nothing.

R. F. J., '79.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THIS issue of the STUDENT, closes the sixth year of its existence, and the Board of Editors from '79 step down and out. At the head of the Portfolio in the January number, we wrote this: "We promise our subscribers, and '79, earnest and faithful work on every department of the STUDENT throughout the year." Although we realize our failure to make the STUDENT what it ought to be, yet our conscience is clear; for we have fulfilled our promise. We have worked. If the fault is with our abilities, we refer, for our justification, to Mark Twain's apology for the speech which he made at the dinner given in Boston, one year ago, in honor of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday.

We cannot refrain from saying, however, that the apathy of our graduates in regard to the success of the STUDENT, is the great hindrance to the high standing which it might take. All have to be solicited to contribute, and but few respond. To those few, however, we extend our heartfelt thanks for the valuable assistance they have rendered. While refraining from saying anything of this kind during the year, we think we may be pardoned for stating in this, our last issue, that while the STUDENT lays claim to being a literary magazine, it can

have no literary excellence so long as the Editor of this department has only Hobson's choice of articles, and worse than this, is glad to get *anything to fill up*. Now, this magazine goes to every college in America, and to some elsewhere, as the exponent of Bates. Will not the graduates see that, in the future, they shall *at least* have no cause to be ashamed of its contents? We hope that no one of our contributors for the past year, to whom we are so much indebted, will consider this as a derogation of the merit of their articles. Our intention in writing this is simply to awaken increased efforts for the future benefit of the College Magazine.

To every under-graduate, we say, the STUDENT is also established as a means of improvement in writing for you. You cannot begin too early to write for its columns.

The changes which were made in the STUDENT at the beginning of the year, have been, we think, amply proved, by the experience of a year, to have been changes for the better.

Our connection with the STUDENT, although somewhat burdensome, at times, has, on the whole, been very pleasant; and we in nowise regret the time devoted to this work, although it has somewhat interfered with our studies. However, a year at it is enough, and we shall not be

sorry to hand over our mantle of experience to our successors.

Their names, which will be found among the Locals, give earnest for success for next year's STUDENT. For the trials which they will soon encounter, we tender our tears. If anathemas are more useful, we have a large stock still on hand.

While necessarily taking cognizance of difficulties between classes, and between students and Faculty, we have always endeavored to present the facts and to be impartial in all opinions. We have, however, attempted to throw our influence on the side of good order in the College. It was entirely unknown to us that we ever had, as one of our respected Professors gravely assented, "Used the mighty influence of the press, to foster insurrection among the students." With clear consciences we retire from wielding this "mighty influence." With wishes for the happiness of all our friends we ever remain

Yours truly.

We do not expect to bring about any great change in the present mode of teaching by the following ideas, but we feel that it has cheated us out of enough culture and knowledge to make us pardonable for protesting against it. We have reference to the method pursued in colleges of keeping the student at work on several different studies at once.

Of course, we know that this is

the custom every where used in this country, and hence receives the sanction of all our eminent men and teachers. Of course it is the height of presumption in us, in the face of such sanction, to arraign this system; but since this article will not come under the eyes of many very "eminent" men, we can have the privilege of fuming away in our own private corner to our heart's content.

We believe, then, that the true way to study, at least in college, is to study only one branch at a time. We have been informed that this is the method used in the schools of Hungary, and has produced the most gratifying results. We believe that it is the true and natural method. Radical changes in methods of teaching have been made in our common schools during the last quarter century. The aim of educators has been to substitute methods more in accordance with nature and with the practical demands of life. Now we ask, wouldn't it be well to consult nature a little in regard to the ways of studying and teaching in our colleges? And what can be more natural than the pursuit of one study at a time.

To prove our point, let us draw a few lessons from practical life. We should consider a man foolish that, with the expectation of being successful, would attempt to teach, preach, and practice law and medicine all together. It is a well-known fact that, in order to be successful,

one must devote himself to a single pursuit. Again, if a young man, just graduated from college, desired to study both law and theology, no one would advise him to study both at once, but, rather, to take one a few years, then the other. Now, a rule that will apply to a young man's method of studying when out of college, will apply to it while in college.

In fact, we believe that this present method produces only the most meagre results. To be more definite: Each term we have three studies. Generally, as was the case the past term, when the Seniors had Psychology, Chemistry, and Astronomy, these studies have no apparent dependence upon one another. The student studies one branch an hour or two, and goes into recitation; then another branch an hour or two, and recites upon that, and so on. The next day and the next is just the same. Now this may do well enough for children who need variety in order to retain their interest; but for men who know or ought to know for what they study, it seems to us sheer folly; for the result is that the attention, being directed toward several subjects totally different in character, centers upon no one of them. But it should be remembered that the mastery of such studies as are pursued in college requires fixed attention. Further, the knowledge thus obtained is necessarily fragmentary, and thus the interest in the study is lost.

The aim of a college course, as we understand it, is not to load the mind with a multitude of unclassified facts, nor to teach the specialties of any science; it is, rather, to lay a foundation for broad culture and after-study, by inspiring the student "*amore ac studio*," through the knowledge of the comprehensive laws that govern the arts and sciences, and of the general facts that pertain thereto. This aim is largely defeated by this desultory method of studying.

We can cite instance after instance in our own College where men have been out teaching, and have made up a study with single and continuous attention to that one subject, and have affirmed that they understood the subject-matter better, and retained it longer, than when they had the privileges of regular class-instruction. The secret is that the mind can follow the train of thought step by step without interruption, and with undivided attention, until the whole is seen as a unit.

We are firmly convinced, by actual experience, that three weeks' continuous application to any one study is productive of more lasting benefit than a whole term spent in this desultory manner.

A person outside the charmed circle of college walls might ask, "What do students chiefly talk about?" In answer, we would say they talk about *everything* from a base-hit, to punishment after death;

but the burden of their conversation may be put under three heads, viz.: themselves, the last class-joke or game of ball, and politics. The first is objectionable, and is confined to a very few individuals; the second is admissible and unavoidable; and the third is admirable, though, we are sorry to say, it is only occasional. Why is it that this topic *is* "only occasional"? In almost any other collection of the "sovereign people," this forms the chief subject of discussion. Is not this matter of as much interest and importance to each one of us as to any other man? We have a better chance to understand important political issues than people in general, and ought to be able to discuss them more intelligently.

We know there is among us a poor chance for party arguments, since all want to talk on the same side. But, without taking party questions, there are events occurring every day in business and political circles that furnish wholesome and substantial food for thought and discussion; and in the financial theories just now current, there are two sides to almost every question that can be brought forward; but the name of being a greenbacker is dreaded so much, that no one dares open his mouth on that side. There must be some truth or reason in such a wide-spread belief; and it is for our interest to find this grain of truth that seems to be, as usual, at the bottom of the well.

Now and then we hear one say he

cannot spare the time, while he is in college, to look after political matters. My good, honest dig, it *isn't* time thrown away to keep yourself posted in events that should claim the attention of every American citizen. We are not here to mow ourselves up in unceasing application to Greek, Calculus, Mechanics, or Psychology. If the college course is a preparation for the stirring duties of life, then it should, by no means, be deprived of the world's plain realities and closely connecting links.

Do we, as students, read too many novels? Now and then we hear a great cry raised against the large percentage of books of fiction that is taken from the libraries; but as far as real injury to students is concerned, it usually turns out to be "much cry and little wool." There are, probably, a few students whose whole reading is of fiction, but those students are very few indeed. We venture to say that to every one who reads nothing but novels, there are a hundred that read them, with more or less discrimination, in connection with more instructive matter. And, surely, no one advocates the *complete* suppression of novel reading. Such books as *Les Misérables*, *Vanity Fair*, *David Copperfield*, *Daniel Deronda*, *John Halifax*, and *Ivanhoe* are classic, and give a depth and purity of thought and feeling that can be obtained from no other source.

Doubtless all have read the letter of "A Senior," which appeared in the Correspondence of last month's STUDENT, in regard to a change in the Exercises of Commencement Day. We have long thought that such a change as is there indicated would be very desirable; but for certain reasons, which, doubtless, are patent to '79, although not to all, we have, so far, refrained from advocating the limitation of the number of speakers. Since some one else has started the ball, however, we must now give it the benefit of our push. We agree with our correspondent in saying that the speaking of Commencement, as now conducted, is a positive bore. Every one that has ever attended a Commencement here knows that from the time that the Salutatorian comes upon the stage until the Valedictorian goes off, the Hall is in continual uproar. Very few care to sit and hear the whole of the tedious performance, and where so many are in the Hall, first or last, no space of ten minutes can be selected in which at least a dozen people are not clattering up and down the aisles and across the back part of the Hall. So that the few who do care to listen can not. To think that the majority of people attend Commencement to obtain ideas or to see what a college course has accomplished, is absurd. For what ideas worthy of consideration can crude young men advance upon any topic of interest in the allotted space of six or seven minutes? or

how, in the same time, can they embody the results of a four years' course? Those results can alone be shown by the after life.

People understand all this and they go to see some particular friend, or oftener to see the class come upon the stage to receive the diplomas. But if these same people knew that the speaking was to be short and the award of diplomas to immediately follow, there would be no more running back and forth than takes place upon other public occasions.

The whole matter of speaking at graduation is almost a farce, at least, not more than a form. Many colleges, Michigan University for instance, has abolished Commencement Exercises. Our own Faculty were, no doubt, influenced by this very difficulty in making the change in the matter of graduation, that begins with the Class of '80. It will doubtless be remembered that, beginning with the Class of '80, the speakers at Commencement are limited in number.

Now it is impossible for '79 to have its speakers appointed under this rule; but why can't we have a departure on our own hook, if it obviates the difficulty equally well? That is, why can't we have a limited number (eight we think are enough) appointed by the Faculty, or chosen by the class, or drawn by lot?

Our correspondent says, "Let these be the best speakers the class affords." Here, too, we agree that it is the best way to represent the

class; but if any one is not satisfied with this arrangement, we prefer to have them chosen by lot rather than submit to the tediousness of the old routine.

Further, we suggest that these speakers, however chosen, go before the public without having the rank of Oration, Disquisition, etc., appended to their part. If the class desire, or the Faculty deem it advisable, to have the relative standing of the members of the class made public, it can be done on the back part of the programme.

We are glad that this discussion has begun thus early. We believe that most of the class, if not all, are in favor of such an arrangement. As soon as possible let the class assemble and take action upon this matter. We think that the Faculty will willingly acquiesce in the movement.

EXCHANGES.

In taking leave of our exchanges, we must express our regret. It will, doubtless, be three weeks before we shall leave off saying, "Here," when the mail man cries "STUDENT." Our temper has not been ruffled. We have not replied to a single adverse criticism, not even those of the *Niagara Index* and *Central Collegian*. But, in retiring, we tender to each of the last named journals our sincere pity. The position of Exchange Editor affords an excellent oppor-

tunity to get an idea of other colleges. From such extracts as the following, however, we think some of the colleges have a wrong idea of our own:

Eternal vigilance, a loaded cane, and a revolver are the price of the liberty of a Bates College Freshman to wear a stove-pipe hat.—*Niagara Index*.

President Cheney, of Bates College, has left for an eight months' trip to Europe, Palestine, and the Nile country. Is it possible that he can trust the College that length of time?—*Williams Athenæum*.

The *Roanoke Collegian*, from Salem, Va., is the best specimen of a Southern paper that we have yet seen.

The November number of the *Nassau Lit.* is a stanch, elegant magazine of forty-six pages. We always consider the *Lit.* as one of the very best of our exchanges.

The *Syracusan*, from Syracuse, N. Y., is a lately risen star on the heavens of college literature. Although it presents rather a cheap appearance, we like the pluck and enterprise which it manifests.

The *College Mercury* devotes the most of its last issue to the printing of the Rugby Rules for foot-ball. We congratulate the editors upon filling up their paper with so little labor to themselves. However, we are very glad to receive this copy, and shall preserve it for use at home.

The *Concordiensis*, from Union College, comes to our table for the first time. It is a very neat, readable sheet, and we shall be very glad to exchange.

The *Lasell Leaves* is decidedly girlish.

Not so with the tasty *Packer Quarterly*. We congratulate the Packer girls upon their success in the magazine line. The editorials are bright and spicy; the literary articles, though of a light nature, are nearly all interesting. The opening article, "Vittoria Colonna," breathes with true womanhood.

Good as is the *Quarterly*, we like the *Vassar Miscellany* better, though the exchange editress seems to be rather hard on some of the college papers published by the stronger but coarser sex. The literary article entitled, "Has the Educated Woman a Duty toward the Kitchen?" is worthy the pen of any female writer in our country, Mrs. Stowe not excepted. We think this expresses our admiration for the style and sentiments of the article as well as we are able. We shall hand it to every one of our lady friends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Nov. 30, 1878.

Editors of the Student:

Perchance very few readers of the *STUDENT* have ever journeyed westward from Philadelphia over the celebrated Pennsylvania Central, which traverses a country full of profit and interest to the tourist. We leave the "Quaker City" on the "Fast Line," which makes but four tops before reaching Pittsburgh, a

distance of three hundred and fifty miles. Through rich and fertile valleys, cultivated to a high degree of perfection, past busy towns and villages, along-side of the Susquehanna and Juniata, over ridges of the Alleghanies, we are rapidly borne. When within thirty-five miles of this city, there is heralded through our car the announcement, "We are nearing 'Horse Shoe Curve.'" Instantly, all is eagerness among the passengers who strive to obtain a favorable location from which to behold this truly wonderful work of Nature. As we stand on the platform of the rear car, we see, directly across a deep and to us seemingly frightful abyss, the two powerful engines which are drawing us up the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. Soon we reach the summit, dash through the half-mile tunnel, begin the descent of the western slope, and in less than an hour arrive at Johnstown.

We find the city to be the largest between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, having a population of 20,000. It is regularly laid out, nearly all the streets crossing at right angles. On all sides, lofty forest peaks and ranges tower high above the city; and, when clothed in their autumnal foliage, present to the eye a varied and ever-changing scene, beautiful and grand.

Above these hills, old Sol does not show his disc until long after our sister cities of the East are enjoying his brightest beams; and, al-

though late in rising, he is also early in retiring, and sinks from sight near the hour of four.

The people are cordial, and differ but little, in manners and customs, from the people of New England. While nearly all *can* speak English readily, the prevailing language is the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch," which to me is wholly unintelligible. The city contains fine churches and school buildings, and many fine residences; but the style of architecture of most of the houses reminds one of a dry goods box set on end, with windows in it.

Education, to borrow a nautical phrase, is at a low ebb in this section of the State. The County Superintendent of Schools tells me that there is no school in the county in which the languages are taught, excepting the one with which I am connected. Teachers' wages are low, the Principal of our City High School receiving but \$75 per month.

The chief branches of industry are the Iron and Steel Works, which employ nearly 3,000 men, and are said to be the most extensive in the United States. The Iron Works alone has a monthly pay-roll of \$50,000. In addition to these branches, there are tanneries, woolen mills, iron and bituminous coal mines, which furnish employment to a large number. The wages of these employees range from 90 cents to \$2.50 per day. The climate is healthy, and varies but little from that of the "Pine Tree" State.

LOCALS.

Done.

Hurrah!

Vacation.

No more tears.

Spring Term begins January 7th.

What does it mean to knock wood on another's head?

A recent storm did some damage in the College Library.

A long-needed job of grading has been done around Hathorn Hall.

A. L. Lumbert, formerly of '79, has been elected Class Prophet of '79, at Bowdoin.

Lombard, of '79, has followed the example of his classmate Smart, and committed matrimony.

At the late large fire in Auburn, a '76 man is reported to have been seen carefully carrying out the Penates.

One of our Juniors is so dignified that a railroad conductor mistook and passed him as a Professor. Whoa, Josiah!

"Where is the nine?" We don't know. There isn't any. There never was any. Now let up on that or there will be a funeral!

The Senior Class, in company with Prof. Stanley, near the close of the term, in connection with their study of Chemistry, visited the Gas House in this city.

The Board of STUDENT Editors, from '80, consists of W. H. Judkins, J. H. Heald, F. L. Hayes, J. F. Parsons, E. H. Farrar. Business Manager, H. L. Merrill.

Prof. Stanley, one evening recently, gave a very interesting lecture on electricity. The experiments illustrating it were very successful.

Soph.—“Have you a General Geometry to sell?” Junior—“Yes, I will sell mine. Do you want a Tacitus?” Soph.—“No, that is in the Geometry, isn't it?”

We imagine that the Professor in looking over the vacant spaces on the Senior's Chemistry papers, muttered, “Were there not ten questions asked? but where are the nine?”

Owing to the absence of three of the editors, and the overplus of work devolving upon the remaining one, the proposed history of the Societies will not be published, but may appear in a later issue.

When the college bell recently dinged out its fire alarm, our reportorial hearts were filled with joy; we saw visions of thrilling locals, for we supposed that Parker Hall was on fire. But our joy was turned to sorrow. It was only a neighboring dwelling-house.

The colors of the present classes are laughable. '79, ashes of roses; '80, navy blue; '81, silver blue; '82, lavender. We suggest, as more appropriate, the following colors: Freshmen, green, for obvious reasons; Sophomores, red, to indicate their strutting conceit; Juniors, dirty blue, to represent their indolent habits; and Seniors, white, to express their utter insipidity.

A partition has been built across the upper hall of Hathorn, and the rooms of Profs. Stanley and Hayes thrown into one. This is to afford a large amount of blackboard room, and will be occupied by Prof. Rand.

Our Manager wishes to remind our subscribers that their subscriptions were payable at the beginning of the year, and that it is necessary to have all subscriptions immediately, in order to pay up the cost of printing.

The Sophomores here have done some very fine work in surveying and plotting this term, under the instruction of Prof. Rand. Some of their plots have been on exhibition in the Library. We think the class deserves the compliment of doing the finest work in this line that has been done by any class now in College, and for aught we know of any class ever in College.

Prizes for the year have been awarded as follows: General Scholarship—First Prize, Juniors, R. F. Johonnett; Sophomores, W. H. Judkins; Freshmen, H. E. Coolidge. Second Prize, Juniors, E. W. Given; Sophomores, J. H. Heald; Freshmen, O. H. Drake. For Public Declamation—Sophomores, D. W. Davis and H. M. Reynolds; Freshmen, Miss M. K. Pike. For Public Debate—Sophomores, First Division, J. H. Heald; Second, W. H. Judkins; Third, W. A. Purington; Fourth, F. L. Hayes.

One rainy night a short time before the term closed, the Sophs carried the chapel settees out of doors. The Janitor carried them back next morning; but, in spite of the remonstrances of the Professor, the students refused to sit on them, and even to the dignified Seniors perched upon the backs of the settees. The scene was so comical that devotional exercises were omitted. But that *Journal* reporter, if he is a student, Sophs, put him under the pump.

The examination of the Seniors in Chemistry, to their great delight, was a flunk, all round. The question, "What is the test for starch?" drew forth this answer from one Senior: "A good test for starch is its application to a shirt front." Another wrote at the bottom of his paper, this, "There is a rule in Logic that the greater the Extension the less the Comprehension. I have extended over so much of this Chemistry that my comprehension approaches to 0." This is the class sentiment.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, F. P. Otis, '79; Vice President, G. E. Lowden, '81; Secretary and Treasurer, W. C. Hobbs, '81; Executive Committee, F. Howard, '79, F. L. Hayes, '80, H. E. Coolidge, '81, S. A. Lowell, '82. The Association is in a flourishing condition. It supports 22

weeklies, 4 semi-weeklies, 4 dailies, 6 monthlies, and 1 quarterly. These papers and magazines cost \$60.05. From the last sale \$34.10 were realized. The Association has a membership of 63—13 Seniors, 15 Juniors, 28 Sophomores, and 7 Freshmen.

In closing our connection with the *STUDENT*, we desire, as a Board, to express our perfect satisfaction with the work done and attention shown us at the *Journal* Office. The work has been done with a marked promptness and fidelity, and we wish to thank every member of the Job Office, from foreman down, who has had any part of the work to perform, for the manner in which the work has been performed, and for the attention shown us at all times.

A correspondent of the *Journal* writes as follows of Prof. Stanton's birds: "Prof. Stanton has, in the opinion of the ornithological directory, the finest private collection in the United States. His birds have been collected from every variety of plumage, from the white owl of the arctic regions to the brilliant colored songsters of the tropics. His ornithological library numbers over two hundred and fifty volumes, and contains the most valuable works yet published."

One of the greatest nuisances about Parker Hall is the dark halls. A stranger, ten to one, would fall down stairs. No one, however well acquainted, is safe. We are sur-

prised that a matter so easily remedied has so long been carelessly overlooked. It clearly belongs to the College to furnish lamps for the halls; but if, after having their attention called to the matter, they do nothing about it, we propose that the students buy some lamps for this purpose.

Scene on College Campus: Teamster drives up with a load of wood. Teamster to Soph.—“Is this the cemetery?” Soph. (with dignity)—“No, sir. This is the College.” Teamster—“Then whar’s the cemetery?” Soph., puzzled and meditates—bright idea strikes him,—points to the Theological Seminary and shouts to Senior, “Say, ain’t that the cemetery?” Senior—“Of course; don’t ask such simple questions.” Great applause from bystanders. Teamster—“I don’t see nothin’ to laff at.”

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

’68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell is practicing civil engineering at Lowell, Mass.

’74.—J. F. Keen is teaching at Pride’s Corner, Deering, Me.

’75.—The *Lewiston Journal* says: “Mr. A. M. Spear, of this city, a graduate of Bates College, has opened a Law Office in Hallowell,

Maine. Mr. Spear is a lawyer of excellent promise, and we wish him success in his new field.”

’75.—J. R. Brackett is taking a Post-Graduate course at Yale. He is at work on Anglo-Saxon and Early English, and also is attending Prof. Sumner’s lectures on Political Science.

’76.—Married, at Mechanic Falls, Nov. 26th, by Rev. F. E. Emrich (also of ’76), Mr. R. J. Everett and Miss Annie L. Curtis, both of Paris, Maine.

’76.—J. G. Daniels is Assistant Principal at Westbrook Seminary, Deering, Me.

’78.—A. Gatchell is teaching at Amamosa, Iowa.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLBY.

Thirty-two Freshmen have joined the Y. M. C. A.

In one of the students’ rooms hangs the following notice: “The use of tobacco, in any form, is strictly prohibited in any room or hall-way on this floor.” The smoke, however, is generally so thick in that very room that the above card is read with difficulty.—*Echo*.

TRINITY.

Afternoon recitations have been abolished.

A Tally-Ho Coach, bugle and all, brings the collegians from the college into town.

'80 sacrifices the Burial of Analytics and the attendant supper, in order to drop \$200 into the treasury of the College Base-Ball Club.

The Boat Club has been unfortunate. By the suspension of a savings bank, its money deposited there has been lost, and the erection of a boat-house, for which plans and arrangements had already been made, will have to be postponed for another year.

The work of pulling down the old buildings has been completed, and nothing now remains of them save a heap of debris. Many of the trees which once adorned the College grounds have been cut down, thus rendering the place of old Trinity almost unrecognizable. The Campus has been ploughed over and the grading begun, that of the eastern approach to the Capitol having been already completed.

WESLEYAN.

A wealthy New York merchant has left the college \$800,000.

Forty-five graduates of Wesleyan University have been college presidents.

It is shown in the *Alumni Record* that Wesleyan University has sent nearly 600 men into the Methodist ministry, and about 1200 as instructors into the colleges of this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tuition is free at Williams College.

Of the 375 members in Congress, 191 are college men.

There are about two hundred college papers published in this country.

The University of California, John Hopkins University, and Michigan University, have abolished Commencement Orations.

The Faculty of Tufts College answered the request of the students for fire escapes by forbidding smoking within the college grounds. Moral: Do not meddle with the Faculty.

The students of the German universities are about to publish an illustrated paper something on the plan of *Lampy*. It is to be called *Schmollis*, and is to be "an illustrated German beer-gazette, written by students and philistines, for philistines and students."

CLIPPINGS.

A country bookseller to a miner (who has previously invested in a dictionary)—"Oh, you must look among the S's for scissors, not the Z's." Miner—"Well, how's Oi to know? Wot's the good of a dictionary without a hindex?"—*Fun*.

A distinguished Japanese traveler in the United States, writing home, says: "The chief branch of education here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses, called Colleges; and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

'81 fourth division, Latin: "*Telephum dives et lasciva puella occupavit.*" "The rich and lascivious young maiden grasped the telephone." Mr. J. is re-seated.—*Yale Courant*.

While Dean Stanley was in Hartford, a well-known ecclesiastic sent a boy to his room, instructing him to say in answer to his inquiry as to who was at the door: "The boy, my lord." But the boy was overwhelmed with the responsibility of his mission, and when he heard a mild, "Who's there?" replied, "The lord, my boy."—*Tablet*.

"A noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
We learn to split all matter up
With the greatest of facility;
But, all the same, we can't destroy
Its indestructibility.

"Just split the small bacteria,
By dozens, hundreds, trillions,
And still there'll be in half an inch,
Four hundred thousand millions.
Or pick a drop of water up,
And watch it half a minute,
You'll see the little molecules
All skipping round within it."
—*Acta Columbiana*.

And when a Freshman—ah, 'twas then
That we were very happy, when
She used to call me Will.
And when we'd part I'd never miss
The sweetest, most delightf—oh, bliss!
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Sophomore—still I went,
And Cupid still his missive sent
Our happy hearts to fill.
And oh, the many moonlight walks,
And oh, the cosy little talks—
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Junior—wild and gay,
I never called, but stayed away,
And all her hopes did kill.
But then—that number two—you know—
So jolly—and such waltzing—oh,
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Senior—love returned,
And deep within me fiercely burned
For her I'd used so ill.
I went to see her, but the door
She slammed on me for ever more.
Brace up, Billy.

—*Rochester Campus*.

THE FRESHMAN.

Aha! He's free!
Bubbling with glee
In haste he hies him home.
He wears a Greek pin
And a knowing grin.
And blows from his beer the foam.
He talks about "Profs,"
And scornfully scoffs
At Mamma's fear of a rush.
He smokes cigarettes,
And a little cane pets,
And prattles till Papa says, "Hush!"

—*Acta Columbiana*.

THE COLLEGE EDITOR.

He comes with smile and honeyed tongue,
And bows as he solicits some
"Short, sharp effusion—
Something of no exalted strain,
But in your usual happy vein.
You know we're always flat and tame
Without your contribution."

The paper's out,—'tis Saturday.
I pray you mark the admiring way
They read it on the fence.
Doubtless they praise that scrap of mine,
Mere trifle,—though 'twas rather fine.
I get my number. O sublime—
O cursed impudence!

That oily, inky knight o' the quill
Again bath worked his wicked will,
And all my song was vain.
For poetry hath left old Yale,
This cold, this uncongenial vale.
Nor need I add this mournful tale,
They've left me out again."

—*Yale Record*.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 26, 1879

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B. CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

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